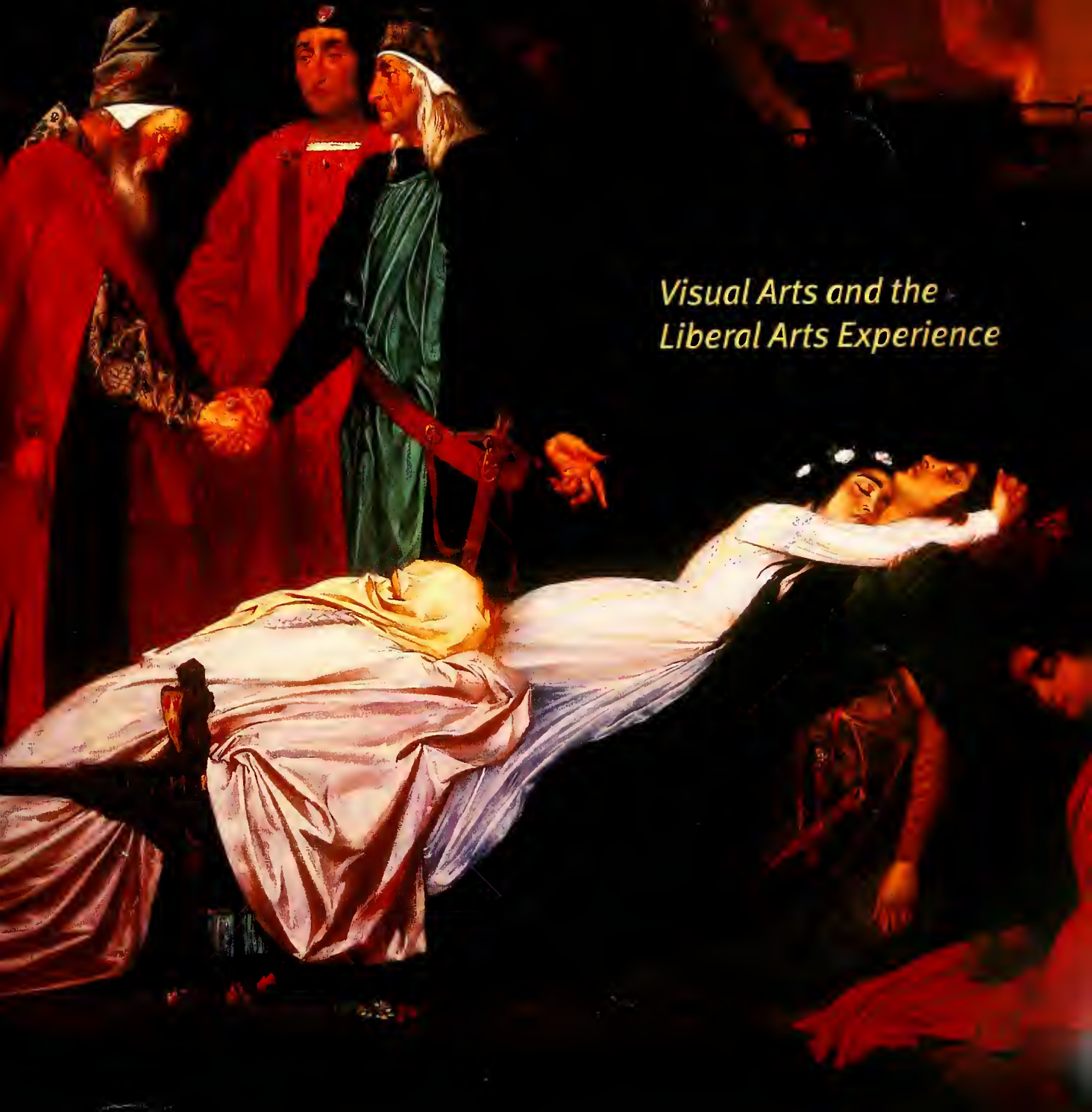


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Agnes Scott

FALL 2003 The Magazine

*Visual Arts and the
Liberal Arts Experience*



The Value of the Visual Arts in a Liberal Arts Education

I came to Agnes Scott my senior year of high school to talk with the professors. I wanted a chance to do a little bit of everything and to work one-on-one with the artists," says Anna Christine Boulrier '04, a double major in studio art and religious studies. Boulrier selected Agnes Scott because it offered precisely the breadth of experience and exposure to a wide range of fields. "Liberal arts," she says, "is all about doing everything you possibly can."

The visual arts connect broadly and intensively with the liberal arts curriculum. This issue of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* looks at the numerous ways this occurs and at the lasting effects of such a connection.

Anne Beidler, associate professor of art, approaches teaching as layered learning. "You start out with one little thing, like attending a concert, and from that you begin expanding. For me as a student it was attending the ballet *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*. Nureyev was dancing and I was transfixed," says Beidler. "I urge students to start from experience and to build from there. Art is an important part of that because it helps you find another way of expressing the creative ideas."

An integral part of a liberal arts education, visual arts provide, as Beidler writes, a "window, a framework, a guide, a magic slate" for finding one's place in the world. Boulrier speaks about the link between her work in art and her work in her other classes. "So many things," she says, "have a basis in art. Advertisements are grounded in art. Religion is just steeped in art. When you learn basic ideas about religion and then the background about art, you can

apply that all to your life. And that is the most amazing thing about Agnes Scott College. You get a chance to do everything, and then you learn about yourself and find that you can do things that you didn't know you could do, and you become good at it!"

Beidler stresses the importance of the overlap between what students are doing in their other academic classes and what



CAROLINE JOE

**To explore, understand and
express life with a passion —
that's the value.**

they are doing in their studio art classes. "I push this," she says, "and try to find ways to help them express it in their visual works." Terry McGehee, professor of art, sees the connection between arts and the sciences because of "the creative process particularly in the lab. You try this and you try that. Eventually you have the 'aha!' experience — you have it in the arts and you have it in the sciences."

A printmaking class allowed art major Mindy Killen '05 to create "Beyond the

Gates" by drawing from her knowledge of the Holocaust gained in a class taught by Kathy Kennedy, Charles A. Dana Professor of History. "As she progressed with her art and with her history class, she began to understand how to comprehend something of such horrific magnitude and to think of how to convey this," says Beidler. "Doing art is like learning to write and to express yourself so that you can finally hone it down to that essential kernel."

Visual arts enrich all students, not just the majors. "I love the students who come to class who have not made art in years but have always wondered if they could," says McGehee. "They come to the table as an open slate and they are producing work that gives them confidence because they did it. And we put it up." One such student says, "All my life I've been told to 'stick to math and science.' But my art professor encouraged me beyond belief. I have learned that there is more to art than drawing and that even I can express myself in beautiful ways."

A science major says her art class opened her to a new way of thinking. "I have discovered a new passion that I will continue to pursue the rest of my life."

To explore, understand and express life with a passion — that's the value.

Rosemary Lévy Zumwalt

—Rosemary Lévy Zumwalt

Rosemary Lévy Zumwalt is vice president for academic affairs and dean of the college and professor of anthropology.

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Agnes Scott

The Magazine

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Agnes Scott College educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage in the intellectual and social challenges of their times.

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On the cover: *The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the Dead Bodies of Romeo and Juliet* by Fredric, Lord Leighton. Photo by Mike Jensen.



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Almost anyone can find a venue for creativity and personal expression through making books.

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Balancing Act

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your beautiful article on Julia Alvarez. Bringing to the campus women like Alvarez and Angela Davis validates the statement of Vagliano that Agnes Scott educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of their times.

Betty Alderman Vinson reminds us of a different situation in the late '30s and early

dignity. This is in accord with the teaching of Jesus and the development of Christian character.

—Lavinia Brown George '42

Dear Editor,

In the Spring/Summer 2003 magazine, I was distressed by accusations leveled at President Bullock and the Board of Trustees by Barbara Reiland. I have found the views and articles in the magazine to be a balanced mix of ideas representative of the College's diverse life.

Many of the articles highlighted in numerous editions of the magazine dispute her specific concerns regarding the College's efforts in the "formation and development of Christian character." Rarely does an issue pass in which we do not read about students engaged in social justice and humanitarian issues.

These learning experiences directly support the formation of development of Christian character and ultimately the mission of the College. I believe Jesus himself dedicated his entire life to such issues.

Furthermore, Jesus taught us to be compassionate and accepting of "the other." It strikes me that Ms. Reiland would prefer Agnes Scott not expose students to "the other," which contradicts the basic tenets of a Christian life. Ms. Reiland may disagree with Angela Davis or the many other "leftist thinkers," but to quash such views would actually hinder student development and the College's commitment to a "high standard of scholarship." Agnes Scott cannot educate its students and prepare them for a productive life without exposing them to them to ALL facets of our world.

I strongly support the direction President Bullock and the Board of Trustees have taken Agnes Scott College. They have created a positive learning environment rich in diversity—this is the best way to teach students.

—Sarab Cardwell '94

Dear Editor,

In consideration of Barbara Young Reiland's pleas for a "balanced point of view" that appeared in the last issue, I offer

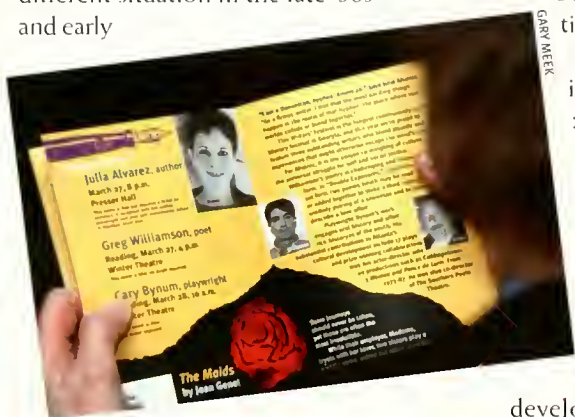
my own voice: What Ms. Reiland fails to recognize is that the presence of Angela Davis on campus does in fact promote intellectual diversity and a balanced point of view.

While I was a student at Agnes Scott in the glorious 1990s, I was given a feast of ideas, concepts and opinion; allowed to think, act and engage in debate with a level of freedom I could have never dared dream; and shape my own intellect by myself, with eyes, heart and spirit opened by my professors, my peers and literature—including the works of Angela Davis. Seeing Professor Davis at the lectern in Presser brought tears to my eyes. While I cannot quote a thing she said, I will always remember the emotion stirring within that seeing this woman, beautiful and brave, whose words so influenced me, in the hallowed halls of ASC.

Ms. Reiland and our sister alumnae need to remember that at the core of a sound liberal arts education is diversity in thought and respect for other disciplines and ideologies. Her lack of tolerance for the presence of Angela Davis violates her own call for balance. How can young women shape the world for themselves when they are not exposed to a variety of ideologies and ideologues? Professor Davis' life is an example to all women. She is an



embodiment of the American spirit of independence, free thought and revolution—the base principles on which our country was founded. I applaud Agnes Scott College and Mary Brown Bullock for Angela Davis' visit. My favorite professor, Michael Brown, introduced me to Dr. Bullock recently. He said of our relationship: "We could not have been more different, but



'40s. As I recall, at that time, there was no longer a YWCA on campus. Professor Arthur Raper, author of *Preface to Peasantry*, I believe because of a race issue raised by [Eugene] Talmadge [elected governor of Georgia in 1931, 1934, 1940 and 1946], was no longer at Agnes Scott. I came to Agnes Scott a conservative, narrow-minded fanatic.

The interracial meetings with other students described in Betty's letter gave me a different understanding of other people. During summer vacation I attended YWCA conferences. With the guidance of Mildred Mell, who was in the economics and sociology department, and other professors, I learned to be open to and to evaluate different ideas.

No parent should fear that presenting different points of view feeds anti-American and un-Christian thoughts. Students with the advantage of a liberal education are able to evaluate what they read and hear. The real danger is the tendency to characterize as anti-American all criticisms of government policy. As was so beautifully pointed out by Alice Evans, our nation should have the humility to listen and the courage to be motivated less by fear and more by a vision of human

we became the best of friends." We could all do well to follow Dr. Brown's example.

—Angie Tacker '93

Dear Editor,

I want to state my hearty concurrence with the views expressed by Barbara Young Reiland in the Spring/Summer issue of the magazine. Several of my friends and I feel that we were privileged to attend Agnes Scott in its "glory days." The administration told us at the time of registration that the College was unique in promoting and teaching the Christian faith and at the same time holding its students to the highest academic standards. I came to feel that this was indeed true, and was very proud and grateful to be a student there.

I enjoyed daily chapel service and Religious Emphasis Week. The Bible courses were among the most difficult and challenging I took. Incidentally, I was a Baptist and never felt excluded in the least; indeed, I came to admire very much the Presbyterian dedication to scholarship.

At my class reunion in 1992 I saw several signs of lowered moral standards and found this very sad. I know change is inevitable and must be dealt with, but do we have to push it along for its own sake? I think we should always keep in mind the religious and intellectual standards of the school we love, and adopt "change" only when it fits those standards.

—Ruth Heard Randolph '52

Kudos

Dear Editor,

As a scientist (chemistry and microbiology major at Agnes Scott), I am compelled to tell you how marvelous this issue [Spring/Summer 2003] is. The depth of writing seems to increase with each issue. There aren't just fluffy PR articles. There are articles with real depth and diversity of opinion, which I view as a healthy sign of the intellectual climate that ASC creates in students and alumnae. I also welcome the accuracy of the science in the articles—I find that uncommon in this type of publication.

I am a faculty member at the successor institution of the first medical school that was opened for women (Female Medical College, 1851). And I now direct a leadership program to route women faculty in medical and dental schools in the U.S. and Canada to top leadership positions. We are proud to say that of the current women

deans in all the allopathic and osteopathic medical schools and dental schools, 30 percent are graduates of our ELAM [Executive Leadership in Academic Medicine] program. That's the glass half full story. The glass half empty story is that only 10 percent of the approximately 225 schools have women deans! So, we have a ways to go before women will be able to truly influence the climate for women students, and address the long standing needs in women's health.

That's why schools like ASC and single gender programs like ELAM are still vitally needed.

—Page Smith Morahan '61, Ph.D.



Dear Editor,

It's terrible to admit that I usually read the quarterly [*Agnes Scott The Magazine*] out of a sense of obligation rather than anticipation. But, sadly, that has been my attitude in the past. *Agnes Scott The Magazine* that arrived yesterday is a whole different story (or stories, I guess). It is just stunning! And since I haven't had time to read it all yet, I've been lugging it back and forth from home to office in hopes of grabbing another minute for it.

I am particularly impressed by the opinion piece by Alice Evans. I wish the College could publish it as an op-ed piece in *The New York Times*. That failing, I am scanning it into my computer and sending it to some reflective non-Agnes Scott friends.

And, of course, I thought the articles on the Science Center were lovely. (If only we could get Agnes Scott to smile!)

Thank you so much for whatever you did to make this edition new, different and exciting!

—Christie Theriot Woodfin '68

The Empty Seat

Dear Editor,

As a proud alumna, I was pleased to receive the Spring/Summer 2003 edition of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* and hear of the reformulation of Agnes Scott's mission and the renaming of the former alumnae magazine. I also appreciate the efforts of Sara Vagliano and the Communications Advisory Committee toward ensuring that the College's publications reflect that mission.

However, I was concerned upon reading Ms. Vagliano's piece, "Signature: Think ... Live ... Engage," because it overlooked one essential constituency of the Agnes Scott community: the staff. In citing the committee's mandate from President Mary Brown Bullock, Ms. Vagliano specifically recognizes the "alumnae, students, teachers and administrators" but fails to mention staff. In addition, she later ponders: "Who are our students, our faculty?"

Perhaps the ancient academy could have functioned with only students and faculty, but the modern institution of higher education cannot survive or operate on a daily basis without the presence of dedicated staff members. Whether these individuals are maintaining the grounds or physical plant, installing software, cleaning residence halls, processing financial accounts, making student recruitment presentations, shelving books, raising donor funds, patrolling campus, providing administrative support or fulfilling a host of other responsibilities, staff members provide vital services to the institution so that the education of women can occur.

If Agnes Scott and its publications fail to include and recognize these individuals, their roles, and their stories, then that "rich table of experiences" mentioned by Ms. Vagliano will have many empty seats.

—Kathy McKee '87

More letters on page 36.

Creative expression peppers the daily routine of college life.

by Martha Gaston '04



WHERE ART AND SCIENCE MEET

Early 20th-century teaching tools mixed with colorful contemporary American art impart color and insight to the Science Center's open spaces.

"The artwork was selected to reflect teaching materials, historical materials from Agnes Scott science departments and ideas in science," says Sandra Bowden, Charles A. Dana Professor of Biology. "We also selected pieces that had value beyond their scientific impact."

Artwork was chosen to add synergy to the different disciplines in the building. On the chemistry floor, near the elevator, is a painting that seems to be a formula gone awry. Also on the chemistry floor is a painting that resembles sewn and stitched red corpuscles—or cosmic mapping. Nine polymer clay nests hang in a row near the second floor elevator. Images of the nervous and circulatory systems are on the wall near the office of Barbara Batchley, associate professor of psychology. Hanging near the biology faculty offices are two photos of Mary Stuart MacDougall, the College's legendary biology professor.

Hand-colored Audubon posters from 1910, German lithographs and parts of a 1930 Stanford-Binet IQ test—complete with questions outdated in today's world—are among the collection, which spans all floors of the building.



MARTIN SURANI

LIVING WITH ART

Agnes Scott students Hee-jung Chun '05, A, Elizabeth Lambert '04, R, and Jacqueline Urda '03, T, stake out the College's Victorian house designated for an art emphasis during this academic year.

Students living in the art theme house will interact with the Agnes Scott community, the Decatur community and other local colleges through specific projects during the fall and spring semesters. Proposed projects include a community craft festival in November in which participants make and take home crafts and gifts, and a high school art show competition and display on campus to encourage young artists. Another tentative project is a "pin-up" show for local art school students to exhibit work for the public to view and buy from the artist. Also, the new Art Club will join with house residents to promote awareness of the visual arts.



MARILYN SURIANI

COLLEGE RECEIVES POTTERY COLLECTION

Agnes Scott College recently acquired a collection of American pottery from the estate of Jimmy Harris, an emergency room physician who died last year. Warren Miltimore, executor of Harris' will, contacted Lisa Alembik, Dalton Gallery coordinator, about the possibility of Agnes Scott acquiring the collection. The two met several times and concluded that the College would be a wonderful place to house the pottery, a 350-piece collection, which includes pottery made by McCoy, Roseville and Newcomb College.

"Dr. Harris asked that his pottery collection be displayed at a nonprofit institution. When I saw the pottery, I thought it looked like a fit for Agnes Scott. The pieces will go all over campus — from the library to the President's office," explains Alembik. "He collected obsessively in order to balance his hectic career with something calming. It is really one human's hobby and the love of form and beauty."

SCOTTIE FINDS A HOME

During a visit to Atlanta's Connell Gallery, a small sculpture of a Scottie dog captured the interest of Gué P. Hudson '68, vice president for student life and community relations and dean of students, Betty Derrick '68, special assistant to the vice president for student life and dean of students, and Jan Johnson, former administrative assistant to the dean of students. Leo Sewell, a Philadelphia artist, uses a technique called "found art," creating sculptures from scraps of metal, plastic and wooden objects and gluing or soldering them together.

As part of her pledge to Bold Aspirations: The Campaign for Agnes Scott College, Hudson commissioned a Scottie dog to be made from items donated by students, faculty and staff.

The dog, now on display on the second floor of Alston Campus Center, contains such objects as an Agnes Scott ring and a Mortar Board pin. The sculpture was dedicated to Derrick and Johnson, both dog lovers, during Alumnae Weekend 2003.



MARILYN SURIANI



Hunt 2 by Lucinda Bunnan

NOW SHOWING IN DALTON GALLERY

Photography exhibit *Edges, Exposures & Mayhem* by artist Lucinda Bunnan is open to the public until Dec. 7 in the College's Dalton Gallery. Bunnan has chronicled almost 50 years with her camera, which she uses without flash. This exhibit contains photographs taken during a year's time in diverse societies ranging from Georgia to Bosnia and includes past projects that have been reworked technically. The Dalton Gallery, located in the Dana Fine Arts building, is open from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday and from noon to 4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Entrance to the exhibit is free.

THE MOVIES RETURN TO AGNES SCOTT

Beth Holder '82 and her daughters Kelsey, 14, and Lindsey, 11, appeared as extras in the film *The Adventures of Ociee Nash*, part of which was filmed on the College's Woodruff Quadrangle. Based on the novel *A Flower Blooms on Charlotte Street* by Milam McGraw Propst, the movie premiered as the first film in the Coke Film Series at the Fox Theatre in Atlanta this summer. Featured were stars Keith Carradine, Mare Winningham and Skyler Day in the tale of a 9-year-old girl sent in 1898 from rural Mississippi to live with her sophisticated aunt in Asheville, N.C.



CAROLINE JOE

*This Agnes Scott alum knows firsthand
that creating with clay is therapeutic.*

Shaping Clay into Hope

by Nancy Moreland

When Frances E. Anderson '63 applied her art therapy skills to her own needs, she created "people pots," another milestone in a journey into what was, when she began it, the emerging frontier of art therapy. Along her journey, her work has changed lives impacted by abuse and disability.

Anderson had been intrigued by a colleague's suggestion that they use clay as part of group art therapy to help victims of sexual abuse. So Anderson, the colleague and a fellow therapist began a nine-week art therapy group that culminated in a mural made of clay tiles.

"The women started by making animals out of clay and talking about their experiences," explains Anderson. "Stories like, 'My dad shot my pet,' emerged. Later my colleague commented that he had no idea making a clay dog would do this. We knew we were onto something."

As the mural evolved, Anderson was impressed by how many tiles depicted messages of hope and encouragement to other victims. Yet, working with severely traumatized people profoundly affected her. "It's the hardest work I've ever done. It has to impact you or you're not a good clinician, but you must maintain some distance."

Needing a way to cope with these women's horrific stories, Anderson began making "people pots." "I started creating pots circled by kids and animals. Gradually, the people and animals became more connected and that was a metaphor for progress in the groups."

She received six grants to continue the art therapy group. More than a decade and dozens of people pots later, her creations are in private collections, and she cannot keep up with the demand for her work.

Anderson's pioneering journey into art therapy began at Agnes Scott. After her clergyman father made a side trip to Agnes Scott

while visiting Atlanta, he encouraged his daughter to apply. She did, and thus began her 30-year involvement with academia.

Always fascinated with art, Anderson's interest in psychology was influenced by her family and a College professor. "A core value I received from my parents was the importance of contributing to society. Agnes Scott reinforced that," she recalls. "Dr. Miriam Drucker had a profound influence on my decision to take as many psychology classes as possible."

The seed was planted when she discovered *The Bulletin of Art Therapy* (now *The Journal of Art Therapy*) at the College library. "Art therapy was a natural combination of my art and psychology interests and represented a means of helping others and thus giving back to society," she says.

While a liberal arts education was "a great preparation for life," Anderson yearned to further her knowledge. She enrolled at Indiana University and com-

bined art with a teaching certificate as part of a master's program.

After graduation, she taught a special education class of children ages 6 to 14. "Nothing I'd been taught prepared me to deal with these kids, so I had to be innovative," Anderson comments. Her solo voyage into the turbulent waters of special education was excellent preparation for challenges yet to come. Wanting to learn more about these children, she returned to IU and earned a doctorate. (No art therapy training programs existed then.)

When she was hired by Illinois State University, she met Larry Barnfield. He was her mentor and fellow pioneer who trained instructors to teach art to special needs children. "We'd discuss how to work with the kids, then bring them into the lab school classroom. Afterwards, we'd evaluate the process. It was a great learning experience; I loved being part of a team helping kids," she says.

Anderson collected information and took photographs, which became her first book, *Art for All the Children: Approaches to Art*



TED DIAMOND



A "people pot" takes shape in the hands of Frances E. Anderson '63.

Therapy for Children with Disabilities. She has published six more books, 49 articles, several chapters in books, 15 monographs and a video, and has written 42 grants. Last year she retired from ISU as Distinguished Professor of Art and director of the Graduate Art Therapy program.

Using art to promote healing came naturally for Anderson. As an artist, she had experienced creativity's therapeutic effects. Drawn to the malleable nature of clay, she found it suitable for a variety of clients.

The mural project sessions with the abused women began with participants doing brief verbal "check-ins" of how they were feeling. Facilitators explained what activities would take place, but group members chose the content. To deal with family issues, therapists asked the women to make symbols representing their family of origin. "Creating symbols helped them confront issues with perpetrators and dysfunctional families. Talking to symbols was more therapeutic than role playing," says Anderson. Wolves symbolized one client's family; another client made an egg carton with eggs representing different family members.

The women also had to be in concurrent individual therapy. "Clay is so powerful that you have to have a way of dealing with things that come up. Their therapists told us how quickly art therapy helped them deal with feelings. Art really connects the heart and mind."

Anderson has worked also with sexually abused children. "The earlier a victim gets treatment, the better their recovery outcome,"

she says. She notes that abused children often don't have the vocabulary to explain what happened to them, so drawing about their experiences helps them communicate.

While working with clients and teaching students, Anderson built impressive credentials. She helped found the American Art Therapy Association and received an AATA Honorary Life Membership. She edited the AATA journal. In the late '80s, Anderson helped develop the art therapy program at Florida State University while a visiting professor there. She has received 42 grants. Most recently, Anderson was awarded a Fulbright grant to assist the *Instituto Nacional Universitario del Arte* in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in developing the first post-graduate art therapy program in South America. She also collected drawings by Argentinean children to establish benchmarks for normalcy.

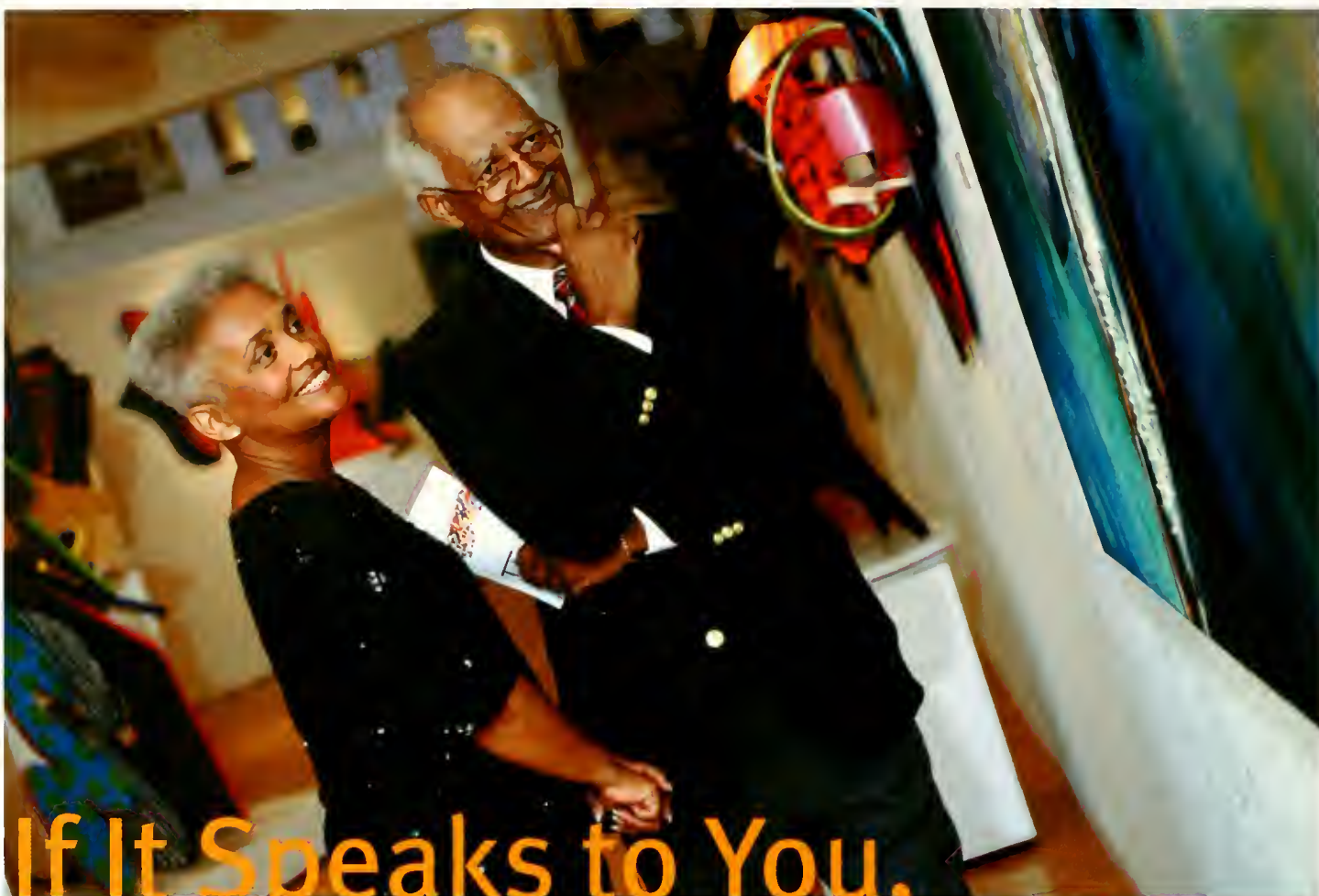
Anderson is once again working with Barnfield, and she recently relocated to Charleston, S.C., to consult with the region's mental health agencies and public schools.

Like any pioneer, Frances Anderson has experienced challenges. The values instilled by her parents and nurtured at Agnes Scott have acted as a beacon. She summarizes her philosophy by borrowing a Pueblo Indian phrase: "We have no word for art; we do everything as well as we possibly can."

Nancy Moreland is a freelance writer and frequent contributor to *Agnes Scott The Magazine*.

TO CONTACT FRANCES: feander17@hotmail.com





If It Speaks to You, Buy It

Lifelong art lovers reveal the secrets of what it takes to join their ranks as art collectors. You may already be one and not know it.

by Kathy Reynolds Doherty '67

An art collector often remembers the first artwork she bought—that inauspicious poster or reproduction that decorated the wall of a newlywed apartment but launched a habit that mutated into something much more serious.

For Louisa Aichel McIntosh '47, it was a reproduction of a Gauguin mountain landscape that she and her husband bought from The New York Graphics Society just after World War II. She found a frame for \$3 and hung it on the wall. She also remembers the first serious piece of art she purchased. "I gave it to myself as a Christmas present." It was an abstract oil and collage on canvas by Marilyn Pennington, bought for about \$45 from a shop in Atlanta's High Museum of Art. Her young architect husband had died, but she was carrying on their mutual interest in visual arts.

She eventually parlayed that interest into one of Atlanta's finer galleries—McIntosh Gallery—which she sold a few years ago after she showcased some of the most promising artists and, as she says, “aided and abetted” countless individuals beginning or adding pieces to their collections.

For Suzanne “Susie” Goodman Elson ‘59, her habit began with a wedding gift of a ceramic by Robert Westervelt, an art professor at Agnes Scott. That pot spawned a collection of ceramics, sculpture, handcrafted furniture and other art that graces the couple’s three homes. “We both had taken art in school, and as we could afford more, we began expanding our wings,” she says.

Elson and her husband began to collect works by young artists. They were intrigued by the “New Realists,” Philip Pearlstein among them. As they traveled more, they began to collect the work of young German artists. “This was the early 1980s, and they were so passionate,” says Elson. “They were people living in West Berlin on the edge of East Berlin. It was a highly charged atmosphere at that moment.”

Is anyone who buys a pot or a painting a collector? Or is there something that sets apart those who collect from those who simply hang pictures? “Collecting carries a measure of self-consciousness,” says McIntosh. “Many people are reluctant to say they have a collection, but I say the *collection* occurs when you have more than one or two pieces of original work or limited edition prints.”

There is, however, one additional criterion, and that is intent. “It’s not sentimental, it’s not an embellishment and it’s not to create an atmosphere that you want to identify yourself with,” says McIntosh. She recalls a trip to her bank several years ago. “I asked the manager, whom I knew quite well, ‘Tell me, do you ride to hounds? If not, then why do you have all these pictures of hunting scenes in your lobby?’”

The bank’s intent was not to collect. “Art usually decides it’s going to collect you,” says McIntosh. “And, of course, eventually, it *does* create an atmosphere that identifies you.” She and her husband, John Edwards, collect prints, paintings and sculpture. In fact, they met when he purchased a painting from her gallery.

A recent take on the reasons for acquiring art came in French playwright Yasmina Reza’s 1998 Tony Award-winning play, *Art*. Audiences in Europe and the United States howled as three male friends proceeded to put all their bonds of friendship on the line over the worth—or worthlessness—of a white painting on a white canvas. In a critique of the ideas in the play, Michael R. Lissack of Henley Management College offered this interpretation: “The white canvas is but an object. It is art

“Art usually decides it’s going to collect you.”

because the artist said it was art, but more importantly it is art because the viewer has a means of pulling from his/her relationship to the canvas a meaning or meanings that make sense to that viewer.”

Lissack seems to say that art lies in the eye of the beholder. McIntosh and Elson are saying much the same thing: You buy what you like—that’s how it begins. As you get hooked, you visit more art galleries, you read more magazine articles, you travel more widely, you seek advice from art dealers. And thus, they say,

you refine your taste and what you like becomes more sophisticated, more tuned in to trends among artists, more risk-taking, more discerning about how well the piece is executed.

The play’s characters argue about why their friend bought the painting. If he bought it because it was expensive, or because the artist was in vogue or because he needed a white painting facing a white sofa, then he wasn’t collecting. He was acting to satisfy his ego.

“To me, there’s no way you can win an argument about art with words,” says McIntosh. “It’s emotional. It’s not intellectual. The art you collect should speak to you. It might not say the same thing every day. In contemporary art, usually the artist leaves enough to

“The art you collect should speak to you. It might not say the same thing every day.”

your imagination that there is a dialogue between you and the art and it remains intriguing over time. But your first intuitive reaction says a lot. Combine that intuition with educating yourself, which expands your horizons and enables you to appreciate much more.”

Elson expresses similar advice. “First, you must look. Read art publications, visit museums and art shows. Get a feel for what you might like—because there’s such a range available today. Then rely on a dealer or art consultant or museum personnel. Most museums are very happy to help you.”

For the beginner, she also has advice about the investment required. As she and her husband began collecting, they set a bar in dollars. Above that amount, they would be more careful in their purchase. Below that amount, they felt comfortable taking more chances.

For an aspiring collector, what measures can guide your purchases once you find what you like? McIntosh offers these questions: Do you get a sense of the idea in the artist’s mind that impelled the creation of the work? How confident are you that you recognize the artist’s ability to execute, which is a visible result of either training or years of experience, or both? And, if an artist invested himself or herself in the work, it will be apparent. McIntosh calls this aspect “soul.”

The soul the artist invested in the work and the fact that it speaks to you foretells a relationship that may deepen over time and take your mind to places you may never have imagined. “I learn from it,” says McIntosh. “It is a journey without equal.”

Kathy Reynolds Doherty ‘67 owns a communications consulting practice in Washington, D.C., with clients as diverse as Airborne Express and the government of Malawi.

TO LEARN MORE

“There is nothing that one can *read* that substitutes for *looking* at art,” says McIntosh, who recommends that the beginning collector dive off the deep end and go looking at what is available. However, here are three books to start the journey into collecting:

- *History of Modern Art* by H.H. Arnason (Abrams)
- *Just Looking* by John Updike (Alfred A. Knopf)
- *Living with Art* by Solomon & Anderson (Rizzoli)

Windows to Heaven



*The religious icons of
Suzanne Amidon Zoole '62
lead this artist to a quiet
haven from the challenges
of daily life.*

by Allison Adams '89

While visiting the Eastern Orthodox churches of Russia eight years ago, Suzanne "Sue" Amidon Zoole '62 was captivated by the rich symbolism, color and mystery of centuries-old religious paintings of Christ, the Virgin Mary and Christian saints. A few months later, she enrolled in a workshop in Pennsylvania to begin to learn the ancient method of icon painting, which unites prayer, meditation and art. Since then, she has painted 18 of these stylized portraits of the holiest figures of Christianity.

Often called "windows to heaven," icons typically depict their subjects in symbolic detail, serving as an aid for contemplative prayer for worshippers. Zoole draws on a form of Byzantine art that dates back to the 10th century and persists as a powerful spiritual practice.

Steeped in tradition, Zoole's icon painting involves tracing ancient prototypes, such as the image of a saint, before painting it in egg tempera or acrylic on finished layers of birch plywood, cloth and gesso. The process is an act of devotion, calling for quiet prayer throughout. Zoole often paints during silent retreats at an abbey.

Zoole, who was a marriage and family therapist for 25 years, embraces the reverent hush of icon painting. "In therapy, there's a lot of talk and emotions," she says. "And I have become very interested in silence, stillness and cultivating the inner life."

Zoole says the spiritual discipline of her icons differs from her other, more secular paintings, which typically depict interiors of rooms in a style she describes as abstracted realism. "I can go at it like I would go wash the dishes—I can go in hassled or angry. I just start," she says. "But with icons, I want to be in a calm, centered place—I make sure I'm not upset or rushed, because I wouldn't want that to come out in the icon."

The rituals of creating an icon leave little room for artistic variation. Particular details have become what Donna Sadler, Agnes Scott associate professor of art, describes as "decoder rings." For example, Saint Peter holds a key because he is the founder of the Church, and Saint Thomas, as its founding architect, holds a T-square. Heads of the figures are encircled in a gold-leaf nimbus.

The images appear two-dimensional and without perspective. That look, Sadler explains, contrasts with the developments of the Renaissance, which did not touch Byzantine art. "In the 1400s in Italy, you have Giotto rediscovering nature and looking outside and modeling in light and shadow," she says. "But in the East, artists never look outside, so they just keep copying these prototypes. Things tend to be hard-edged—copies of copies of copies. You can always tell an Eastern work in 1500 as opposed to an Italian Renaissance work, because of the method—there's never a switch to oil painting."

Zoole explains the importance of adhering to the prototypes and symbols: "If churchgoers are accustomed to saying the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene Creed in church, they would not like the pastor to get up and say, 'I have a little creative impulse. We're going to take this part out and add another part.' It would be counter to tradition. These images are canonical in the same

way. They're part of the liturgy."

She does not aim to duplicate, however. "You could have five different iconographers doing the same subject, and you would see slight stylistic differences," Zoole says. "The idea is to do it honestly in the traditional manner, but individual characteristics come through anyway."

Zoole calls her most beloved icon *Christ the Holy Silence*. In it, Christ is depicted in cool blues and grays as an angel with still, white wings and hands folded gently across his body.

"The icon represents for me a call from Christ to eliminate the chatter of our lives and the many petitions to him and to simply listen," Zoole writes in her artist's statement. "Prayerful silence can be deep and rich and create for us children of God an open place, an open field in which we can meet God."

Christ the Holy Silence, which the Episcopal Church and the Visual Arts included in an on-line exhibition, is one of 18 icons Zoole has created on retreats, in workshops, and in her Spartanburg, S.C., studio. She has kept most of them, displaying them on one wall of a room where she paints and meditates.

Others she has given away. While she has had one commission, she does not market herself as an icon painter.

"It's very, very nice to give them away," she says. "They're like children—you love them all, and they almost become 'he' and 'she,' rather than 'it.'"

As a result of her icon painting, Zoole now holds a volunteer lay position at the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Spartanburg to enhance the presence of the visual arts in parish life. She is helping to build a museum-quality collection to be displayed throughout the buildings of the church, to collect art to be used in worship spaces and to tap the talent and inspiration of parishioners in corporately created works, such as quilts and children's art.

"This is all predicated on the fact that I think our world is getting more and more visual," Zoole says. "The Episcopal Church has always had beautiful altars and stained-glass windows, but not other kinds of art."

Zoole's icons reflect a resurgence of interest in the form, according to Sadler. "I've noticed it just being a medievalist," she says. "Whenever I present at academic conferences, there's always a crowd of lay people who are interested in this from their churches or just from their own reading—being interested in what the symbols mean."

Allison Adams '89 is a writer and editor at Emory University, where she earned her master's degree in English.

TO LEARN MORE

- The Episcopal Church and the Visual Arts: www.ecva.org/exhibition/icons/pages/icons.html
- *Sacred Doorways: A Beginner's Guide to Icons* by Linette Martin
- *The Technique of Icon Painting* by Guillem Ramos-Poqui
- A comprehensive book list is available by e-mail from Zoole: soozle@charter.net

Let the Patrons Pay

by Linda Grant Teasley '61

The National Endowment for the Arts began in 1965 with a budget of \$2.5 million that grew to \$104 million by 2002. Of the current budget, 19 percent covers administrative costs, and 20 percent goes to heavily funded arts organizations; for example, last year the Metropolitan Opera received \$200,000, which constitutes a miniscule portion of the opera's annual revenue of \$133 million. The New World Symphony in Miami received \$200,000 and the Smithsonian \$150,000. Sesame Street, arguably the most popular and commercially profitable children's program in history, received \$25,000.

Clearly, federal funding is characterized by much larger overhead costs than should be expected, as well as by donations to organizations that could survive without federal help.

Defenders of federal support for the arts proclaim that art in the United States would die without subsidies to museums, symphony orchestras and individual artists. On the contrary, the visual and performing arts would flourish without federal subsidies. From 1995 to 1996, the budget for the NEA was reduced by 40 percent, from \$162 million to \$99.5 million. At the same time, private donations to the arts increased by exactly the same amount, 40 percent.

The public sector does step up to the plate when necessary and will give to the causes it supports. Since NEA funding is not crucial to the organizations it subsidizes, individual artists—based on the NEA's idea of excellence—are the ones who benefit most. Art is best funded not by organizations that select recipients based on the criteria of committees but by individuals who are willing to pay for what they like. Furthermore, taxes on the general public support federal programs, but this general public doesn't necessarily benefit

from arts subsidies. Instead, those who gain the most are museum visitors, orchestra buffs and other devotees of highbrow art, not the poor or the middle class. If that situation were reversed, as the NEA has tried to do by funding more programs for ethnic and marginalized groups, the problem remains. Public monies that benefit

on antebellum slave life. Veterans don't like the Smithsonian's display on the bombing of Hiroshima. These political battles over how tax money is spent show us that art involves deep commitments to values that should be beyond the reach of government sanctions.

The founding fathers understood that the government should stay out of the religious life of citizens and the same argument should be made for the artistic preferences of citizens. The NEA cannot be an independent agency because its allocations from public funds do not represent any



Linda Grant Teasley '61

one designated group of citizens over another is discriminatory.

Artists who celebrate subsidies would be well-advised to heed Robert Frost's words when he said that the subsidized artist faces a choice between "death or Pollyanna." By death, he meant that the Muse is held hostage in the inevitable conflict between politics and art.

Conservatives denounce the NEA for funding erotic photography and the NEH for allocating money to PBS for broadcasting programs that editorialize about political events and highlight alternative lifestyles. Civil rights activists force the Library of Congress to take down a display

Artists who celebrate subsidies would be well-advised to heed Robert Frost's words when he said that the subsidized artist faces a choice between "death or Pollyanna."

kind of consensus and serve only to polarize opinions. The reason is not hard to find. As the director of Baltimore's Center Stage said, "Art has power. It has the power to sustain, to heal, to humanize . . . to change something in you. It's a frightening power, and also a beautiful power . . . And it's essential to a civilized society."

Precisely. To energize art and acknowledge its power of persuasion, we would be well advised to establish the separation of art and state.

Linda Grant Teasley '61 of Tampa, Fla., holds an M.A. from Georgia State University and a Ph.D. from Emory University. She is a trustee of the College and a member of the steering committee for Bold Aspirations: The Campaign for Agnes Scott College.

Democracy Demands Wisdom and Vision in its Citizens

by Lynn Maxwell White '65

Columbus Day 1971, I drove my old Buick Special from Chapel Hill where I had been working on a Ph.D. in American literature to Washington, D.C. There I would begin a 29-year adventure with a young federal agency called the National Endowment for the Humanities, sister agency of the National Endowment for the Arts. I was idealistic and ready for excitement.

The law that forms the basis of the NEA and the NEH, The National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965, is one of the most powerful statements I know about sustaining a democracy. These excerpts can bring me to tears: 1) "Democracy demands wisdom and vision in its citizens. It must therefore foster and support a form of education and access to the arts and the humanities, designed to make people of all backgrounds and wherever located masters of their technology and not its unthinking servants. 2) . . . it is necessary and appropriate for the Federal Government to help create and sustain not only a climate encouraging freedom of thought, imagination, and inquiry but also the material conditions facilitating the release of this creative talent . . ." And finally, 3) "The world leadership which has come to the United States cannot rest solely upon superior power, wealth, and technology, but must be founded upon worldwide respect and admiration for the Nation's high qualities as a leader in the realm of ideas and the spirit."

Three decades later, I look in awe at the difference that has been made by these unique federal agencies. With very modest funding (currently \$117 million for NEA) they have helped sustain our great cultural institutions and bring arts and culture to the citizenry. They have attracted many times their federal budgets in matching grants from private sources. Think how

often you see the phrase "Supported in part by the NEA (or the NEH)" when you see an excellent public television documentary or visit a stellar museum exhibition. The NEH and the NEA have helped bring more voices to the table, highlighting the accomplishments of different cultures and empowering individuals and communities to explore and express their experiences.

Among the NEA's initiatives is "Challenge America" in which community groups join to create public arts works or participate in arts activities, and another in which successful after school arts programs for at-risk students receive "Coming Up Taller" awards. The role of the arts in the schools has received a great deal of attention lately, in part because of a report issued in May 2002 by the Arts Education Partnership (jointly funded by the NEA and the Department of Education). This report, *Critical Links: Learning in the Arts and Student Academic and Social Development*, demonstrates what every elementary teacher knows—artistic expression is vitally important in education. It documents a carryover from learning in the arts to other subjects.

The bipartisan authors of the founding legislation for NEA and NEH never imagined that their basic assumptions about the value of each individual in a democracy would come under attack over the years by public figures who do not trust the citizenry. Neoconservative thinkers prefer obedience and censorship to wisdom and vision, advocate turning our schools into testing mills rather than places of critical inquiry, consider the respect of the rest of the world irrelevant and believe themselves justified in withholding the truth from the public. The attacks that have been launched against the NEA and the NEH—ostensibly on the basis of a few controversial paintings among many thousands displayed by museums that have

had NEA funding—are highly ideological and come from this quarter.

A significant increase for these agencies could make a huge difference in supporting the positive aspects of who we are as a country. The reality, however, is that simple survival of the NEA and NEH has meant an ongoing congressional battle. If they are to have even modest increases in the future, the public must become better informed about the value of the work these agencies do and about the ambitious political agendas of the increasingly influential ideologues that attack them. While some private foundations and individual philanthropists do make important contributions to the arts, the federal government is uniquely able to maintain a policy of service to the citizenry as well as a peer review system that remains surprisingly balanced and objective despite changes in political leadership.

As a lifelong educator and administrator, I believe deeply in empowering others. Artistic expression is key in opening up the imagination and passion of students of any age and in developing confidence and creativity that influence all aspects of life.

Support for the National Endowments for the Arts and the Humanities represents support for the kind of democracy that honors all citizens, calls them to their highest potential and prepares them for self-government.



Lynn Maxwell White '65

Lynn Maxwell White '65 served as director of the higher education programs and was program officer in media, challenge grants and education programs at the NEH. In 2000, she moved to Mars Hill College in North Carolina where she is a dean.

With unemployment at a record high, almost no one is immune from receiving the old "pink slip." But, with the right attitude and approach, even that dreaded experience can "be the best thing that ever happened."



Turn that Pink Slip into Gold

by Maria Mallory White

You've lost your job. Perhaps you were laid off, downsized, furloughed or fired—frequent occurrences these days. No matter what they called it, the net effect is that you had a job and now you don't. Whatever the reason, the impact of losing a job can be devastating. But the loss doesn't have to signal the end of your career or self-esteem.

"It's very, very hard to be unemployed," admits Jeanne Addison Roberts '46. "It's very easy to get discouraged, and sometimes that goes on for a long time."

Everyone handles the loss of a job differently. No one-size-fits-all prescription for recovery exists, and yet the pain of job loss can be quite significant.

"It always hurts," says Jane A. Thomas, a senior consultant with Lee Hecht Harrison, a global outplacement and career services firm. "There's a wound. Some feel it more deeply than others." Still, she adds, "I think for almost anybody, there's a kick in the ego. Some people need me to listen to them for a while because they're very hurt. They want to tell me about it because they feel angry, depressed or fearful."

Anger was what Roberts felt. While teaching at Mary Washington College, Roberts fell in love and married another professor. When the school's president heard of the nuptials, he fired the bride. "He said nepotism was forbidden in Virginia, so I was rather suddenly unemployed," says Roberts.

For Ellen Wood Hall '67, dean of Agnes Scott from 1984 to 1989, the loss of a later position was not only sudden but also painfully played out in public.

Hall had been recruited from ASC to serve as the first female president of Converse College in Spartanburg, S.C. The backlash Hall experienced from hiring the school's highest-ranking African-American administrator and other controversies culminated in Hall's departure from Converse.

"It was a very public and nasty termination," she allows. "Theoretically, I resigned, but I was forced to resign and so it was an extremely painful situation. I was attacked personally, verbally and told how ugly I was and how badly I dressed and that kind of thing. It was a very difficult story, a difficult situation."

Hall took refuge in her family. She resolved not to run away from Spartanburg. "In a situation like that, you have to cope with shame. You know you've done nothing wrong, but you feel you have. I was given two months to leave the president's house, so we [her family] put together a plan."

A person's attitude can affect the search for a new position. "How we handle this event emotionally is going to have a huge impact on how we are perceived by our next potential employer," says Linda Kammire Tiffan, Ph.D., of T³ Consulting in Atlanta. "If [you] are having job interviews or networking with people with a bad attitude or sour grapes or feelings hurt or bad mouthing an employer, that's not going to help at all."

Tiffan recommends releasing those feelings and attitudes. "Talk to close friends and family members about your situation and do your venting there. If you're angry, hurt or scared about the future, pick safe people to talk with about that. Get those feelings expressed."

While you're looking for work, find other ways to be productive, Tiffan advises. "Find other outlets for your energy," she says. "This is a good time to volunteer to feel productive. [Volunteering] is a good way to feel like you're engaged in meaningful activity again, even if you're not necessarily getting paid for it."

When Claudette Cohen '87 was laid off from her job as a technical writer in Laramie, Wyo., in March 2001, she channeled her energy into creative writing.

"Laramie isn't the easiest place to get a job. Since writing is my main thing, I took the time to write," Cohen explains. "I wrote a novel that summer, so I kinda turned lemons into lemonade, and I took that time to produce something that may produce down the road." And, at summer's end, Cohen had landed a job at the

University of Wyoming as editor of a geology magazine.

As difficult as it may be, sometimes the silver lining of losing your job is that now you have plenty of room for a better opportunity. Sometimes a career crisis can clarify your commitment to your vocation. Hall, for one, after spending some two years away from academia, eventually realized what she wanted from her career.

Sometimes the silver lining of losing your job is that now you have plenty of room for a better opportunity.

"It gave me a sense of who I am and what my priorities are. Maybe I would have learned all that anyway, but as it turns out, I have a good life now and I think I learned a great deal about survival and what it takes," she says.

"I had made a decision that I wanted to re-enter an academic community, and I didn't want to do it at the presidential level. I wanted to do it where I worked with the faculty on the educational program of the institution. My best work is done at the level of being an academic and an educator," says Hall, vice president for academic affairs and dean of Wells College.

There are times when unemployment points us in directions we may not have gone otherwise, as alumna Roberts found.

That infuriating "nepotism" firing years ago proved to be a

FIRST STEPS

Losing your job generally results in an immediate emotional reaction, and it is usually negative or bewildered. Before signing any papers, making any decisions or taking any retaliatory actions, strive to return to a rational frame of mind. Steadfastly maintain both your good sense and your common sense. Remember these points.

Immediately

- *It is perfectly appropriate to have a lawyer look over any papers before you sign them.* Make sure you know exactly what you are agreeing to even if you think the firm has your best interests at heart.
- *Wait until you feel more reasonable before making major decisions regarding insurance, finances and similar issues.* Ask a trusted friend or family member to validate your decisions if you feel that you continue to be more emotional than rational.
- *Do not burn any bridges.* Temper your comments in public.

When you are ready to look for a job

- *Think through the skills and qualifications you bring to a job.* Be able to list three to five key ones at the drop of a hat. Define what your core interests, your core skills and your core strengths are. Consider how these transfer to another job and make you valuable

to a firm. These could include, among others, communication, leadership, teamwork/collaboration, decision making, problem solving and developing partnerships in addition to your technical skills.

- *Develop a two- or three-sentence description of what you are looking for.* You've heard it a hundred times before: The best way to find a job is to network. People generally are quite generous with contacts and advice if they know what you need. You must provide enough information so that a person can offer meaningful support and assistance. If you are taking this as an opportunity to change directions or careers, tell people that and then list your transferable skills.
- *When talking with prospective employers, tell them what you can do for them **not** what they can do for you.* In today's working environment, employers hire people that are able and willing to contribute to the organization first. For an employer, what the firm can do for you is secondary.

- *Continue not to burn any bridges.* Judiciously explain your circumstances to prospective employers. Networks and connections are present in many forms, and you want to maintain your good reputation within them all.

— Catherine Neiner

Catherine Neiner is director of the College's Office of Career Planning.



turning point in Roberts' life. "Being fired from Mary Washington College turned out in the end to be a good thing because I wouldn't have gone back to school and gotten the Ph.D.," she says.

For Heather L. Flanagan '93, life after layoff has been good. Flanagan had been a computer administrator for a fast-growing dot.com. When she started the job, she was maintaining half a dozen PCs. When she was let go, she was providing 24/7 service and support to 65 computers in three regional offices. To make matters worse, as the dot.com sector began to tank, Flanagan's employer laid off the few people on staff who could lend a hand.

"I was always on call," Flanagan remembers. "If I were to take any significant vacation, it had to be planned about a year in advance."

The unrelenting stress to keep up with the workload affected Flanagan's health. "I was starting to have digestive problems," she recalls. "I had to go to the hospital to see if I had an ulcer and things like that. I had lost 20 pounds, and I'm not a big person."

Ironically, the layoff proved to be just what the doctor ordered. "I had wanted to leave, but at that point, there was no one left who could do my job, and I didn't want to have that on my conscience," Flanagan says.

Today, she works at Duke University in a department that employs 14 people to maintain fewer than 200 computers.

"I can say, 'hey, I'm going to take off today,' and I don't have to worry about it. I got a pay raise, which is unusual going from the corporate world to a university. Being laid off was the best thing that happened to me."

Even though the "pink slip" may be the unexpected push you needed, you still have to find that new position. Approach your job search with thoughtful planning.

Revise, but don't stigmatize your resume. If you were laid off or downsized, focus on setting aside any negative, self-imposed stereotypes about your experience *before* you start reworking your resume. Such attitudes can seep into your resume and taint your overall job search, if you're not careful, warns Gayle Oliver, CEO of Buckhead-based Execumé, a career management firm.

"There's no stigma attached to being downsized anymore."

"There's no stigma attached to being downsized anymore, and I think it's important that people get that message," says Oliver, who wrote *Execumé: It's More Than a Résumé, It's a Reflection of You*. "When dealing with the resume, you have to be in a position of being confident in who you're going to be on paper. There's an important self-perception there. You have to realize that [the layoff is] not really a reflection of you, though if somebody's telling you 'You don't have a job anymore,' it may feel like it's a perception of you. But, you may have been moved, reorganized, shifted or downsized by no fault of your own. That's why there is no stigma to it."

Build an arsenal of the good to combat the bad. If you were fired or left a job in some sort of controversy, beyond reflecting in your resume the positive aspects of your work history, be ready to confidently and *honestly* discuss your departure. Never lie, but be sure to focus on your strengths, as well as how you may have dealt with any responsibility. "You need to be prepared to show how

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF NETWORKING

In general

- A networking meeting should last no more than 30 minutes unless you are invited to stay longer.
- You requested this meeting; you set the agenda. Do not waste the person's time by not knowing what you want to talk about.
- A networking meeting is not a job interview. It is a meeting to gain information and to establish or build a relationship.

Open the meeting

- Thank the person for meeting with you.
- Begin to build some rapport with brief informal conversation.
- Reiterate why you are there and your goals for the meeting.

Gather information

- Briefly state your work history and/or background.
- Conduct a focused conversation using prepared, open-ended questions that will elicit the information you want. Some questions could be (but are not limited to):

Do you have any suggestions for my resume?

What firms/organizations do you recommend I target?

Do you think someone with my background could transfer the skills to this field/industry?

Which of my skills transfer?

Do I need some additional experience?

What obstacles will I encounter?

What steps do you recommend I take to overcome them?

What advice do you have for me as I take on this career challenge or make this career change/functional area change?

Ask for referrals

- Ask if you may use the contact's name when you call the referral.
- If you have identified other people either within that organization or in other organizations, ask if it would be appropriate or beneficial to contact them.

Close the meeting

- Restate action or follow-up items.
- Request permission to keep the contact up-to-date on your progress.
- Thank contact for his or her time.

Follow up

- Write thank you note to contact.
- Complete action items.
- Occasionally apprise contact of your progress.

—Catherine Neiner

and when you dealt with your issue or problem," says Emory W. Mulling, chair of Atlanta-based outplacement and executive consultancy The Mulling Companies.

Support the details of your turnaround and your ongoing strengths with references from employers who can attest to your good work. "You must depend on those good references to carry you through," says Mulling, "by presenting them in this way: 'I

made a mistake, but look at all the other things I accomplished. Please call all these other companies to check my references.'"

Find your next work through networking. Don't sit behind that computer all day. Get out and meet folks, says Tiffan.

"This is a time to get really involved in professional organizations or community organizations for opportunities to simply meet working people, people who are inside other companies and know about job openings," says Tiffan. "If you're somebody who has not been going to professional meetings, the dinners or the breakfasts—that's something that you really want to start doing."

And while you're out, be ready to tell your story. Don't be shy about telling people you're looking. "Word of mouth is probably the most popular vehicle right now in this economy [employers use] for advertising open jobs, so tell your hairdresser, your manicurist, your PTA rep," she stresses. "You really need to get the word out to everyone because your next job will probably come from a very unexpected place."

Maria Mallory White operates MalloryInk, a freelance writing and consulting firm, whose clients include the Atlanta Journal-Constitution for whom she writes regularly on business issues. She has been a staff member of Business Week and U.S. News and World Report.

TO LEARN MORE

- *The Job Loss Recovery Guide* by Lunn Joseph and Carole Honeychurch
- *Your Services Are No Longer Required: The Complete Job-Loss Recovery Book* by Christopher Kirkwood
- *Fired, Laid Off, Out of a Job: A Manual for Understanding, Coping, Surviving* by Byron Keith Simerson and Michael D. McCormick
- *What Color Is Your Parachute?* by Richard Bolles

"I'VE LOST MY JOB"

I've lost my job." It's not the kind of phrase you want to blurt out at a cocktail party. I know because I've been there. People tell you they are sorry, wonder how you are "holding up." You have a sudden inkling that you may be viewed differently. There is a sense of loss because a chapter in the book of your career—maybe even your life—has closed forever. After my layoff, I experienced all five stages of Katherine Kubler Ross' grief process. Once I reached the "resignation" stage, my search for a better job and for a better sense of self began in earnest.

Most people have, at some time, lost their job due to circumstances beyond their control. The world has changed and job longevity is its casualty. But change always brings opportunity. Seeking a new job can be a fulfilling adventure with a very happy ending. The story content—each act and scene—is all in your hands.

At some level, a job loss brings a sense of relief. You shed emotional baggage and workplace stress. In a search, it's important to be clear about the kind of workplace that best suits you. Once you find it, you will feel empowered and energized.

Here are some steps to help you on your journey.

- **Know thyself.** Make a list—an honest and thoughtful one—of your strengths. If you need help, ask people who know you well. If you are not clear about your talents, it's hard for a prospective employer to identify them for you.
- **Networking and informational interviews.** With only 20 percent of available jobs advertised, networking uncovers hidden opportunities through word-of-mouth. Call colleagues to make appointments for informational interviews. Don't ask these particular individuals for a job because that will limit your options and put

them on the defensive. Instead, share your strengths, talk about your experiences and accomplishments, pick their brain about others with whom you might meet. This one-on-one exchange lets you make a positive impression. The result is one long chain of people and perspectives. Chances are, somewhere along the way, someone will see a fit and put you in touch with a company that has the right opportunity for you. Talk to former work colleagues, clients, friends and neighbors. (Are there Agnes Scott alumnae in your field?) Most people are willing to lend an ear as well as free advice.



- **Request outplacement.** Many companies offer terminated employees the services of an outplacement agency. This arrangement enables you to conduct your job search in a professional office setting by providing phone, fax, computer, secretarial support, a career counselor, and perhaps most important, camaraderie—a people-centered workplace to go each day.
- **Keep your perspective.** Chances are this search will have a favorable payoff—a better job in a more compatible workplace. Your goal is a simple one—to find one job, one right fit for your

skills. Of course, you will have blue periods; but turn to your support system—friends, family and faith. Don't be your own worst enemy by being negative and down on yourself. I can't think of a job that lists "bad attitude" as a prerequisite.

If you become one of "them"—the unemployed—give yourself time to mourn. But at the end of the day, know that the future is in your hands.

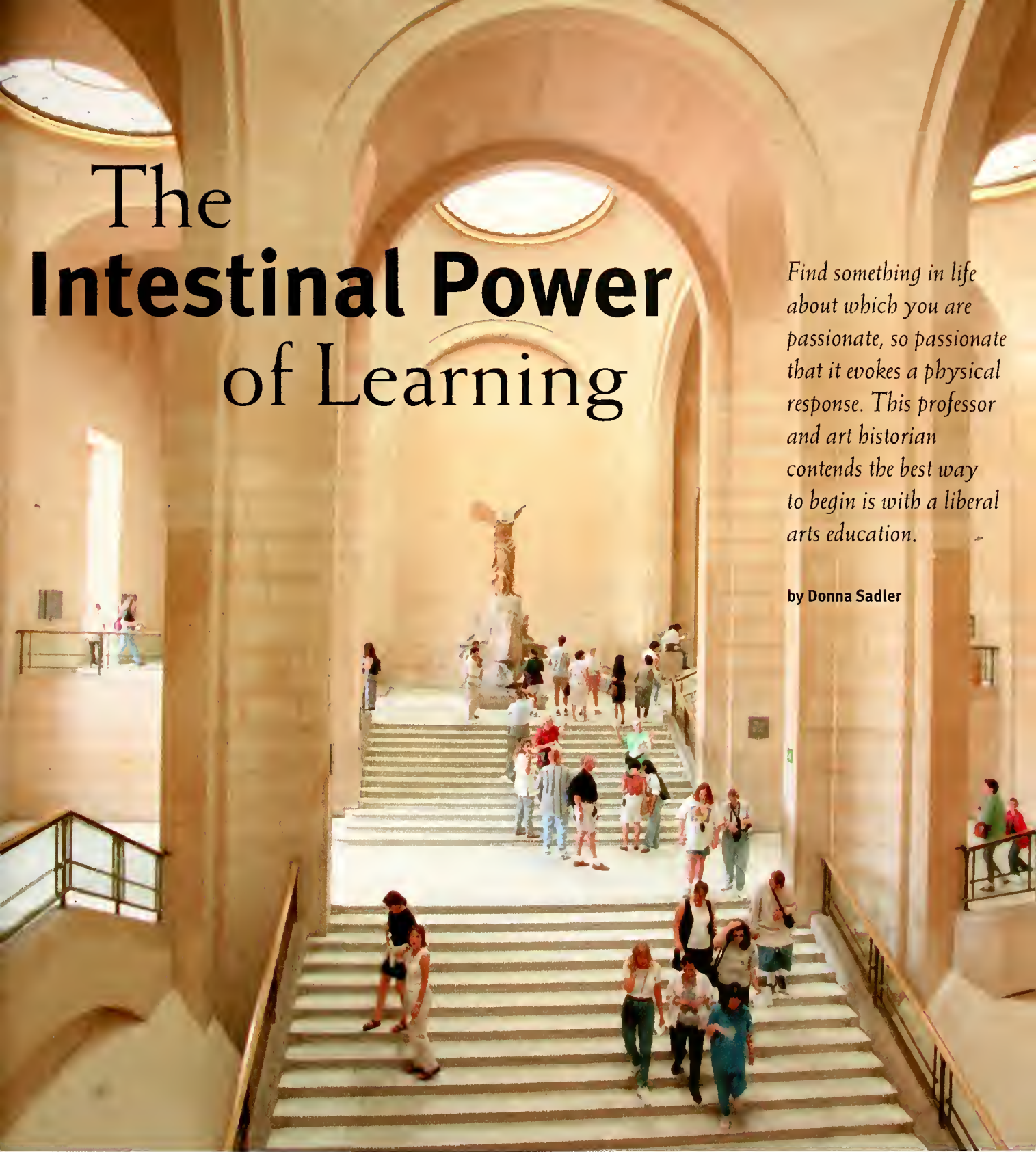
—Linda Lee Newland Soltis '84

Linda Lee Newland Soltis '84 is director of marketing and public relations for Koleido Health, the 39th largest health system in the country, in Buffalo, N.Y. She received an M.B.A. from Emory University.

The Intestinal Power of Learning

Find something in life about which you are passionate, so passionate that it evokes a physical response. This professor and art historian contends the best way to begin is with a liberal arts education.

by Donna Sadler



© ROBERT HOLMES/CONTOUR

The first time I saw the *Nike of Samothrace* perched on the prow of a ship at the top of the staircase of the Louvre Museum, I felt a complex wave of beauty, nausea and lightheadedness that sent me careening down two flights of marble stairs in a dead faint. My right leg and left arm have mended, the humiliation has paled since most of the museum guards from that regime have retired, and I am now extremely careful around breathtaking works of art.

Was this a case of Stendhal syndrome? This condition was identified in 1982 in Florence after 107 victims sought help in the psychiatric wing of Santa Maria Novella after being dramatically affected by the city's great works of art. Dubbed the Stendhal syndrome after the French writer who recorded a similar emotional experience on his first visit to the Tuscan city in 1817: "On leaving the Santa Croce church, I felt a pulsating in my heart. Life was draining out of me, while I walked fearing a fall."

Though my colleagues who dabble in statistics will find this small percentage of tourists swooning at the feet of Michelangelo's David unconvincing, I would argue that art does have the capacity to provoke a visceral reaction, to transform the viewer into quite a spectacle.

What was it about the figure of Victory, which once commemorated the Rhodian naval victory over Antiochus III in 190 B.C.E., that threw my ship so off course? Was it the sea-drenched drapery that lashes against the figure's stomach, that forms a massive wedge of cloth across part of her body while the other leg strains against the thin layer of fabric plastered to it? Is it the effortlessness with which the wings ease her landing on the bow of the ship? Does one even notice that she lacks both arms and head?

It was only years later when Richard Parry, Fuller E. Callaway Professor of Philosophy, and I were leading students on a Global Connections trip to Greece, that I saw the familiar signs of 'art sickness' in an Agnes Scott student. We had stopped to pay homage to the *Charioteer of Delphi* and remark on his astounding beauty, much of which would have been shrouded from the original classical viewer. The chariot he wielded would have hidden the lower two thirds of his body and the vantage point of the statue would have concealed the windswept chiton and sweaty locks of hair clinging to his neck. As I began to wax poetic on the charioteer's correctly rendered inner maleolus and Mortan's toe, on the concept of perfection in Greek art, I recognized the liquid look in a student's eyes, the strange lack of gravity playing around the lower two thirds of her body as she succumbed to the bronze statue's unflinching gaze.

Lack of breakfast? Perhaps. But why not swoon in front of a red figure vase? Her symptoms were classic. I am not advocating Stendhal syndrome as a way of life . . . it's far too drastic on the bone structure. What I urge you to heed is the poignancy of those classroom moments, when one is struck by the passion your professor has for his or her work. Somehow, despite the barometric pressure, the hangover, or the jaded *je ne sais quoi*, one is mesmerized: learning happens. It seems that college is the perfect arena for finding the subject that makes one's gums ache with curiosity, one's heart pound a little faster. It was in college that I realized only human beings make art (I have never been a quick study). Is

it just that opposable thumb that gives us the edge? Consider a few images from art history that will probably have no effect whatsoever on your equilibrium, but they are a testament to the artistic spirit that dwells within even our most remote ancestors.

The spotted horses found in a cave at Pech-Merle from 16,000 BCE, with their shape suggested by the natural rock formation and their coats inspired by paleolithic imagination, may strike us as a naive attempt at naturalism. But those handprints, which are carefully outlined in natural pigments and blown through a hollow bone or reed, speak volumes: Kilroy was here! The Egyptians were not taking any chances with this life—their art a wonderful impression of the future beyond the grave. Banqueting, dancing, hunting and all the comforts of home were incorporated in their funereal complexes in a style that also promised permanence. Figures with two left feet, profile legs and head and frontal torsos and eyes move at a much slower pace than their descendants on the frieze of the Parthenon. But one of the most intriguing aspects of art history is the view of artistic process that time unwittingly reveals.

In 1966, for example, Italy suffered from severe flooding, which in turn shed light on new methods of historic preservation. The monks in Santa Croce prayed that their Giotto's would be saved as the waters filled their cassocks and reached a height of more than six feet in the nave of the church. Across town in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, the Dominicans (the *Dominicani*, the watchdogs of the Lord), bailed water continuously and sand-bagged their frescoed chapels. Though some would find deep religious insight in this contrast between the Franciscans and Dominicans, I will leave that to the theologians. Let us turn to an out-of-the-way chapel in Tuscany where an *Annunciation*, painted c. 1342 and attributed to Ambrogio Lorenzetti, risked destruction from the rising waters. It was discovered that if one reversed the process of painting on wet plaster, one could actually remove the pigment that had bonded with the wall. By dampening the painting with a layer of glue, water and linen, the fresco could be rolled off the wall and reapplied to another wall. In the case of this *Annunciation*, a sinopia (or underdrawing on wet plaster) was found and it too was removed to another wall. Beneath the rather prosaic treatment of this scene was a remarkable underdrawing of a Virgin who grasps a column and swoons at Gabriel's glad, but surely unexpected, tidings. The artist turned away from conventional depictions of this moment to reinterpret it from his own well of human insight. Judging from the existing fresco, the patron disliked the originality of Lorenzetti's work and a different painter



© DAVID LITTS/CORBIS

I would argue that art does have the capacity to provoke a visceral reaction, to transform the viewer into quite a spectacle.

was summoned to complete the fresco. The existence of this *pentimento* offers an extraordinary glimpse of an artist working within a tradition-bound era, when iconographic and stylistic change occurred slowly, yet with the impact of a thunderbolt. Though the word *pentimento*, which refers to the underpainting that is ultimately discarded, comes from the Latin word to *regret*, I would argue that it is here that life is lived.

What makes college such an extraordinary time is the layers and layers of first drafts that constitute one's journey through a liberal arts education. It is not the college transcript that provides the palimpsest of one's path, but the overlay of experiences that define one. One reason I gravitate toward the study of medieval art is the proximity of expression to the human core, the honesty that blinks at us beneath the patina of age. For example, in the capital from Autun Cathedral depicting the *Adoration of the Magi*, one sees the 12th-century sculptor glossing over the theological recognition of the Messiah's birth in order to express the childlike behavior of Christ as he grabs the gift of the eldest magus. How different from Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* in 1480 where members of the Medici family are thinly disguised as the Magi, and the artist, sporting an "I smell excrement expression," peers at the audience from the right side of the canvas. What emerges from this contrast in tenor is actually the basis of the first history of art written by Vasari in the middle of the 16th century. He saw art as following a biological curve, progressing from infancy to adolescence to maturity, and then declining into senility. Though most art historians reject this deterministic view of the course of art's history, I would like to dwell in its adolescence for a moment, for that is the age of *pentimenti*—the age of Archaic sculpture, Romanesque art and Giotto's unrivaled vision of human nature. It is also the visual equivalent to the canvas one paints in college.

We know from tracing the giornate, the patches of wet intonaco that mark each day's work, that it took Giotto 10 days to paint the first scene of the Arena Chapel in Padua, a cycle executed c. 1305. In the *Expulsion of Joachim from the Temple*, Giotto explores the hopelessness of the father whose lack of offspring signaled his rejection from the temple. In stark contrast to the young man whose offering had been accepted, Joachim is physically thrust out of the temple, clasping his rejected lamb protectively to his chest, as he is about to step into the abyss. In the following scene, Joachim returns to the sheepfold wrapped,



cocoon-like in his woolen mantle, downcast and without hope that he and Anna, both pushing 90, would ever bear a child. The sheep huddle together for warmth, the neckless shepherds exchange knowing glances regarding the dejected figure of Joachim. Only a great artist would include the tree behind Joachim's back, arching in an "Oh Death where is thy sting? Grave

In college you have the daunting opportunity to sample a varied palette, paint exclusively in cadmium red, or eschew lines for a semester, knowing that these sketches may be tossed the minute you are accepted to law school.

where is thy victory?" manner to underscore the pathos of the scene. What makes Giotto the consummate storyteller? Who alone approaches the desolate Joachim, sniffing with nonjudgmental delight, as the shepherds gossip and the sheep mull? Spot! Indeed, it is as if the raw emotional content of the narrative is always lurking in the compositions of the Arena Chapel. Giotto's frescoes betray their inner workings, rather like *pentimenti* that resist the effects of time and layers of plaster. In college you have the daunting opportunity to sample a varied palette, paint exclusively in cadmium red, or eschew lines for a semester, knowing that these sketches may be tossed the minute you are accepted to law school.

It was not until the middle of the 15th century that Renaissance artists mastered the technique of transferring elaborate underdrawings or cartoons to the wet plaster to guide their final paintings. This technological advance led to stylistic breakthroughs, as seen for example in the frescoes of Piero della Francesca and later in the ceiling of the Sistine. Because the same drawings are used throughout the frescoes in Arezzo, one encounters the same cast of characters in the *Meeting of Solomon and Sheba* and the *Discovery and Proving of the True Cross*, simulating a visual experience akin to a Fellini movie. The Olympic Sibyls that buttress the scenes from *Genesis* in the Sistine Chapel reveal that Michelangelo relied heavily on underdrawings, often modifying the figure only in the final stages of execution. But what about a long-concealed fresco by Andrea del Castagno that was discovered in 1952 in Santa Apollonia? In the sinopia underlying the *Resurrection of Christ* by Castagno one finds three different types of *pentimenti*—from the geometric blocking of the soldiers at the tomb, to the faint outlines of the triumphant Christ, to the rather pedantic treatment of the angel that hovers above. Henry James once cautioned that one should not describe a house in too much detail because the reader would not be able to imagine any action occurring in such a structure. Similarly, the over-determined angel seems so wooden that he strikes us as incapable of flight.

What edifying message can a half-baked art historian derive from such raw material? Find something that makes you weak in the knees, that brings you joy, aesthetic or otherwise. And revel in your *pentimenti*, for it is the cumulative effect of these sketches that trace the handprint one leaves on the cave wall.

Donna Sadler, associate professor of art, joined the Agnes Scott faculty in 1986. She holds a bachelor's degree from Boston University and a master's and doctorate from Indiana University. She originally shared these words at the 2000 Senior Investiture.

DESIGNING WOMAN

This alumna creatively parlayed her love of art into improving everyday life through industrial design.

by Melanie S. Best '79

The assignment—designing a step-on digital scale for an eating-disorders clinic—and how she addressed it show why Kacie Croson '01 likens professionals in her chosen field to inventors with keen psychological insights.

"An industrial designer must be somewhat of an explorer," Croson says, "one with great interpersonal skills who communicates ideas articulately." And, of course, "can draw really well," she adds.

In the assignment, from a recent class at Ohio State University where she is pursuing a second undergraduate degree, Croson designed a scale expressly for anorexics and bulimics. Her device didn't have a read-out because, she says, "I wanted to break down the relationship between patient and scale, which for these patients becomes a god-like thing." Through a hand-held personal digital assistant, only the doctor or nurse would see the weight reading. Furthermore, besides showing compassion, Croson's design would "save so much paperwork," she notes, because the PDA would connect to patient records in the clinic's computer system.

Now entering her third year of a four-year bachelor of science program, Croson is an ardent ambassador for the industrial design profession. She marvels that industrial designers are asked to apply advanced technologies in "areas you would never think of," that you can go from designing a diabetes pen one day to a ship-ping pallet or children's toy the next.

"Things you use every day were designed by an industrial designer, from your computer to drawer pulls to a piano," she exclaims. She points to OXO kitchen tools as a brilliant design success, originally created for people with arthritis and dexterity problems. "But now everyone wants to use them—the grip is so easy on the hands."

The Industrial Designers Society of America defines industrial design as "the professional service of creating and developing concepts and specifications that optimize the function, value and appearance of products and systems for the mutual benefit of user and manufacturer"—or, as OSU design professor Reinhart Butter puts it, bringing marketing, engineering, ergonomic and aesthetic considerations to bear in designing a product or a system. "Industrial designers are problem-solvers," he says.

It is a measure of her devotion to Agnes Scott and commitment to the profession that Kacie, an art major at the College, did not

abandon her ASC career midstream. "When I got my [class] ring sophomore year, I knew I wanted to graduate from Agnes Scott," knowing this would postpone her design studies.

That same year she'd had an eureka moment. In a conversation with Nell Ruby and Terry McGehee, art department professors, Croson said she liked her art-making process to have a beginning and end, but found that purposefulness difficult to realize in traditional studio art. "They suggested industrial design," Croson recalls, "and changed my world."

Ruby says the field seemed a natural fit for dynamo Croson, whom she describes as having an "incredible openness to materials and ideas" and who approaches her work with a "can-do, will-do, it'll-be-fun-to-do spirit." Ruby remembers Croson one day displaying an article on soap-making from a Martha Stewart magazine. "Kacie announced, 'We can do this. It will be our summer project'. She could take Martha Stewart by storm."

Croson was born and raised in the Columbus, Ohio, area, in a household with three brothers, a mother who is a chef and caterer and a stepfather who headed up a mechanical contracting business. In high school, she concentrated on visual and performing

**"That's something Agnes Scott taught me:
If you have an opportunity, take it."**

arts, but entered ASC intending to major in something "practical" like economics. In the end, art won out because she loved it.

Croson expected after graduation to pursue a master's at Georgia Tech, but that option vanished when the school rejected her application—a blessing, she says now, because it led her back to Columbus. There, uncertain how to proceed, she landed a research assistantship at OSU's Center for Automotive Research and Intelligent Transportation, or CAR, a research center partially funded by the auto industry. At CAR, she worked alongside engineering students developing advanced technologies for sport utility vehicles. While Croson previously showed no particular interest in cars—other than, she noted, being aware of "looking cool in my manual Jeep Wrangler with big tires"—she embraced the work eagerly. "That's something Agnes Scott taught me," she says. "If you have an opportunity, take it."

CAR faculty and staff, impressed by her energy and verve, steered Croson into its Future Truck program, a university competition sponsored that year by General Motors, to advance the

energy efficiency of gas-guzzling SUVs. The program's achievements were "amazing," says Croson, by "taking a regular SUV with a V-6 engine and changing it into a [gasoline-electric power] hybrid in less than a year."

Croson managed the public relations efforts of CAR's FutureTruck team, began taking classes in the design department, and by autumn 2002 was a second-year student there. OSU's industrial design curriculum incorporates multiple disciplines. You study materials science, says Croson, to understand the properties of existing and emerging materials; manufacturing and processes, to grasp how things are made; market research, to discern what people want and how those desires are shaped; and model-building, to turn ideas into working prototypes.

Besides the courses, Croson is working with Professor Butter on a "smart cockpit" proprietary research project. The funders have asked for an automobile interior of the future, with sophisticated systems for safety, steering, communication and entertainment. Butter says Croson brings special value to the mostly male, mostly foreign project team because of the demographics she represents — female, short of stature and American.

Over time, Croson sees herself diversifying away from the auto sector to keep her thinking fresh and make room for new challenges. Although today's tepid economy has limited job opportunities temporarily, Croson remains upbeat about the field because, she says, "I get to draw all day and research all kinds of stuff!"

"I have a message for art majors at Agnes Scott," Croson says. "Here's a field where you can make money and have fun."

Melanie S. Best '79, a freelance journalist living in Hoboken, N.J., specializes in international business and culture.

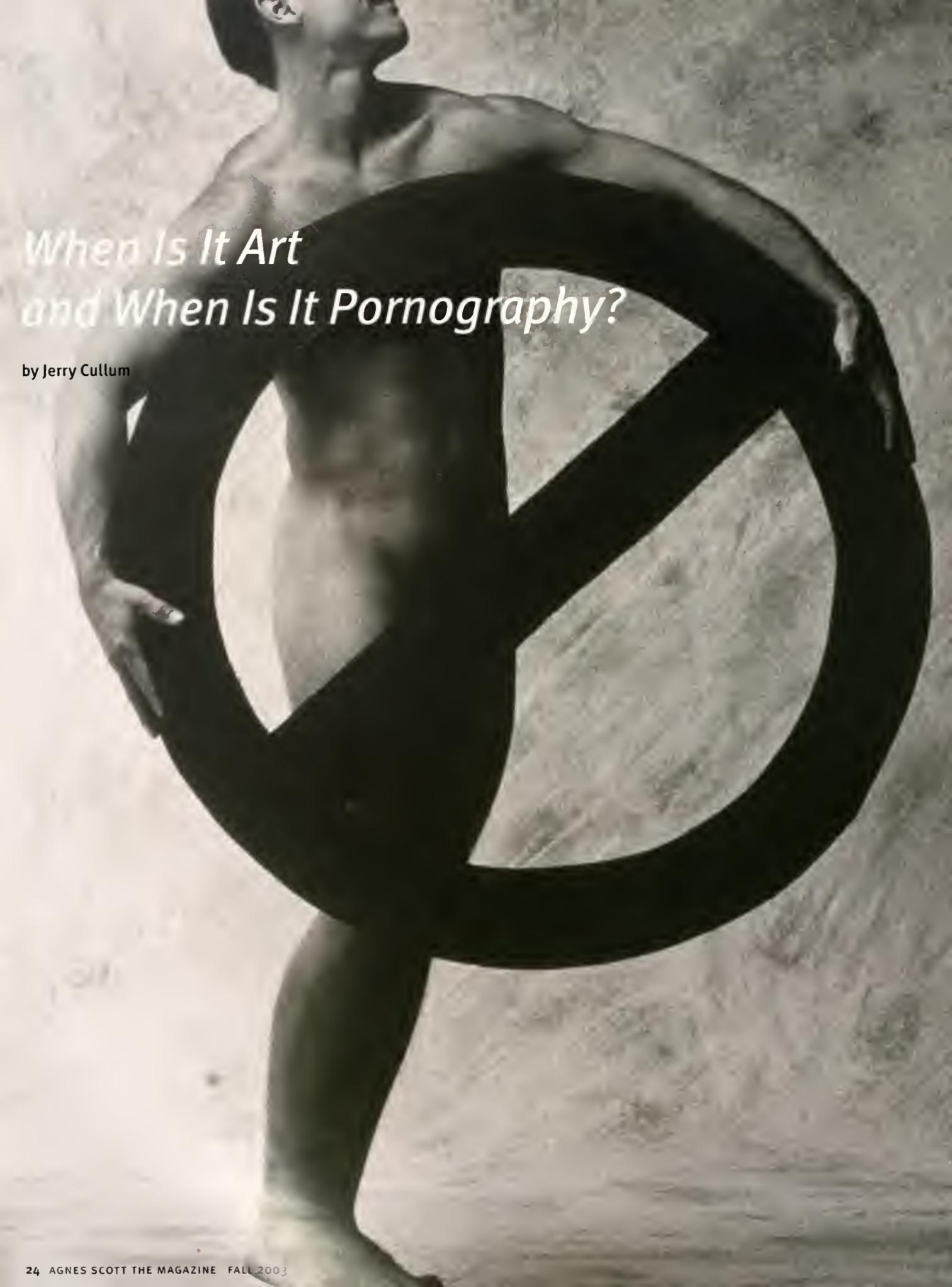


TO LEARN MORE

- Industrial Designers Society of America: www.idsa.org
- I.D. Magazine: www.idonline.com
- Wired magazine: Example of innovative graphic design, as well as an information source on the latest in design and products in the high-tech sector: www.wired.com



Kacie Croson '01 constructs a model in her industrial design studio.



*When Is It Art
and When Is It Pornography?*

by Jerry Cullum

One person's art is another's pornography. It works the other way around less frequently. Some ancient art that we think of as devoted to "fertility" may actually have been created mostly for purposes of sexual arousal (we simply don't know), but only a tiny fragment of modern pornography has had more than a smidgen of intelligent aesthetics in it. (There is, however, a debate about what constitutes "intelligent aesthetics," an issue to which we'll return.)

Problems arise, in the contemporary context, when an image that has more than a smidgen of intelligent aesthetics is entirely devoted to sexuality. A decade ago, Robert Mapplethorpe and Nicole Eisenman caused a stir by creating formally excellent work showing us how it's done in certain subcultures. The composition was wonderful, the content was thoughtful and the result controversial. Other photographers and painters have left some folks queasy by portraying children and adolescents in compositions that aren't sexual but could be construed as creating erotic desire.

The problems aren't new; much Old Master art contains more blatant eroticism than art historians will admit, and such 19th-century artists as Courbet took on pornographic commissions alongside their mainstream work. You don't have to believe in Sigmund Freud to observe that sexual experience takes more forms than any of us would believe possible and that it does so most of all in cultures characterized by sexual repression. This doesn't mean that less repressive societies are pictures of health; something about the way we're put together leads to versions of sexuality that range from the unimaginatively functional to the socially undesirable, with a great deal of wonder and beauty in between. The same goes for cooking, clothing styles and music. The difference is that people are less intimately affected by others' bad taste in food, fashion, and music.

Maybe the only mutually agreed-upon definition in today's multi-valued world is that commercial pornography is a cynical attempt to create sexual arousal by any means necessary, as an exclusive or nearly exclusive goal. This isn't the same as eroticism; any number of artists would admit to creating deliberately erotic images that are, first and foremost, works of serious art. There is also so-called transgressive art that involves blatantly theatrical sexuality but not necessarily any intent to arouse desire; the Mexican performance artist Ema Villanueva has described her politically tinged bouts of public nudity as an attempt to kill the little censor that still lives inside her.

A common complaint about pornography is that it objectifies others, and thus, is an inhumane use of human beings. But, for reasons that vary widely, a growing number of artists have chosen to objectify themselves. This suggests that our earlier definition of intent is the only one that even remotely works. Much as we would like to define the desirably human use of human beings, human relationships are simply too complicated to allow outsiders to make such judgments.

It would be comforting if we could refer to the generally repellent visual quality of most pornography, but we can't. Granted, the loveliest erotic art in the world was produced by those Asian cultures for which sexuality is merely one more desire requiring a cure, just like the passion for possessions or personal greatness. But for historic reasons having to do with our culture's attitude toward existence in general, serious contemporary art is often

meant to be disgusting. It's an interesting side issue that gets us nowhere on the art versus pornography front.

So we're back to the idea that what distinguishes art from pornography is the presence of self-conscious aesthetic contemplation. Pornographers intent on commercial success use a minimum of artistic tricks; the aesthetically successful pornographic object is so by sheer accident. Serious art, by contrast, uses complex aesthetic tricks even to accomplish the goal of being repellent.

This level of self-conscious reflection also explains why the uses of sexuality in contemporary art might be defined as a humane use of humanity. Even viewers who might disagree with the artist's moral premises are likely to agree that issues of human existence are raised by the work. It is possible to think productively in non-sexual ways about sexually arousing artworks, whereas it is difficult to find any non-sexual implications in genuine pornography. Art that objectifies other human beings is still art. We may find it offensive, but it stems from a premise regarding what human beings ought to be doing. Even the works of self-declared pornography produced by artists stem from reflective cynicism regarding human motivation.

In the end, we aren't likely to settle on any universally agreed-upon definitions. For those who define pornography as any images that result in mild or intense sexual arousal, a very large portion of the everyday world should be defined as pornographic, including more things than the definers might like to believe. The

Art that objectifies other human beings is still art.

definition of this or that as "pornography" works on the same principle as the related declaration that art is, by definition, not pornographic, because "art always appeals to our highest values." If we disagree on fundamental definitions, of course we'll never agree on whether something is art or pornography or anything else. Names that sound definitive merely express approval or disapproval.

This doesn't mean that the old saws are wrong. Art does appeal to our highest values in the sense that it uses the most exquisitely complex combinations of human thinking and making. It does so well or badly, according to the rules that we like to call our "aesthetics." We have a right to make aesthetic judgments about whether or not something is a work of art. We also have a right to make moral judgments about whether or not something is an ethically acceptable work of art. We do not have the right to fall back on what are effectively cuss words ("pornography") just to convey disapproval.

On the other hand, we need not claim that there is no such thing as pornography in order to agree that whatever pornography may be, art isn't it.

Jerry Cullum is senior editor of Art Papers, an Atlanta-based international magazine of visual and performance art. He is also a poet, visual artist, and freelance critic and curator whose reviews appear regularly in ARTnews, Art in America, and other publications, including The Atlanta Journal-Constitution. In 2002, he curated No Agenda But Their Own: A Decade of Work by Women Artists for the College's Dalton Gallery. Cullum holds a B.A. in literature from Eckerd College, an M.A. in religious studies from the University of California Santa Barbara, and a Ph.D. from the Institute of the Liberal Arts, Emory University.

Beauty or Education?

Not unlike art displayed in any other venue, the College's collection evokes a multitude of disparate comments ... and that's the purpose.

by Wendy Cromwell

Inspirational, provocative, accessible. A quick tour through the Agnes Scott campus reveals an art collection prominently displayed to engage the mind.

"The art collection serves to inspire and to teach," says Anne Beidler, associate professor of art. "It helps expand notions about beauty and raises questions about the nature of art making."

"The presence of art throughout the campus serves to stimulate visual activity and to forge new relationships with the environment," says Donna Sadler, associate professor of art. "Art is one of the seven liberal arts. Its presence on campus is as necessary as grammar, math and astronomy and because our society is increasingly more visual."

"Students are asked to think visually — many, perhaps, for the first time."

Beidler agrees. "A collection of works that is in public places, that is designed to help its viewers think and learn, is a perfect complement to the liberal arts. Students are asked to think visually — many, perhaps, for the first time."

Quite simply, art is about possibility and adventure, elements essential to vitality and fulfillment of life, says Nell Ruby, visiting assistant professor of art.

An art advisory committee, formed by President Bullock, assists in the placement of pieces throughout campus and with the acquisition of new pieces.

"We are always working on getting as much of the collection up as possible," says Beidler. "Most of the newly acquired work is exhibited on campus. We have spent a lot of time going through the collection and determining which of the older pieces are appropriate for exhibition on campus."

The collection, displayed in Alston



With You in Mind 2 by Nina Bovasso in the lobby of Alston Campus Center: The art advisory committee chose this piece by the New York artist because it is so vibrant, energetic and playful. It was selected to send a message to those entering the campus center, which is a place of play, relaxation, community and business. The piece captures the sense of activity throughout the building and offers a view of the building on an emotional and social level.

Campus Center, McCain Library, Dana Fine Arts Building and the Science Center, is used to illustrate techniques, historical periods and compositions, as well as stir imaginations.

"I have used the Japanese print collection [gift of the Margaret Law '25 estate] in my survey class and my pilgrimage course," Sadler says. "The Barbara Kruger

piece is an excellent example to introduce ideas of postmodernism. What is the relationship of the text to the image?"

Beidler also uses the Law collection to explain printmaking techniques and to discuss their composition as works of arts.

"Artwork, such as the woodblock prints in the Margaret Law collection, can express a place and time that the viewer



Untitled (Everything will be okay/Everything will work out/ Everything is fine) by Barbara Kruger in the Black Cat Café in Alston Campus Center: Kruger, the most historically important artist in the collection and one of the most politically oriented artists today, uses her work to create social commentary. Certain works of hers deal explicitly with issues of rape and class, and in all cases, her ambition is to use art to create social change. The art committee decided this piece would be helpful for students to not just learn about the world but to transform what they've learned into change. The work has been noted as a source of inspiration for many students and a source of bafflement and consternation for others. She is the only artist in the College's collection who is also in the art history textbook—along with Michelangelo, Raphael and Mary Cassatt—used on campus.

may not have a chance to experience and encourage her to learn more about that era," says Lisa Alembik, Dalton Gallery coordinator.

The Science Center greatly expanded the display space for the collection. Alembik, with the help of science faculty, selected pieces highlighting the respective disciplines.

"My personal favorite works are the combination of Joe Walters' *Nests* and the Audubon bird prints on the second floor of the atrium," Alembik says. "I love the subtle interaction between the gorgeous illustrated prints with the more poetic and earthy sculptures by Walters."

Sadler voted for the just-sold Lord Leighton painting *Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets* as Agnes Scott's most

valuable piece. She also ranks the Barbara Kruger piece, the Sally Mann photo and the Pam Langobardi piece in the Amelia Davis Luchsinger Lounge in Alston Campus Center among the College's most valuable.

The collection reflects the history of gift giving at the College, Sadler says,

"The art collection serves to inspire and to teach. It helps expand notions about beauty and raises questions about the nature of art making."

which is why the advisory committee has worked to catalog and assess the collection as well as develop a philosophy for collecting.

The committee also advises on appropriate art gifts to the College, says Beidler, an accomplished printmaker whose diptych print *Daphne* hangs in McCain Library.

"The committee is open to a variety of works," Beidler says. "We hope for collections or individual pieces that have a didactic quality, not necessarily the most contemporary pieces. ... We have been so happy with the recent acquisition of the collection of fine Japanese prints."

Only recently has the College worked to organize its collection and begun collecting pieces by contemporary women artists, including Kruger, Mann and Atlanta artist Annette Cone-Skelton.

"We are always eager to acquire work by contemporary women artists," Beidler says, "especially works on paper."

The Kruger piece *Untitled (Everything will be okay/Everything will work out/Everything is fine)* in Alston Campus Center inspired much discussion on campus after it was installed. A photograph of houseplants with "affirmations" underneath, it can be interpreted as sarcasm or a form of solace.

The middle of the campus center—the hub of activity—is the right place for this particular work, according to Terry McGehee, professor of art. "The painting is contemporary and reflects the complex times in which we live by engaging our emotions about these times," says McGehee. "We tell ourselves 'everything will be alright' but at the same time question whether this is so. It is an important visual symbol for our students and the institution as a whole."

"Barbara Kruger is one of the most significant contemporary women artists, and

we are very fortunate to have this work by her," says Beidler. "Quintessentially post-modern, her work is designed to raise questions of the viewer."

"She asks us to bring some of our own experience to the work and what we get from the work is based on who we are as individuals," Beidler continues. "Many of

us are used to standing passive in front of a work of art. We expect to be entertained. We don't always expect to have to struggle to understand its meaning. The Kruger piece is important because it makes us think. It makes us move beyond where we were before viewing it."

Sadler agrees. "The most important role art can play in our campus is to make us think—to stop and question our visual surroundings! This work does this."

Wendy Cromwell is editor of Main Events and senior writer/editor in the Office of Communications.



Daphne by Anne Beidler, associate professor of art, on the ground floor of McCain Library: The large color woodcut and Xerox transfer print is based on the story of Daphne, who was pursued by Apollo. As Apollo reaches for her, she is transformed into a tree by Zeus, an image representing fertility, the anxiety of being sexually violated and, more positively, coming together with nature.

The College's most famous work of art finds a new home, but not without creating an interesting legacy at Agnes Scott.

by Lee Dancy

The Mystique of the "Lord Leighton"

Just how the "Lord Leighton," as it has been dubbed, arrived at Agnes Scott may forever be unclear, but the painting's departure makes its mark in the College's history. Almost a year after being offered at auction at Christie's in London, Agnes Scott has agreed to sell the massive 19th-century British oil painting for more than \$1 million.

During its post-auction hiatus, *The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the Dead Bodies of Romeo and Juliet* traveled to Italy and returned to London. That's appropriate, because Frederic, Lord Leighton painted the Shakespeare-inspired scene while he studied in Italy during 1854–1855. Now it seems the painting will reside in Britain, Leighton's homeland.

"The buyer is a merchant in Britain who prefers to remain anonymous at this time," says Mary Brown Bullock '66, president of the College. "We understand he will display the painting in his home."

The painting was sent to auction last year after the High Museum of Art Regional Conservation Center in Atlanta managed its careful restoration—a process requiring more than two years. Money earned from the sale will benefit the College's fine arts program.

During its Agnes Scott years from the mid-1960s until renovation work began on McCain Library, only students and the occasional visitor to its cavernous reading room had been able to

enjoy the painting. More than 5½ feet tall by 7½ feet wide, the dark painting illustrates the closing scene in one of Shakespeare's most famous plays.

In the painting, the bodies of Romeo and Juliet have been discovered in the Capulet's burial vault following the young lovers' suicides. To the right of Romeo's and Juliet's bodies lies the dead Count Paris, whom Juliet's father hoped she would marry. Romeo had killed Paris following a confrontation as he entered the tomb. Lady Capulet clings to her daughter's body as she grieves. Standing above the bodies, the lovers' fathers Lords Capulet and Montague shake hands in reconciliation in a poignant gesture of futility. Friar Lawrence kneels in the lower left corner of the painting in a plaintive gesture—eyes upward.

A British aristocrat who pursued a career as a painter with the support of his wealthy family, Leighton moved to Rome in 1852. He was 21 and already had studied painting in Frankfurt, Brussels, London and Amsterdam. He painted *Romeo and Juliet* during the same two years as perhaps his most famous work, *Cimabue's Celebrated Madonna is carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence*. Queen Victoria bought the painting featuring the Procession of Cimabue when it was shown at the Royal Academy in 1855. The painting remains in the royal collection, and it is on loan to the National Gallery in London.

Chain of ownership for *Romeo and Juliet* is not as clear. It was



The Recconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the Dead Bodies of Romeo and Juliet by Fredric, Lord Leighton

acquired by a man named Harrison in Philadelphia in 1858, after exhibition in Europe for the previous three years. Exactly how the painting came to be owned more than a century later by Neva T. Neal Nelson of Atlanta is unclear, nor is it known why she donated the artwork to Agnes Scott in 1963. The painting hung first in Rebekah Hall and later was moved to the western wall of the McCain Library Reading Room. It was removed from McCain in the late 1990s when expansion and renovation of the library began.

In 1969, Sir John Rothenstein, the director of the Tate Museum in London, arrived at Agnes Scott as a visiting professor and noticed the painting. He confirmed the painting's historic and estimated market value to its startled owners. Only six years after its arrival on campus, the painting's provenance already was a mystery. To this day it is unclear why Nelson gave the painting to Agnes Scott.

More than 30 years after Rothenstein noticed *Romeo and Juliet*, Christie's agreed to provide Agnes Scott with a high-quality, full-scale copy of the painting as part of negotiations to manage its sale. Donna Sadler, associate professor of art, thinks the wall in McCain is the perfect location for the copy.

"As much as I wanted to see the College build a museum to properly house the original, I also knew that just wasn't feasible,"

Sadler says. "That's essentially when we decided to prepare the painting for sale.

"Having the copy will provide a valuable reminder of Agnes Scott's 'Lord Leighton years,' and the source for additional funding the fine arts department will enjoy," she says.

In October 2002, Christie's displayed *Romeo and Juliet* at its New York offices at Rockefeller Plaza for New York-area alumnae and College staff to view before the painting was shipped to Christie's London office in preparation for the auction.

After the unsuccessful auction, Agnes Scott accepted an offer from an organization based in Verona, Italy, to include *Romeo and Juliet* in an exhibition called *Shakespeare in Art*. The painting was displayed Feb. 16–June 15 at the Palace of the 16 Diamonds in Ferrara, about 50 miles southeast of Verona.

Among the 70 works featured in the show, artists included Hogarth, Delacroix, Romney, Blake, Fuseli, Millais and Holman Hunt. Artistic periods represented by artwork in the show range from Rococo to Sublime, and from Classic to Romantic.

"Perhaps the trip to Italy was exactly what *Romeo and Juliet* needed to sell," Bullock says. "Only about a month after it returned to England, we had a buyer."

Lee Dancy is manager of news services for the College.



"Peach Mountain Haiku, from daughter" by Laura Butler '02 uses Japanese binding, letterpress and woodcut to create a format for the student's own poetry.

OF THE MAKING OF MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END

The creative form known as the artist book has become a format for an unusual kind of interaction between the viewer and the creative work. The viewing takes place as an intimate visual dialogue. The book invites touch, needs to be held, can be browsed at leisure. Each dialogue is unique.

The artist creates a journey for the viewer. Choices of materials and structural design contribute to a variety of messages including the purely aesthetic, whimsical or politically charged. Ideas can be resolved in multiple dimensions of form and sequence with analogies to film media. Artists' books are linked to printmaking, painting, drawing and even sculpture, not only through specific media but through a unique spirit of intense creativity.

Current modes of the artist book explore traditional forms that employ fine binding and letterpress as well as non-traditional forms that include sculptural books, book installations and digital

books. Artists' books not only challenge the tradition of conveying information through the printed word in block text, in a sense creating a visual metaphor for the written novel, they also transform the entire aesthetic encounter in a unique way.

A printmaking class with an emphasis on book art is available to Agnes Scott students. This class helps students develop a sense of narrative, learn how images work together to present an idea, see how their own style develops over time and gives expression to students' explorations in other classes.

Making a book creates an intimate encounter between the viewer and the artist. The artist book is held in the hand of the viewer. Creating books in this class gives students that experience. And it moves the student.

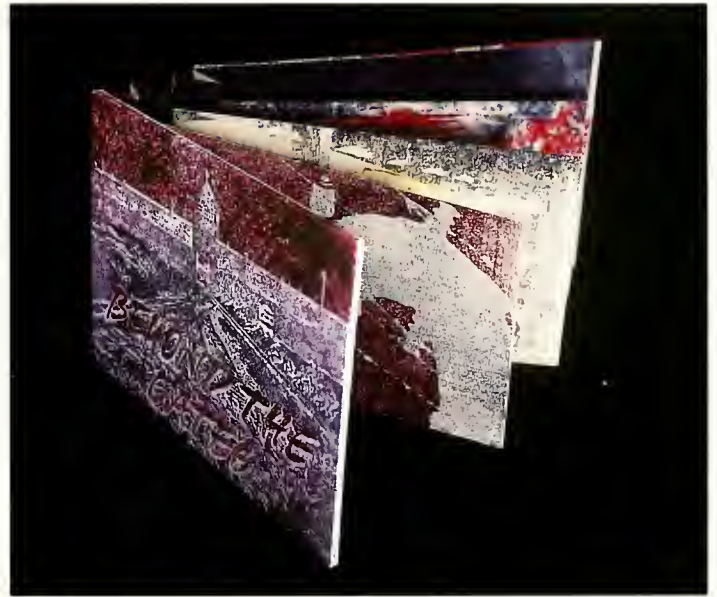
Anne Beidler, associate professor of art and co-chair of the department, holds a bachelor's from Earlham College, a B.F.A. from the University of Connecticut and an M.F.A. from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.



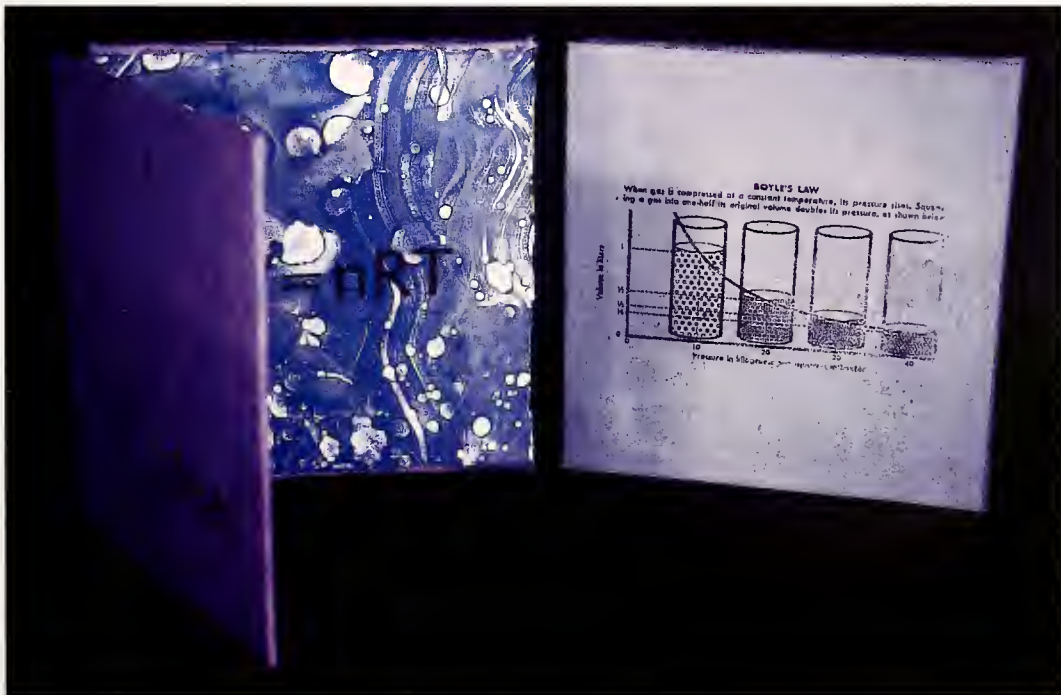
"Locker" by Laura Brit '98, a tunnel book with a definite sense of humor, gives the viewer an inside view of the student's locker.

From scrapbooks to blank books to artists' books, almost anyone can find a venue for creativity and personal expression through making books. Learn the basics and let your imagination soar.

by Anne Beidler



"Beyond the Gates" was a book created by Mindy Killen '05 about the horrors of the Holocaust using Xerox transfers from history images. At the time she completed this book, Killen was taking the history seminar on the Holocaust.



"Ideal" by Justine Brantley '02 explores Brantley's studies in science. The Ideal Gas Law explains the relationship of gas particles to temperature, pressure and volume.



"Sold" by Charmaine Minnifield '95 is a tribute to generations of men in her family who struggled with the effects of societal ills and their journey to overcome.



"the tree" by Beth Smith '97 encases the artist's fragile prints about the destruction of a beloved childhood tree in heavy sheets of rusted metal.



"Amsterdam" by Elysia Wheat '04 is a panorama book created from a photograph the student made while visiting Amsterdam during spring break.

TO LEARN MORE

Beidler recommends these books for learning the basics of structure and technique, and they contain great bibliographies and are inspiring.

- *Cover to Cover, Creative Techniques for Making Beautiful Books, Journals & Albums* by Shereen La Plantz, Lark Books, 1995
This book of clear directions and inspiring examples is used as the textbook in the College's book art class.
- *handmade books, A Step-by-Step Guide to Crafting Your Own Books*, by Kathy Blake, a Bullfinch Press Book, 1997
- *The Essential Guide to Making Handmade Books* by Gabriella Fox, North Light Books, 2000
- *Making Books That Fly, Fold, Wrap, Hide, Pop Up, Twist, and Turn, Books for Kids to Make*, by Gwen Diehn, Lark Books, 1998
- *The Decorated Page, Journals, Scrapbooks & Albums Made Simply Beautiful* by Gwen Diehn, Lark Books, 2002
- www.philobiblon.com/links.htm
- www.centerforbookarts.org
- www.mnbookarts.org
- www.sfcab.org

*Stoves — Cameras — Electrical Equipment;
Alumnae use creativity and innovation to venture into the unknown.*

ART DEGREE GOES UP IN SMOKE

As an art major at Agnes Scott, Christina Johnson '02 did not learn to construct a stove. Skills she did acquire, however, proved valuable when she built stoves and worked with villagers to design public murals in Mexico.

Her first trip in 2000 for a six-week intensive language study and home stay at the University Tec de Monterrey, funded by an Agnes Scott study abroad grant, fueled her love for the country. "I only got a small image of Mexico when I went during the summer," explains Johnson. "We're so close and we have such a relationship with Mexico, but we're not acknowledging it enough as a historically and culturally rich country. I wanted to go back and learn more."

Johnson returned to Mexico for six months after graduation, first as a co-facilitator with Service, Development and Peace, A.C., and then as a Rotary Ambassador Scholar. SEDEPAC, an organization that encourages multicultural work

we were just learning also. You could see when the light bulb was coming on—when they knew more about the stoves than we did."

Each stove-building project required individualized, specialized work. "For each stove, we used a half bag of cement and about equal parts sand and dirt. Sometimes we added in ash from fires and rocks and cement blocks. The amount of time to build the stoves depended on how demanding the individual stove was. Some took about five hours, but others took nine or 10."

One problem that repeatedly plagued the group was proper construction of the smoke-funneling portion of the stoves. "We had to work a lot to correctly fix the angle from the chamber to chimney."

"Terry and Nell taught me to be flexible and creative, and to create with limited materials and limited time."

on community projects, partners youth from Europe and the Americas with indigenous communities in and around Xilitla, Mexico. Johnson's SEDEPAC group included seven participants from Puerto Rico, Mexico and Belgium, as well as different states in the U.S. While a SEDEPAC co-facilitator, she helped indigenous people construct 15 stoves with special chimneys to alleviate the problem of homes filling with smoke.

"We tried to involve the families in construction of the stove," she says. "The idea was to empower them so they would know how to do it, but at the same time

Relationships with art professors Nell Ruby and Terry McGehee were especially helpful in building stoves.

"Terry and Nell taught me to be flexible and creative, and to create with limited materials and limited time," she says. "In Mexico, sometimes people were sick and couldn't work, and there was very limited water and food and other resources."

Johnson's Rotary scholarship came after Gué Hudson, vice president for student life and community relations and dean of students, encouraged her to apply and took her to a Decatur Rotary meeting.

"I saw the ambassadorship as an oppor-



Christina Johnson (right) and colleagues cook on a stove they helped build.

tunity to represent who I am, and I tried to be an ambassador of goodwill."

While a student at Agnes Scott, Johnson, who minored in Spanish, lived in the Spanish Theme House and tutored other students in the language. Even with her strong hold of the language, however, former anthropology professor Martha Rees told her that unless she established an emotional connection with the language, she'd never fully understand it. Johnson's time as a Rotary Scholar helped solidify that connection.

"I lived with a host family in Cuernavaca and attended language school six hours a day, five days a week," says Johnson.

Johnson is considering her next steps. "I may go to school on the west coast for art—approaching it ecologically, dealing with urban agriculture."

As for another trip to Mexico, she plans to return. "I see myself doing SEDEPAC again—if not next summer, in the future."

—Victoria F. Stopp '01

Victoria F. Stopp '01, former writer for the Community Review in Decatur, Ga., is working on a master of fine arts in creative nonfiction at Goucher College in Baltimore.



Marion "Pinky" McCall Bass '58

SOUL SAVER

When Marion "Pinky" McCall Bass '58 graduated from Agnes Scott with a Bible degree, she never expected to become a photographer with numerous exhibits to her credit. She planned to marry and join her Presbyterian minister husband as missionaries in Mexico City.

She did marry, and in Mexico, Bass led Bible studies and taught piano lessons while raising a family. Across the street from the seminary was the home of an artist Bass hadn't yet heard of—the late Frida Kahlo who had died in 1954. Out of curiosity, she toured Kahlo's house. The visit made a "profound impression," says Bass, who noted the bed where Kahlo had been confined as an invalid and the mirror she had used to paint.

"When she was flat on her back in bed, she would use a mirror to see her face, and draw and paint from that," explains Bass, adding that she was struck by the

personal nature of Kahlo's painting and the physical suffering she endured. Bass has seen the recent movie about Kahlo, and while she liked it, she doesn't think it expressed the depth of Kahlo's anguish.

Bass had painted and drawn as a child and had taken art classes at Agnes Scott. "It was always my soul saver," she says. "It was a way I took care of myself." After college, she painted in her spare time and took art workshops and classes.

In her late 40s, Bass enrolled at Georgia State University to get a master's degree in art. She planned to focus on painting and drawing, but felt a strong pull to photography. "That was my voice," she says, calling the discovery "one of the greatest gifts" of her life.

She started working with pinhole cameras when mainstream photography became routine. "Once I've mastered something, I have to find a new edge," she explains. Pinhole pictures can deliver

surprising images due to leaking light or movement by or around the subject, which delights Bass. "Magic things happen. I just love mistakes!"

She has "hundreds" of cameras, making them out of everything from a box of Macedonian cappuccino to a Mexican skeleton face. Bass has also made pinhole cameras that double as purses, letting her take pictures in places such as churches, where regular cameras would be awkward.

The human figure, the aging process and death are among her subjects. Mexico's colorful Day of the Dead celebrations impressed her. "In Mexico, you embrace death," she says. "The whole miracle of being born and dying is amazing to me."

Bass worked for Atlanta's Piedmont Arts Festival for about 15 years and now lives in Fairhope, Ala. She teamed up with North Carolina-based potter and fellow alumna Clara "Kitty" Couch '43 for joint exhibits, including one at Agnes Scott in the early '90s. Together the friends led a workshop—"Pinhole Photography and Ticky-Tacky Art for the Soul"—at North Carolina's Penland School of Crafts this summer.

Having also worked for Alabama's Arts Council, Bass has taught "hundreds" of workshops for people of all ages, and especially enjoyed teaching pinhole photography to fifth-grade students. Students learn about light, images and the human eye. "They begin to see how things are shaped and formed," says Bass.

An avid swimmer who plays cello in a bluegrass band called "Lock, Stock &

**"Magic things happen.
I just love mistakes!"**

Barrel," Bass believes art belongs to everyone. "A lot of times, we get hooked into the idea that you have to meet a certain standard. You don't have to please any critics or judges. If somebody is determined, a lot of things can be learned. You might not be the Ansel Adams of the world, but it doesn't mean it isn't art."

—Miranda Hitti

Miranda Hitti is a freelance writer in Atlanta, Ga.

TO LEARN MORE

- www.alabamaarts.org/bass.html

ENTREPRENEUR REINVENTS HER BUSINESS

Addie Mathes never imagined that she would some day be responsible for the engines, generators and switchgears that keep Atlanta's skyline buildings lit up and humming. After all, she was a history major at Agnes Scott, and two decades ago there just weren't many women in the business.

But that was before she met Roger Bisher. Technically brilliant and a master of all things electrical, he devoted himself to repairing complex electrical switchgears in his small shop on Veterans Memorial Highway in Mableton. The two became partners in both life and work.

One day, while working together in his shop, "He looked at me and said, 'You know, all this electrical switchgear I'm repairing, we could build ourselves,'" she recalled. "We could do it a lot better."

Soon afterward, the couple embarked on what was to become a highly successful and innovative business. It was also the beginning of a struggle that tested Mathes and taught her how to be strong and resilient even when the odds were against her.

For her success as co-founder and president of Prime Power Services Inc., Mathes was named the Woman Business Owner of the Year by the Atlanta chapter

of the National Association of Women Business Owners.

Today, Prime Power is one of the leading providers of maintenance services for engine-generators, switch sets, automatic transfer switches, load bank testing and other industrial electrical equipment.

Although today it's a multimillion-dollar company with nearly 50 employees, at first it was just Mathes and Bisher.

In the beginning, she knew little about the electrical equipment. She did bring to the table an innate business sense and an ability to see the big picture.

The two spent many days and nights building the electrical devices that Bisher designed, and then installing them for customers throughout the Atlanta area. Eventually, they were joined by Richard Taylor, then a student at Georgia Tech.

The company was an immediate success, with more than \$1 million in business. Customers such as The Coca-Cola Co., Ford Motor Co., The Home Depot Inc. and many others wanted their products. To say that meeting that demand was difficult is an understatement. It was only because vendors were willing to extend credit that the company made it.

Throughout that time, Mathes continued to manage the business, doing the hiring and strategic decision-making about expansion and new product lines. Bisher was the primary salesman.

"He was convincing because he was so brilliant, and if you could get him in front of customers, there was no technical question that any engineer could ask that he couldn't answer," she said.

The business was doing well. Mathes and Bisher were named co-winners of the U.S. Small Business Administration's Georgia Small Business Person of the Year award. But Bisher was very ill and, although neither he nor Mathes told anyone, they knew he was dying.

In a sense, it was a race against time. Mathes realized that she had to build a strong group of engineers around them who could carry the company forward when Bisher could no longer work.

"It was kind of hard to go get money with the key man being sick," she said. "So we weren't big enough to go great guns on it at that time when the niche opened up to bigger competitors."

Their success had attracted larger companies with the capital to expand. Prime Power needed to find a new business and, in the process, reinvent itself. So they shifted away from manufacturing and expanded into servicing the motors and switches they had previously built.

"I was able to tell Roger, before he died, that we did it," Mathes said.

"Addie has had the ability to persevere through some difficult situations," said Alan Lowe, a longtime friend and chairman of The Executive Committee (TEC), a business-owner support group of which Mathes is a member. "That's one of the traits that has made her very successful in situations where other people would have folded their tents and slipped away."

Although sales were flat last year for the first time, profits were still more than double the previous year's level. Thanks to investments in new productivity software, hand-held GPS devices for field technicians and other cost savings, they have continued to move forward.

Today, when she looks across the city's skyline, Mathes is aware that most of the buildings she sees turn to her company for their vital service work. Furthermore, she knows that her success depends on the ability to recognize opportunity and act on it.

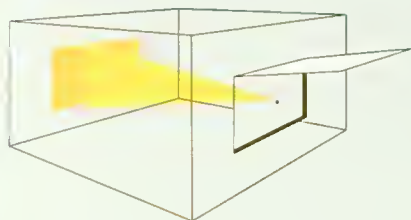
—Randy Southerland,
contributing writer



Addie Price Mathes '78 received the 2003 Woman Entrepreneur in Atlanta Award from the National Association of Women Business Owners—Atlanta and the *Atlanta Business Chronicle*.

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GETTING STARTED WITH A PINHOLE CAMERA



A box, a can, just about anything with a small hole and photographic paper in it can become a pinhole camera. Make one with your children, grandchildren or just for yourself. Learn basic photography and have fun while taking images with a lens-less camera.

Materials

- six 8-inch squares of black foam core
- one 7½-inch square of black foam core
- two 5-inch squares of black card stock
- black masking tape
- X-acto knife
- #10 sewing needle
- film or photographic paper (you will need a way to develop this)

If using photographic paper as a negative material, create light-safe conditions with a flashlight covered in several layers of red cellophane.

The foam core squares form the walls of your camera. Four of these squares will be the outside walls. The side with the pinhole is the front of the camera. The side that carries the film or photographic paper is the back of your camera.

Making the camera

Pinhole

To make the pinhole, pierce a hole in the center of one of the card stock squares with the sewing needle. The other square will be used as an exposure flap.

Front

Cut a 4-inch hole in the middle of the front foam core square. Using the black masking tape, firmly attach the piece of paper stock that contains your pinhole to the inside of this square. Turn this foam core square over and hinge the

other piece of black card stock to the square by running a piece of masking tape across only one edge of the card stock square. When lifted this flap reveals the pinhole and exposes light onto your emulsion material.

Back

The back looks like the sides, but must be hinged at the top so that you can easily remove the negative. (This must be done in light-safe conditions). To create a more light-tight box, glue or tape the 7½-inch square so that it centers in the back. This is the surface to which you will attach (with tape) your film or paper.

Assembly

Seam the four sides together with masking tape. Make sure you run the tape along the entire side to ensure a light-tight box. You may want to cover both the inside and outside seams with tape. Secure your "front" wall with tape on all four sides. Remember to put the pinhole side on the inside and the flap on the outside. To attach the back wall, use the masking tape to create a strong seam across one side only. Tape this seam from the inside and the outside. Use another piece of tape to create a tab to secure the back when you are ready to shoot.

Now that you have constructed a pinhole camera, learn how to use it by checking the resources in "To Learn More."

—Nell Ruby

Nell Ruby is visiting assistant professor of art. She holds a B.A. from Rice University and an M.F.A. from Washington University.

TO LEARN MORE

- www.pinhole.org
- www.pinhole.com
- www.pinholeresource.com/
- *Adventures with Pinhole & Homemade Cameras* by John Evans
- *Pinhole Photography: Rediscovering a Historic Technique* by Eric Renner

READER'S VOICE

Cheers?

To whom it may concern,
I graduated from ASC in 1995. I just received the most recent ASC magazine and the article titled 'Cheers?' grabbed my attention. I foolishly fell victim to alcohol abuse. On August 25th, 2002, I received my first DUI. My second arrest on another DUI charge was on December 31st, 2002. I went to jail for 21 days. I am currently finishing a 6-month house arrest sentence, and you can only imagine the stories and lessons I have to tell.

This does not make me a bad person. Even though what I did was very wrong, I am such a stronger person. I look forward to visiting as an alumna once off house arrest, traveling and furthering my career. I graduated with a chemistry degree and now am working in the marketing field.

From one classmate to another, I would like very much your help in getting my voice out and heard on our campus.

—Natalie Morad El-Jourbagy '95
mo1nat1rad@yahoo.com

Déjà Vu

Dear Editor,

The Spring/Summer 2003 issue was grand! Loved the batgirl, but was moved to write when I saw the "Pioneer Tourist" essay. My husband and I experienced an elder-hostel: Ireland, North and South, and it was an overwhelming experience. As I read Kristin's adventure, I recalled ours. We were led in discussions, role plays, and tours by young adults from the Republic. We visited police stations and felt a police-state fear—also the fear police felt. We met members of the Northern Ireland Assembly and saw the fractured state. David and I stayed an extra week to look for his roots—found little as his family were Methodists and most records are in the established church. We visited Corrymeela and real possibilities for peace—one on one.

Excellent edition! Thanks.

—Anne Eaton '59X

We encourage you to share views and opinions. Please send them to: Editor, *Agnes Scott The Magazine*, Agnes Scott College, Rebekah Annex, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030 or e-mail to: publication@ognesscott.edu.

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
<h1 style="text-align: center;">Save the Date!</h1> <h2 style="text-align: center;">Alumnae Weekend April 16, 17 and 18, 2004</h2>						
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

JOIN OUR CIRCLE

Agnes Scott

Frances Winship Walters Society

Through her gifts to the College, Frances Winship Walters helped to ensure the continuance of Agnes Scott's liberal arts tradition. You can join a circle of friends with similar commitments by including Agnes Scott College in your will or planned giving.

Planned gifts are an excellent way to support Bold Aspirations: The Campaign for Agnes Scott College. All charitable gift annuities, most charitable remainder trusts, and documented bequest intentions from donors who will reach age 70 by June 30, 2004, count as gifts to the campaign.

For more information, contact Chip Wallace, director of planned giving, at 800 868-8602 or cwallace@agnesscott.edu.



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SPRING 2004 The Magazine



The Changing Family

Rethinking Today's Family

It doesn't take census data to convince most of us that family life in America is changing. We see the changes with our own eyes in our families and communities. Divorce is commonplace. Unwed parenthood is the norm in some communities. More children live with single parents, in blended families and in cohabiting homes than live in traditional two-parent homes.

The 2000 census data only confirm what we already know; the numbers tell how pervasive the changes really are. For instance, less than 25 percent of households now fit the traditional model of the nuclear family—mother, father and child(ren). This compares to 40 percent that fit this model in 1970. A significant portion of these "traditional" households are not in fact traditional, but are instead blended families—husband, wife and children of one or the other spouse. The household types on the increase are single-parent families (70 percent increase since 1970), persons living alone (95 percent increase) and unmarried couples, with and without children (460 percent increase).

These changes have significant economic and social effects on both families and their individual members. Children, in particular, are affected because of their dependence on the family for reliable sources of financial and emotional support and preparation for adulthood.

Economic support, for instance, is not usually an issue in the intact family, where pooled resources meet the needs of all family members. Rarely is it necessary to invoke a parent's legal responsibility to support his or her child.

When one or both parents are absent from the child's household, financial support tends to shrink, even when a court has ordered that support be paid.

The decline of the traditional family has resulted in serious disruptions of children's social and emotional support systems.

When divorce and remarriage—not to mention unwed parenthood and serial cohabitation—become commonplace, a succession of parent figures can move in and out of a child's life, creating a network of extra-legal relationships with adults who are important to the child in various ways. An absent parent may play a significant role, or no role whatsoever, in the child's life. A current or former step parent may be a lynchpin of the child's emotional security.

American law lacks the flexibility to evaluate these relationships and protect those most integral to the child's well-being. To do so, we would have to abandon, or at least adjust, some of our most basic assumptions about the nature of families. Both the general public and the law tend to think of family relationships in biologically rooted terms. A child has two parents, a mother and a father. Whether or not they are married to one another, live with the child or are involved in the child's life, they are the touchstones for all social, economic and legal matters affecting the child.

New household configurations call these assumptions into question.

Regardless of their role in the child's life, extra-legal parent figures are not allowed to make decisions about the child's health care, obtain access to his school records or consent to his participation in sports or other activities. They have no legal responsibility for support of the child, and if these persons leave the home, neither they nor the child is entitled to visitation or other contact. If they die, the child is not entitled to survivor's benefits, no matter how economically dependent she may have been on the deceased. These problems illustrate the potential disconnect between the child's legal relationships and his social relationships.

Some scholars urge that rather than trying to force the public back into the lifestyles of an earlier age, it is time to adapt law and policy to the new reality.

They advocate, for instance, liberalization of adoption policy to allow children to form legal relationships with established parent figures regardless of their gender or marital status. They would also allow new legal relationships to be created without severing the child's legal relationship with his or her birth parent.

Alternatively, extra-legal parent figures could be given limited legal authority in regard to such things as the child's schooling and health care. Eligibility for benefit programs could be expanded to include an individual's de facto children in addition to his or her legal children.



Policy makers will have to wrestle with these and many more issues created by the rise in new family structures.

Evidence grows that definitions of family and family relationships on which we have relied for centuries no longer fit the lives of most Americans. Many now agree with the child who described "family" as simply "people who love each other and take care of each other." The current dilemma is how to create policy around this eminently variable construct.

The pages of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* recognize the complexity of the issues facing all of us in this arena and provide a look at how some members of the College community define—and live—family.

Elizabeth G. Patterson

Elizabeth G. "Libba" Patterson '68 is a professor at the University of South Carolina School of Law. She specializes in children and the law, legislation and Constitutional law, and from 1999 to 2003 was state director of the South Carolina Department of Social Services.

Agnes Scott

The Magazine

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OUR MISSION

Agnes Scott College educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of their times.

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CAROLINE JOE

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A group of Agnes Scott women experience the thrill of understanding themselves and connecting with other women as they allow stories from their personal histories to flow onto paper. BY LARA WEBB CARRIGAN '94

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While demographics of today's family are changing rapidly and taking perhaps unexpected turns, many people are establishing a satisfying and rewarding family life for themselves. BY PAULA SCHWED

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Educated to meet the challenges of the world, many Agnes Scott alumnae find

that the world begins in their home and are joining the growing number of stay-at-home moms. BY DAWN SLOAN DOWNES '92

22 Growing Old Gracefully — and Prepared

Communication and planning enable seniors and their families to move confidently through the elder years.

BY CELESTE PENNINGTON

24 Who Grew In Your Heart?

Members of the Agnes Scott community who adopted children say their families are unique, and, at the same time, most ordinary. For them, the operative word is 'family.'

BY JERRY GENTRY

28 A Stentorian Life

It is the voice of Patricia Collins Butler '28 that has been labeled "stentorian," but it is her life that exemplifies another definition — powerful. Hers is a life of forging new paths for women and one of helping Agnes Scott students prepare their own paths.

BY JENNIFER BRYON OWEN

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Growing Appreciation

Hi! I received the fall 2003 magazine in the mail today and just felt moved to write. I am so impressed with some of the cultural events. I would have loved to have been there to hear Angela Davis, and I know the Guerrilla Girls will be great! So much of it looks really wonderful—how awesome for the students, staff and community to have such cool events! Thanks for sending the magazine and for keeping me updated on things at ASC.

When I was younger, I wouldn't have expected to feel much appreciation toward ASC, but I do. I'm grateful for everything that came in the mail, seeing things evolve there. The magazine always expands my sense of the ASC community, and I get a better feel for the true breadth of it.

I started out at ASC with an absolute sense of despair. I made an effort to not have friends. The last place that I wanted to be when I went to college was a women's school in the South! I honestly believe that one reason I chose ASC was its accessibility to MARTA! I managed to get through that first year. But I realize in hindsight that there were good things about being here. I feel that it's important for there to be places where women can thrive in a predominantly female environment, and there is much to be gained at a place like ASC. I'm glad all those resources are there and that women are benefiting from being there.

—Pat Garrison '90x

Humbly Saddened

Editor's Note: The following alumna asked that her letter be printed in its entirety along with President Bullock's response.

Dear Madame President,
I was just at my 30th Reunion this past spring. The campus is beautiful and is definitely "keeping up with the Joneses"—if not surpassing them, with the building additions and the new science capacities, etc. And sadly, in its nonbiblical stances.

I am writing because of the discussion among several individuals and groups in our class of '73 concerning the apparent pro-atmosphere for homosexuality.

The sinner must be loved and we are ALL sinners.

But we are also called to rise above the sinning that comes so easily to us—to stop the sinning. There is no question that God designed woman for man (Genesis) and that in both the New and Old Testaments homosexuality is not pleasing to God. With the background foundation of Agnes Scott, this atmosphere is *not* acceptable. I agree wholeheartedly with Barbara Young Reiland '50, as stated in her letter to you concerning the Mission Statement of Agnes Scott. I have not given any money to the College as it began to sway away to the left and away from its origins in Christian biblical principles, which are timeless.



© JEAN TUTTLE/LAUGHING STOCK

We are to be *in* the world but not *of* it.

I am not alone in wanting the World to know Jesus, nor in knowing what is pleasing to him: That is, to love justice, do mercy and walk humbly with (Him) (Micah). All we need do is trust Him and (leaning not to our own understanding), obey Him. How and what to obey is clearly spelled out in His Word. I am fully aware that this letter might be construed to be "homophobic," whatever that may really mean, but in fact, it is homophilic [sic]: wanting God's saving Grace to be received by all since He makes it available to all. The more we accept in ourselves and others what God never intended for us, the more likely we will rationalize the Flesh tendency and excuse ourselves and lose out on realizing His Gift of Mercy

and Grace. I would appreciate your response and the printing of this letter in the *Agnes Scott Quarterly*. All responses for dialogue are welcome. There is in Christ no condemnation—only in those of us [who] would refuse to receive His Word.

Most humbly saddened,

—Helen E. "Betsy" Watt '73
M.D., M.P.H.

Dear Betsy:

Thank you for your recent letter regarding what you describe as the apparent pro-atmosphere for homosexuality at Agnes Scott. I know your concerns reflect deeply held religious convictions, and I appreciate your sharing them with me. Questions about homosexuality have elicited prayerful concern for many people in several denominations. As I am sure you know, there are many people of strong religious faith who differ from you in their perspective on this issue.

Homosexual students are enrolled at Agnes Scott, as they have been in the past, and probably in no greater numbers than are found in the general population, which is estimated to be about 10 percent.* We believe our responsibility to these students is the same as for any student and is stated in the College mission: "Agnes Scott College educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of their times."

Agnes Scott College values the Christian traditions that are the foundation for the College. The College's ties to the Presbyterian Church remain strong. We value the reformed tradition, which emphasizes the necessity of inquiry to faith. We also strive to be "a just and inclusive community that expects honorable behavior, encourages spiritual inquiry and promotes respectful dialogue across differences," as the mission of the College further states.

Your writing to me indicates a commitment to Agnes Scott College, which I appreciate and value. Thank you for your letter.

—Mary Brown Bullock '66
President

Editor's note: In checking the data, 10 percent seems to be the popular lore, but the actual statistics may be closer to 3 to 4 percent

Readership Survey Responses

Responses 103

By class decades

1920s	1
1930s	6
1940s	14
1950s	18
1960s	17
1970s	10
1980s	11
1990s	10
2000s	4

Relationship to Agnes Scott College

Alumnae	91
Faculty	1
Staff	1
Other	10

Which of the following describes how you read the magazine?

Not at all	2
A few articles in each issue	23
All or almost all of each issue	68

Which types of articles would you like to see in the magazine?

Information on ASC students, faculty and College activities and achievement	77
Features about alumnae	75
Current issues and events with commentary by alumnae and College faculty	58
Features on history and College nostalgia	57
Features on literary subjects and interviews with authors	55
Opinion pieces	33
How-to articles	17

What picture of the College does the magazine give you?

Positive	95
Negative	3

Do you ever share the magazine with prospective students?

Yes	23
No	77

Would you consider paying for a subscription on a voluntary basis?

Yes	23
No	62

Do you ever view the online version of the magazine?

Yes	2
No	83

What three magazines do you read most frequently? (Top 10 answers listed)

Time	22
Smithsonian	21
Reader's Digest	14
National Geographic	13
The New Yorker	13
Newsweek	12
U.S. News & World Report	11
Southern Living	11
The Economist	9
Guideposts	5

Note: Responses to questions may not equal total responses since some readers did not answer all questions.

Reader Opinions Confirm Diversity

The most outstanding overall result from the readership survey included in the last issue of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* is the amazing amount of diversity of opinion among Agnes Scott alumnae. This diversity is both an editorial challenge and opportunity as we strive for balance in magazine coverage.

Your opinions are summarized here, but to view exact—and anonymous—quotes, go to www.agnesscott.edu/~magazine. Most of you like the quality of the magazine, its design, photography, writing and editorial direction, all of which give you a positive impression of the College. Overwhelmingly, you like to keep up with your classmates and fellow alums and their activities through the magazine's pages.

Some of you feel ASTM is too glitzy and too edgy, while others think it isn't enough so. A couple commented that too much money is put into the magazine in light of the appeals for donations that you

receive from the College. Some articles are too long and too boring, the subject matter isn't interesting or is not appropriate in a magazine from Agnes Scott. That the magazine seems to feature only high-achievers and not the ordinary alumna

concerns some. The publication schedule isn't dependable for some and others applaud the fact that there are fewer errors in the magazine.

Most of you support the direction and the improvements being

made in the magazine, while a few feel the content and presentation are amateurish and an embarrassment.

Readers may not know that the Office of Admission gives *Agnes Scott The Magazine* to certain prospective students, and the last reader survey returned is from a prospective Freshman—or Freshwoman,

as she wrote it. She liked most the wide variety of interests [reflected in the magazine] and said it made her excited to turn the page. "I enjoyed it all."

One of our goals is to produce a magazine that all of you enjoy tapping into at some point, even if every article is not of particular interest to you. To do this, we need your help. Please send ideas for articles and names of alums you think would be good subjects for a magazine article.

Also, we want to hear your opinions all the time, not just when we send you a survey. Your comments about specific articles and specific issues are welcome. The letters to the editor section, "Reader's Voice," gives you the opportunity to be heard, not only about the magazine, but about any College-related issue you would like to address. We encourage you to write.

Send letters to the editor, comments and suggestions to:

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Shared experiences, learning, play—a place for people

COLLEGE 101

Give first-year students digital cameras and access to post online journals, and you get an unvarnished look at life at Agnes Scott—and a powerful recruitment tool.

Having students talk about their life on campus has become one of the hottest ways to attract prospects, and research has shown that a college's Web site is one of the most important recruiting tools in the institution's arsenal.

For the second year in a row, Agnes Scott asked incoming first years to submit samples of journal entries they had written and photos they had taken. These were reviewed by last year's journalists, who recommended the finalists. Take a look at the results.

Susanna Lewis '07 on the all-important Black Cat mascot "This week we voted for our class mascot. Every year it's the sophomores' 'duty' to sleep in vans outside of Party City/ bug first-year mascot meetings/ bribe first-year class officers into revealing their mascot then they get to announce it



Developing friendships are documented.

at their 'party night'. Every sophomore class since the beginning of time has guessed it correctly, but this year the first-year Black Cat chairs decided to be a little tougher. First years are supposed to reveal their mascot to Mortar Board, the student honor society, but this year our chairs decided to flex our young muscles, to crack

the whip, to shatter the glass ceiling that hung above our heads and not tell Mortar Board our mascot, because rumors suggested that Mortar Board would tell the sophomores. To avoid this, our Black Cat chairs only told the dean of students. And *only* her. The class didn't find out until days later after the sophomores blindly guessed correctly anyway.

"As you might guess, this caused A LOT of drama...."

Eunice Li '07 on the challenges of dorm life "The dorm life experience is just one of the many things that differentiates high school from college ... Living together with a lot of other people definitely teaches a person to be more considerate and more accepting of others. In particular, at Agnes Scott, there are so many different women from so many different walks of life. On my hall alone, there are women from Sweden, Nepal, Ghana and China. You learn very quickly what quirks each person has. Either you learn to accept each person for who she is or you exhaust yourself trying to impose your views on others."

Sarah Scoles '07 on the things professors say "When looking through my notes in preparation for upcoming tests, I am always amused by the random things professors say during lectures. I faithfully record them in the top margin of my paper, and there they wait until I decide to start studying something.

I would like to dedicate this entry to four humorous and insightful people who can make both sense and sensation out of the academic world.

Dr. Bowling, Physics 110: "The more mass you have, the less you want to get hit



Online journals show the fun of the first-year experience.

by it. The more velocity you have, the less you want to get hit by it. So this is a good estimate. Multiply them together and you really don't want to get hit by it."

Dr. De Pree, Astronomy 120: "Helium is the second most abundant element in the universe. And it's essential for birthday parties."

Dr. Lewin, Calculus II: "What's the second derivative? Yuck. What's the third derivative? Yuckity yuck."

Dr. Mathews, Music Theory 211: "A single diminished 7th chord can take you anywhere."

Alexis Gassenhuber '07 on a funny place to spend a Saturday evening "We nearly froze Saturday night! We slept outside on the Quad in cardboard boxes [photos posted soon!] in order to raise awareness about homelessness and to raise funds for the Spring Break Habitat for Humanity trip to build houses in a needy community. Two students went trick-or-treating for funds to the dorms and our Agnes Scott neighborhood and raised more than enough for their trip...."

—Tim Hussey

Tim Hussey is the College's director of interactive communication

To read more of the students' online journals and to see photos of their first year experiences, go to http://www.agnes-scott.edu/admission/p_college101.asp

FAMILY FRIENDLY BY DESIGN

Ask Catherine Neiner what concern Agnes Scott students preparing to graduate share with her most frequently, and she will tell you managing careers and family life.

"When we discuss career plans, that's the issue on the minds of many young women today," says Neiner, director of career planning, and the daughter of Clairelis Eaton Baxter '52. "When mother graduated, few Agnes Scott women planned to pursue careers and families concurrently, but now that's the dual role most prospective graduates anticipate."

During the years since Baxter graduated, the number of people employed by Agnes Scott has more than doubled—from about 160 in the early 1950s, to more than 390 today. Fifty years ago the administrative staff was less than 25 percent male and the faculty was 31 percent male. While records could not be found to confirm it, most agree that the College's

at ASC over the past 50 years, yet Karen Gilbert, director of human resources, sees many of the same concerns among Agnes Scott employees as Neiner does in students.

"Several years ago President Bullock asked that College departments, especially human resources, assess themselves to be sure policies are in place to allow employees a reasonable balance between work and family life," Gilbert says. "We did a study and found, basically, the College has good policies, but had not done a good job of making those policies clear to employees."

The College provides 14 holidays, two to four weeks of annual leave and three personal days. For almost two summer months, the work week changes from a five-day to a four-day schedule for most employees.

Generous employee leave benefits are available. "The College offers family leave for maternity, paternity, adoption or foster care. By law we are required to offer up to 12 weeks unpaid, but because of our generous sick leave accrual, many employees

interaction with co-workers," says Gilbert. "But there are times when working from home is a way people can get a lot done with few interruptions."

Telecommuting may not be viable for all Agnes Scott employees, but time off for illness is a must. Agnes Scott allows all half- and full-time employees to earn sick leave, and now colleagues can donate unused paid time off for illness to other employees who have used all theirs because of chronic illness.

"Making a donation of sick leave to another employee who really needs it might be the ultimate family friendly act," Gilbert says.

Children represent the preeminent concern for parents and especially for working parents. A College task force recently studied the feasibility of providing child care by researching services offered at other comparable liberal arts colleges and by surveying students, faculty and staff to gauge the need.

"There aren't any colleges Agnes Scott's size that offer onsite child care," says Gilbert. "We do offer an online database that allows those interested to research nearby care not only for children, but for older adults, adolescents and even pets."

The College also supports family life in less formal and more fun ways. An annual holiday party for employees, students and their children began a couple of years ago. For some campus-sponsored dinners, spouses and partners are included. Individual and family discount tickets to area attractions and events are available through the Office of the Dean of Students.

The Cultural Events Series provides opportunities for family participation. The fall kickoff picnic for the last three years has been a family affair with activities for children. Faculty and staff receive discounted tickets to campus events, and special requests for additional tickets are accommodated as available.

"We receive requests from faculty or staff members for additional tickets for visiting family members or someone who wants to bring her daughter's class," says Demetrice Parks, director of special events and conferences. "We're glad to fulfill those requests. We encourage faculty and staff to reach out to their family and friends with our cultural events."

—Lee Dancy

Lee Dancy is manager of news services for the College.



Activities for children at College events encourage participation by the whole family.

female faculty and staff in the early 1950s were single and paid significantly less than their male counterparts.

Today, College personnel records are confidential regarding issues of remuneration and marital status, but the numbers of men on the payroll have increased on the administrative side to 32 percent and among the faculty to 39 percent. A scan of the employee directory indicates a likely majority of employees identify a "spouse or significant other."

Demographics have become more balanced among male and female employees

have accumulated enough leave time to be paid for their entire absence," Gilbert says. And since 2001 the College offers domestic partner benefits. "Anything we once covered for spouses and their dependents, we now cover for domestic partners."

Current technology makes telecommuting a family friendly and environmentally sound option. Employees can request this opportunity in writing, which will be considered by management.

"Clearly, some employees are unable to do their jobs by telecommuting, and everyone benefits from regular face-to-face



When Laughter Isn't Enough

by Allison O. Adams '89

Negotiating the ambiguities of cross-cultural etiquette frequently challenges international travelers, but everyone's experience—and America's image—can be enhanced through simple preparation.

Before a two-week sojourn in Provence, I tried to learn a few French phrases. But during the trip, the critical bits eluded me at the worst moments.

I tried to buy five stamps from the village post office. Not only did I not know how to ask for stamps, I couldn't recall how to pronounce *cinq*, five. Sink? Sank? Sahnk? I took a guess.

I have no idea what I said to the clerk—how strange or incomprehensibly rude it might have been. He met my utterances with a stare. He gruffly corrected my pronunciation and sold me five stamps, and then laughed at me. Baffled, I just laughed with him. Later that week he saw me across the street as I walked through the village, and we shared warm greetings, still laughing. Somehow, one of the trip's most awkward moments had turned into an exchange of goodwill.

Traveling abroad requires a certain amount of humility, if not humiliation. It is wise to learn some customary etiquette for your destination. But assuming you cannot learn everything, sometimes admitting your own ignorance and confusion may be the most graceful way to avoid offense.

"First you're humble, then you're apologetic, then you can make a joke about your error, if it's not too serious an error," says Jennifer Lund, Agnes Scott's director of international education, who leads cross-cultural communication workshops for students.

My traveling companion in France, Daphne Burt '89 (whose

French far surpasses mine), says learning those nuanced gestures of politeness helped establish friendly communication. Little things, she says, like don't pick up your glass to have somebody else pour wine into it. Leave the glass on the table. I laughed and said I'd do it better the next time."

They may seem inconsequential, but in an era of rising anti-American sentiment around the world, such small gestures are more critical than ever. "Our government's position has been perceived by much of the world as very arrogant," Lund says. "But most of the people our students meet abroad eventually make a distinction between the government stance and the ordinary citizen. Even if governments are at great odds, usually at the citizen level there is some understanding and respect."

The experiences of June Moseley '58, who has traveled recently in Italy and England, are a case in point. "Since we began talking about war the summer before last, people have asked me, 'Isn't it true that all of President Bush's cabinet members are somehow in the oil industry?'" Moseley says she tries to answer such questions as truthfully as she can, debunking stereotypes and myths about Americans when she is able.

No matter how much you prepare for travel abroad, social blunders are all too easy. Teresa Kindred Brown '61, traveled extensively in Europe and Asia while her husband was an Army officer. At a military ball in Thailand, Brown's husband asked the wife of a Thai officer to dance. "We didn't know it was strictly

PAY ATTENTION TO

Sacred spaces: Moseley and Brown both recommend that if you visit a church or temple as a tourist, find out what is considered respectful dress and behavior.

Public transportation: Moseley suggests that you notice who is given preferential seating—for example, pregnant women or the elderly.

Water use: In some nations, water is treated as a more precious resource, says Lund. Do people get wet in the shower, turn off the faucet to soap up, then turn it back on to rinse?

Tipping: Moseley tries not to commit “that American faux pas of over tipping,” she says. “It might be misinterpreted in some places as charity, and that can be offensive.” On the other hand, gifts of money in other places might be deeply appreciated.

Eye contact and gestures: “Even smiling and nodding can get you in trouble,” says Lund. Eye contact in some cultures can be a challenge to authority, and different gestures can mean different things.

Food and eating: If you are uncertain of sanitation in meal preparation, ordering vegetarian is often the safest option, Moseley says. At the same time, Lund observes, “In the United States we have the privilege of deciding to be a vegetarian or a vegan or going on the Atkins diet. But if you’re going to Mongolia and staying with a host family, you really need to look at that. They eat what is available, and they don’t have a choice.”

forbidden for a Thai woman to dance with anyone other than her husband,” she says.

Lund recounts the story of a high school student who spent a year in Australia on an exchange program. When the student arrived at the home of her host family, they had prepared a wonderful dinner. She wasn’t really hungry, but she ate to be polite. When they offered her seconds, she ate more. But when they offered her thirds, she said, “Thank you, but I’m stuffed.”

A disapproving pall fell over the gathering. After some agonizing minutes, the young woman learned that in Australia, “I’m stuffed” means “I’m pregnant.”

What do you do when the inevitable occurs? “There are two critical questions to ask,” Lund advises. “What just happened, and what might it mean to the other people? You ask whoever seems the most approachable: ‘Did I just do or say something wrong? I didn’t mean to. Would you please inform me what it was?’ And most people will do that.”

Eve Smith ‘01, a former Peace Corps volunteer, suggests finding a friend from that culture to advise you. Smith’s “cultural informant,” who worked with her in southeastern China where she taught children oral English, was critical after one incident in her classroom. “One of my students who didn’t really interact with people finally began talking,” she recalls. “But all the other students were making fun of him. I said to them, ‘none of you are perfect in your pronunciation; you have no right to do this to a fellow student.’ He went back to his seat, put his head on his feet, and wouldn’t look up. I wasn’t aware of it, but I’d caused him to lose an incredible amount of face. One of the major points in Chinese culture is saving face—avoiding embarrassment. And in causing him to lose face, I also lost face.”

Such subtleties can be elusive. Carina Fernandez-Golarz ‘04,

from Uruguay, observes that U.S. Americans often don’t realize that their openness can be misconstrued. “This is a positive American characteristic,” she says. “But I have found myself in conversation with an American acquaintance I haven’t known for very long, who talks about personal things. That is seen as unusual by somebody who comes from a background where being reserved is seen as the ‘proper’ way to act.”

To make the best of your cross-cultural encounters, our experts offer some advice.

Study up. Brown, who also ran a travel agency for many years, suggests taking a course in the culture you are visiting. “Before I went to Thailand for the first time, I took a course in Buddhism,” she says. “Understanding the religion of a country is important if you’re going to be there for any length of time. Learning the symbols; learning not to offend.” Moseley encourages reading guidebooks for history, customs and etiquette.

Hire a guide. Similar to Smith’s cultural informant, Brown also recommends seeking a guide once you arrive. “Even if it’s a bus tour in a city, you can get an overview,” she says. “You can learn a lot about the people just from having that person with you for three or four hours.”

Speak the language. “Don’t be afraid to ask questions, and attempt to speak the language no matter what,” Burt suggests. Take a course, or practice with language tapes or CDs.

“Just be able to answer politely,” adds Moseley. “Even if it’s just ‘good morning,’ ‘good afternoon,’ ‘good night,’ ‘thank you’ and ‘please.’”

Look around you. Become a keen observer of etiquette. “Watch what other people are doing,” says Lund. What do they do with their hands? Do they wait for one particular person to begin eating?

“All people care about being respectful and polite,” Lund continues. “But how one is respectful and polite can be vastly different from one culture to another, and indeed can be polar opposites.”

Allison Adams ‘80 is a writer and editor at Emory University, where she earned her master’s degree in English.

TO LEARN MORE

- *Do’s and Taboos Around the World*. 3rd ed., Axtell, Roger E., ed.
- *Mind Your Manners: Managing Business Cultures in the New Global Europe*. 3rd ed., Mole, John
- interculturalpress.com/shop/index.html
Publisher specializing in books, simulations and other training materials about crossing cultures.
- www.culturegrams.com
Offers four-page, concise, reliable and up-to-date country reports on 181 cultures of the world.
- www.lonelyplanet.com/
www.roughguides.com/
Both publish highly respected travel guide books, also available in bookstores.
- www.bbc.co.uk/languages
The BBC offers online training in multiple languages geared especially for travelers.

'The Past ... Is Not Even Past'

—William Faulkner



WEDNESDAY

160th
Day

9

JUNE

205 Days
to come

regular meeting this A.M. Had
9:00 duty this P.M. 1200-1200. Went
Met. meeting called tonight. 1000
leave for Cactus 17 June, just
a month earlier than planned
stuff seems to be hitting the
fan on Bongaville. ~~Scuttlebutt~~
that we have established a beach-
head. a regular shuttle service
is now being run for support
from Cactus. Ted helps us if we
take and operate off Kaheli.

THURSDAY

161st
Day

10

JUNE

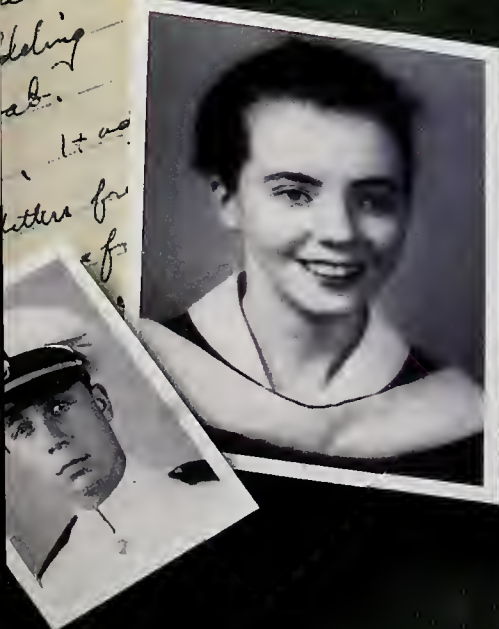
204 Days
to come

all morning. Went out
afternoon with Truf &
Hallmeyer in rubber boat.
Loaded but little luck.
got some bait so will go
tonight. ~~Later~~ out until 2:30
with Truf & me. Chery. Hallmeyer
came out. ditto - more
about 5 lb pass - lit
all about 7 hours
in our sized rubber
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A slice of history flourishes into a present-day drama as a Marine's World War II diary makes its way into the life and memories of an Agnes Scott alumna

by Jennifer Bryon Owen



It's the thing of rainy-day novels and three-hanky movies — World War II, girl meets boy, promises made, boy enlists, boy never returns. The story of numerous couples, this one has a twist.

Sixty years after the boy's disappearance, the girl of long ago learns of his war-time diary, in which she figures prominently.

Violet Jane "V.J." Watkins '40, a history and Latin major at Agnes Scott, returned to her hometown of Nashville, Tenn., to attend graduate school at Vanderbilt University. In a 1940 fall semester political science class, she met Charles Winnia.

"Dr. Fleming seated his students alphabetically. Hence, Watkins, Winnia," she says. "Oh, we hadn't known each other for a week before we started dating."

She supposes their first attraction may have been a mercenary matter: The professor asked the class to buy a particular book, and Winnia suggested he and Watkins share one.

"I found out before we had known each other any length of time that we both felt the United States should stop sticking its toes in around the edges and go to war on Britain's side. That was one thing that certainly attracted me—we felt very much the same about the war situation.

"In fact," she continues, "when we went down to the little bars and night clubs—oh, how grown up we felt, how sophisticated, you know—and had a little Coke high or something of the sort (a highball made with Coke was one of the popular things then, though I shudder now at the thought) our toast was 'To you and the war and the peace to come.'"

Winnia was tall, nice looking, with excellent manners, and he could clearly and eloquently express himself—all things that attracted her, says Watkins.

"I am just 5 feet 3, and he was more than 6 feet tall," explains Watkins. "When we danced in those little night clubs, he liked to say, 'Just as high as my heart.' And you know how girls swallow that kind of stuff."

FROM THE DIARY OF A CORSAIR PILOT IN THE SOLOMONS, THE YEAR 1943

Thursday 7 January

Heard from V.J. Watkins written on 9 Nov. 42. Won't allow communications to so lapse again. I hope some day to make her Mrs. C.C.W.

Friday 12 February

Late mail brought 3rd letter from V.J. Though we haven't seen each other since Dec. '40 we seem to have strong natural interest. Anxiously awaiting further developments.

Thursday 18 February

Feel like writing V.J. but must see her reaction to more familiar note of last letter.

Friday 26 February

Wrote a long letter to V.J. If I have any luck when she comes through on this one, I'll know she is on my side of the fence.

Monday 15 March

Letter from V.J. and mother. V.J.'s snapshot arrived. It really set me to wondering. Either it is a lousy picture (I hope) or she is quite changed and getting dumpy. Let's hope not. Her letter was lacking in expected warmth, but I hope for better. [Watkins says she plans to talk with Winnia about this particular entry.]

Monday 22 March

Letter from V.J. Don't know what to think now. Seems to want to see me, but doesn't actually warm up in the general tone of the letter.

Thursday 29 April

2 letters from Mother praising V.J. highly. Says "marrying is up to you, but will go further and fare worse." The plot thickens.

Monday 17 May

Strange letter from V.J. Wonder if I really know her?

Friday 28 May

After six days here it finally hit me. Seeing these fair complexions & blue eyes under dark hair bothered me & now I know why. V.J. I suddenly realize just how much I want to see that girl again. She takes up on looks where these girls leave off on looks, personality and morals. Lord if I ever catch her and she is as I think, I'll not let her go.

Wednesday 2 June

Sat in cool breeze watching sunset and dreamed a little of Violet Jane. Lord how I want to come home to that girl.

Thursday 10 June

I had a wonderful one [letter] from V.J. I sure hope and pray we are really in love.

Friday 11 June

Wrote V.J. a good letter. She is certainly the one to come home to.

Sunday 18 July

[This entry in a different hand.]

Lt. Winnia lost in dog fight over Kahili. ... Only 11 pilots left.

Editor's Note: Further research on the diary revealed the following message preprinted on a red background and affixed to the top of the page for Saturday, August 21, "Tomorrow is your wife's birthday." Watkins was born on August 22.

"Our toast was 'To you and the war and the peace to come.'"

my Vanderbilt affairs for those delightful evenings. But, our letters were what brought our relationship to blossom."

Winnia was not the only one with whom Watkins corresponded during the war.

"I corresponded with a number of my Agnes Scott dates and Nashville friends," says Watkins. "He [Charles] wrote marvelous letters. I knew it was so easy to glamorize or romanticize. A soldier wants a girl he left behind. I didn't want him to commit himself or, for that matter me, until we were together again. I was

doubtful, but he was quite convinced and said everything would be just fine as soon as we were together again."

One of Winnia's last letters was to Watkins' father, a letter she believes carried a statement of Winnia's intentions toward her.

"My father was not much of a correspondent and had not gotten around to answering Charles' letter. I am just so very, very sorry about that. My father was a doctor, and during the war when all the young doctors were in service, the middle-age doctors like my father were just working themselves to death. I can understand, but I've always wished he had lived up to his intentions of writing Charles back. He would have done it if Charles hadn't been shot down."

Winnia was shot down in July 1943, she thinks over Bougainville, the largest of the Solomon Islands in the South Pacific. No trace of Winnia was found, and he was officially declared dead three years later, although there was some indication he was captured. Watkins corresponded with his mother, who actually heard a radio propaganda message from the Japanese with Charles talking.

"He was captured, no doubt about it. The Japanese part of the propaganda message had him saying they had saved his life by dressing his wound or something of the kind," says Watkins. "I'm jolly well sure he didn't put it like that. But one or two of the personal allusions in the message that started it, I don't think they could have found out except if he was alive when he came down."

Winnia's mother went to Japan as a civilian employee in the

War Department, hoping to find some trace of her son while there, but to no avail.

Watkins' last letter from Winnia arrived shortly before he was shot down. She still has all of his letters. "A couple of years ago, I recopied his last letter because the ink was fading. Yes, every now and then, I let myself read that last one.

"Of course, his diary, which was written just for himself, was nothing like as beautifully expressed or as well done as his letters."

Winnia's war-time diary was discovered when Watkins made "a little gift annuity" to Agnes Scott. While working with her on the annuity, Chip Wallace, director of planned giving, and Beth Ma, development researcher, discovered the diary on the World Wide Web.

Because Winnia had planned for a military career, Watkins and Winnia had fantasized a life of "traipsing around all kinds of interesting places." After Winnia's disappearance, reordering her life was difficult, but Watkins says she did try. She enjoyed her professional life as a teacher.

**"He was a restless sort of person.
Some people are in love with danger,
and he was one of them."**

"There were a couple of nice guys who were foolish enough to propose," says Watkins. "I did consider one of them. I was very fond of him, but could never quite bring myself to it. Finally, he told me, 'If you can't make up your mind after 20 years, I'm going to marry somebody who will.' I agreed with him.

"Of course, a lot of war marriages ended in divorce. So, if Charles had come home, we might have gotten married and regretted it."

Because of his considerable talents, Watkins believes Winnia would have been an asset to the Marines if he had survived, but also thinks he would not have lived to be old. "He was a restless sort of person. Some people are in love with danger, and he was one of them."

Winnia's diary records the dangers of war sprinkled with references to "V.J." Although she has not seen the actual diary, she did receive a transcript.

"It makes me inclined to dwell too much on a part of my life I try not to dwell on. After all, even at 80-plus, while one is still here, one should be concentrating on some other aspect of life," says Watkins. "He was a remarkable person, and sometimes I say to him — just to myself, but also to him — 'Charles I'm prouder of you than all the other nice guys put together.'"

"Certainly, Charles is a very cherished memory."

Jennifer Bryon Owen is Agnes Scott's director of creative services and editor of Agnes Scott The Magazine.

TO LEARN MORE

- www.scuttlebuttsmallchow.com/epilogue.html
- National Public Radio:
www.npr.org/features/feature.php?wfld=1671596

THE SURVIVAL OF A DIARY

The last diary entry was by Lt. [later Capt.] Alonzo B. "Brew" Treffer, or Treff, Lt. Charles C. Winnia's mentor and frequent division leader. The diary had been in his possession since Winnia was lost.

After the war, Treff spent time as a civilian test pilot and retired from an engineering position at Kennedy Space Center. He was killed in a home invasion in 1994.

The diary went to his son, David Treffer. Carl Richardson of Merritt Island, Fla., while visiting with Treffer after church one Sunday in 1999, mentioned he had been in Marine aviation. Treffer replied that his father had been a Marine pilot and had flown from "some little island in the South Pacific in WWII." He asked Richardson to find out about his dad's squadron, which Richardson later identified as VMF-213.

A couple of Sundays later, Treffer, thinking it might help in researching his father's past, handed Richardson a small, old diary he had found among his father's possessions. The diary had been in the garage behind a drill press.

While transcribing the diary, Richardson became emotionally involved with Winnia, Brew Treffer and, through them, the many men who fought in World War II. Seeking more information, he posted the diary on the World Wide Web.

Meanwhile, Dan McAnarney of Kansas had become the unofficial historian of squadron VMF-213, that of Ray Boag, his father-in-law. McAnarney discovered Richardson's posting, and had put his inquiry about Winnia on genealogy.com.

While conducting a routine Internet search last spring, Beth Ma, researcher in Agnes Scott's Office of Development, found McAnarney's posting:

"Violet Jane Watkins ~ 1915 ~ 1925

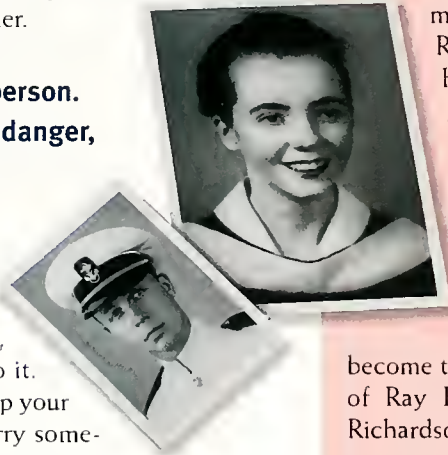
Looking for information about Violet Jane? Watkins. I have a (copy of) a WWII Marine's dairy, in which Corsair pilot, Charles C. Winnia mentions her almost every other day in among his thoughts about the war. He hoped to return to ask for her hand in marriage. Sadly, he never returned from Guadalcanal.

Any information would be greatly appreciated. She was perhaps born 1915 to 1925, and her father was a doctor. Though I have no idea of her home town, I have hope that she still may be living."

Ma recognized the name as that of an alumna with whom she and Chip Wallace, director of planned giving, were consulting about a gift to the College. When Wallace called Watkins to confirm delivery of materials from his office, he told her about the diary. She did not know of its existence and was not sure she could read it.

Since then a flurry of phone calls, e-mails and overnight deliveries has transpired between McAnarney, Richardson, Mrs. Rose Rosin (owner of a squadron patch), Watkins and Agnes Scott College. In addition to this article, National Public Radio interviewed Watkins for a "Morning Edition" feature, which aired in February.

Watkins has read a transcript, and the diary remains in Richardson's possession, on loan from the Treffer family.



Strength in Numbers

by Nancy Moreland

*One isn't the loneliest number anymore,
thanks to an alumna's vision to bring women
together for support and practical help.*



Carolyn Newton Curry '66

It's a question Carolyn Newton Curry '66 hears frequently: "What's a married woman like you doing in a place like this?" But the place Curry finds herself is exactly where she wants to be—in the company of women expanding their horizons and creating community. It's just that the place where Curry—married for more than 40 years—finds herself is populated by single women.

In fall 2002, Curry formed Women Alone Together with a mission to mitigate women's natural tendency to withdraw once they find themselves alone. Women Alone Together welcomes women of all ages who are widows, divorcees, single by choice or married but feel alone because of a chronically ill spouse or because they are physically, mentally or spiritually separated from their mates.

Appropriately enough, Curry didn't go it alone when she decided to start the group. "I thought, 'What better place to host a group like this than at a women's college, and what better place than my women's college?'" Indeed, Agnes Scott College has played an integral role since the group's inception. President Mary Brown Bullock was an early supporter, as was Marilyn Hammond of the Alumnae Association. Several Scotties helped Curry form a committee and board of directors. "From the very beginning, I've worked hand-in-hand with the College and alumnae," Curry explains.

The committee's primary concern was to present substantive information to single women. Secondly, they wanted to create a venue for women to meet others with similar experiences and help them realize they are not alone. And they wanted to do something special for women who often do special things for others.

Like many great concepts, Women Alone Together developed gradually. Curry's passionate interest in women's history and well-being was awakened at Agnes Scott. "They valued women,

appreciated our intelligence and believed in us. We had so many female professors—something I didn't appreciate until graduate school when I met students who hadn't had any female professors."

Curry spent the tumultuous years of the Women's Movement rearing her children. The seed planted at Agnes Scott sustained her for 10 years until she was able to begin graduate school. While studying history for a master's and later a doctorate, she discovered a lack of classes on women's history. Curry and her classmates began requesting these courses. "I did all my papers on women's issues," she recalls.

Curry's dissertation focused on the diary of Ella Gertrude Clanton Thomas, a 19th-century woman born in Augusta, Ga. Thomas spent her early years as a privileged planter's daughter, but later became a women's rights activist. "Her diary made me think about how women coped with difficulties," says Curry. After barely surviving the Civil War, Thomas joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "Women put 'Christian' in the title and wore hats to make the groups look respectable! From the WCTU she moved into the fight for women's suffrage. I don't think we realize how much courage it took for women to be involved in the suffrage movement, especially in the South. A suffragette was radical back then," explains Curry.

Around 10 years ago, while teaching part time at the University of Kentucky, Curry was asked to teach a course called, "Women in Contemporary Society." Her students represented a cross-section—from 70-year-olds to middle-aged divorcees to college coeds. Curry enjoyed her students' dialogue so much, she invited them to a covered dish get-together. During dinner, she voiced her desire to create group discussions that were free from grades and papers.

The idea that emerged at a leisurely gathering gained new urgency when a close friend died in a plane crash, and Curry helped his widow struggle through a bewildering time. "There was so much to be taken care of for which she was not prepared," Curry says. The widow asked Curry, "While there are support groups like Mothers Against Drunk Drivers, where do women like me go?" She offered to help if Curry would start a group.

Curry is one of those increasingly rare women in a long-term relationship. Though happily married to Bill Curry, former football coach at Georgia Tech, the University of Alabama, and the University of Kentucky, she was often alone during her husband's demanding career. The family's frequent moves presented another challenge. During those upheavals, Curry became responsible for her own happiness and created meaningful teaching and mentoring roles in each new location — coping methods now taught in Women Alone Together seminars. It was during one of her husband's business trips that the concept for Women Alone Together solidified. "I was alone in my mountain cabin and asked myself, 'What do I want to do now?' I thought, 'Well, I love Agnes Scott and I love women's studies.' From soul-searching, friends' experiences and years of studying women's history, the group was born.

While Agnes Scott was the incubator and alumnae the midwives of Women Alone Together, the gatherings are open to any woman who wishes to attend. "We see ourselves as stewards of the program, but it belongs to the women," says Carolyn Clarke '64, who was instrumental in starting the group. Clarke has never married, and while she maintains an active life, she has a "general interest in the isolation faced by a lot of single women. We understood there was a need ready to be tapped and we've had a tremendous response," she says.

Fifty women attended the group's first seminar; 120 were present at the second. The one-day seminars present expert speakers discussing one of the group's three areas of focus: financial/legal, emotional/spiritual and health/wellness concerns of women who live alone. Mini-series run three consecutive Saturdays and include a guest speaker, question and answer period and in-depth discussion.

Lucy Herbert Molinaro '64, a widow, "took copious notes" during seminars. "There are holes in your life when you lose a spouse, so I have found support groups that fill those voids," she says. Women Alone Together is distinctive, Molinaro feels, in that it honors the struggles and successes of single women. She appreciates the stories of women who have transformed potentially devastating experiences into personal strength. One woman, for example, spoke of surviving breast cancer. A widow recalled kissing her husband as he left for a business trip only to later learn that his plane had crashed. A divorcee described her ex-husband's abandonment of their son.

Women Alone Together strives to be responsive to the needs of participants. A reading group was started when women expressed difficulty finding activities for single women in a couples-oriented culture. Curry opened her North Carolina cabin for a retreat, an event so popular it may become an annual occurrence.

Drawn to the group for many reasons, Rosemary Kittrell '61 attended the first retreat. "I have very little family, so the need for companions and support groups has become more important. Women Alone Together helps normalize the experiences of single women who feel awkward in certain social situations." The

Finding Your Family of Choice: Seven Tips for Creating Community

One of the main reasons women isolate themselves is depression, according to Carolyn Curry. Depression can make women feel fragile, withdrawn and reluctant to reach out to others. While these emotions are normal under some circumstances, they shouldn't linger. To that end, Women Alone Together presents seminars designed to help women enjoy their own company and create a sense of community. Here are a few ideas shared during recent seminars:

- 1 **You are responsible for your own happiness.** Examine your life and discover what you really enjoy doing, then participate in activities that bring you pleasure.
- 2 **Be proactive.** Call a former classmate to accompany you to a movie or visit a museum.
- 3 **Be brave.** Attend couples-oriented events even if uncomfortable at first. Your true friends will include you in their activities.
- 4 **Cultivate your faith group.** Go to places filled with nurturing people.
- 5 **Take courses and attend support groups.**
- 6 **Start a potluck or dinner club group** made up of singles and people without family nearby.
- 7 **Be a mentor to a child.**

group helps these individuals realize that there's "a whole community of women out there who feel the same way," says Kittrell.

That community includes more than 42 percent of American women, according to Betsy Israel, author of *Bachelor Girl: The Secret History of Single Women in the Twentieth Century*. "The average woman outlives her husband by seven years, and experts are predicting that many baby boomer women will outlive their husbands by 15 to 20 years," Curry comments, noting that such statistics are all the more reason to continue connecting, informing and inspiring.

Nancy Moreland is a Georgia freelance writer and a frequent contributor to Agnes Scott The Magazine.

TO LEARN MORE

- For more information on Women Alone Together, call 404 816-5332 or 404 231-6807.
- *Aging Well: Surprising Guideposts to a Happier Life from the Landmark Harvard Study of Adult Development*, George Vaillant
- *Flying Solo: Single Women in Midlife*, Carol Anderson
- *On Your Own: A Widow's Passage to Emotional and Financial Well-Being*, Alexandra Armstrong and Mary Donohue



Writing Our Stories

by Lara Webb Carrigan '94

Before my grandmother lost her mind, she was a queen. Tall, thin, elegant, she wore stylish clothes, hats and gloves, and was never without the brightest lipstick money could buy.

After she lost her mind, she traded in her stylish wardrobe for a closet full of undistinguished and undistinguishable housecoats.

Before she lost her mind, my grandmother read all the latest fiction, was politically aware and opinionated. She was as creative as she was frugal, and far from dainty or flighty, she was what one might call a serious social butterfly. At 5 feet 8 inches, more than 6 feet in heels, her tales were even taller.

After she lost her mind, her heels were replaced with worn slippers, her books tossed aside for soap operas. She stopped socializing.

My grandmother became queen of the sofa. With cigarette in one hand, Hershey's kiss in the other, she was not altogether benevolent. The bright ash of her unfiltered Pall Mall would grow to precarious lengths, threatening bodily harm if you came too close. And the chocolate kiss, her sweet of choice, was not a treat she meant to share.

We, her grandchildren, were her minions and visited her with a mixture of delight, deference and wishful thinking—that we might be invited to watch one of her soaps (or game shows, westerns or detective shows) that she watched all day, every day for as long as I can remember.

This was my grandmother's problem: She couldn't remember. She suffered from short-term memory loss, which left the present and all of what should have been typical and predictable routines either completely unfamiliar or oddly capricious. If she had dinner plans, she forgot them; if she didn't, she suspected that she did. Doctor's appointments slipped her mind right along with grocery shopping. On the off chance she remembered to put dinner in the oven, she would forget to take it out. Always a proud woman, her main explanation for not socializing with the neighbors was her fear someone would refer to a conversation they'd had earlier, and she wouldn't remember.

My grandmother became sad, angry and slightly paranoid. The sofa was safe, so she sat there and tried her best to rule what was the rest of her life. But even in this diminished state, my grandmother's tales were tall, tall. If she couldn't remember the present, she could remember the past, and when she was in a good mood, she'd tell you about it.

The time she polished every single pair of granddaddy's shoes and boots, wound up covered head to toe in polish, and never even received a thank you. "And that's the last time I ever polished his shoes again."

The Christmas during the Depression she stood in line to buy her sister's present: a rare and coveted pair of hose. The journey that took her to Germany, at the age of 24, by ship, train and cab, with her 4- and 2-year-old daughters in tow. The Sunday

afternoon a neighbor who had stayed home from church played a practical joke on another neighbor who had a turkey in the oven, replacing it with a small Cornish hen.

My grandmother could still laugh, and was just as likely to burst out with a song as she was a story: "Chattanooga Choo Choo," "Nobody Likes Me," "My High Silk Hat," "The Dummy Song." These were just as revealing. I think I realized even then my grandmother wasn't simply telling me stories, she was telling me about her.

Telling our stories. A gift. A remarkably special, entirely personal way of sharing our lives with other people. Call it my grandmother's legacy to me: Ears so charmed by her tales have been in thrall to stories, books, words and the writing of them ever since. A writer and an editor, I work daily with women and men who struggle to find the perfect words to tell the perfect story. Some of these stories are true. Some are not so true—fiction as a way of conveying the emotional truths, ideas and discoveries that nonfiction sometimes can't.

Because of my love for stories and because of my love of Agnes Scott and any opportunity to meet with alumnae, I joined a remarkably large group of women one barely sunny, blustery October day at the home of Sally Bainbridge Ackridge '68 in Oxford, Md. Harleigh, as her home is called, is also a gift. Informal and formal gardens sit on either side of a white 1850s Georgian house, a wonderful contrast in chaos and control, plants and flowers and vegetables of every sort and color growing right up to the edge of a lawn that sweeps majestically down to the Chesapeake Bay. This is Sally's Labrador retrievers' playground, complete with a swing that appears at the very moment earth meets water. A large, inviting seat swings seduc-

tively from a tree, at the ready for anyone in the mood for a vigorous workout, legs and heart pumping faster and faster, or for that more subtle form of exercise: daydreaming.

In such a setting, the topic of our meeting felt more than obvious. Storytelling. Hardly a foreign concept to the Agnes Scott graduate. Our group immediately dove into telling tales of our years at Agnes Scott. With women from the classes of 1930 to 2000, the stories were refreshingly familiar and surprisingly new. During lunch and garden tours, alumnae shared how they had come to the D.C. area. A special guest, Mary Brown Bullock '66, President of the College, shared inspiring stories of the College's progress.

But Ackridge has more than a unique house. She has a unique mind, and she had brought us together to do more than tell our stories. She suggested we write them. Writing our stories, then. A completely different kettle of fish. Words and stories that seconds before felt familiar, easy, even intuitive suddenly felt awkward, embarrassing and surprisingly difficult. Write a story? Write my story? How?

A group of Agnes Scott women experience the thrill of understanding themselves and connecting with other women as they allow stories from their personal histories to flow onto paper.

I could only draw from my experience working with other writers to get our group started, my overwhelming feeling is that it is always easier to write about our lives specifically than vaguely. It is not always the larger messages of stories or books we read, no matter how important or affecting, that stick. What lingers are the small, intimate objects and moments—salad green Tupperware bowls, fresh snow on a park sidewalk, the hope-inspiring, sweaty-palm second before knocking on the door of a potential voter.

The place to begin in writing a story is with something specific: an image, a place, a conversation, a person. Describe in detail what it looks like, feels like, sounds like. At the risk of being redundant, make this specific thing absolutely as specific as possible. Now, my grandmother had a little help from her faulty memory in blocking out the annoying pressures and obligations of the present and conjuring her stories and songs. Very possibly, they were the only things she had left to remind her, and her family, of who she was, and they came to her readily. Most of us needed a little more time, but after awhile, in chairs, with pads and pencils, to the disconcerting tick of a grandfather clock, we wrote.

Telling and writing stories is a lot about remembering. The stories that emerged at Harleigh were full of moments and images out of our pasts that consciously or unconsciously still hold sway, that motivate us even in our pursuit of full yet very different futures.

Robin Mansfield '85 says her story was completely spontaneous. Although her mother, a newspaper columnist and "hysterical writer—the Erma Bombeck of the Midwest," had died years earlier, the mystery of her life, and ironically the words her mother didn't put down, still captivated her. She had spent years going through her mother's journals and travel diaries, only to be left with sentences detailing the number and types of meals she ate each day. Mansfield's own memory was much more telling.

"I remember my mother telling me about my father's crisp white shirts. They were the initial thing that attracted her to him. She had led a mostly rural life, was used to seeing work shirts, farm shirts. His white shirts represented security, an end to a rural life." Ironically, years later, after her mother had raised six children, those white shirts came to mean something far different. "They were bland, staid, boring," says Mansfield. Her mother wound up divorcing her father and growing in ways that he evidently could not.

Mansfield's memory of a perfect white shirt became a way to shape her mother's life and to understand her, "her courage," in ways that had previously escaped Mansfield.

Tracey Oliver '98 is a graduate student who writes often, but not necessarily creatively. The writing exercise for her turned out to be a way to put a theme to different periods of her life. With her October 31 birthday right around the corner, Oliver was reminded of her first birthday celebrated at Agnes Scott. "Growing up, I thought Halloween was created just for me. I always had a party on my birthday. Everyone dressed up in costumes. And I always had a cake with a Halloween theme." The realization that Halloween wasn't made just for her, that the world didn't necessarily revolve around what she wanted, was an awakening. She says she grew up a lot at Agnes Scott, and now, when

people give her gifts or do things for her, they are extra special because she realizes they don't have to.

A part of the afternoon that Oliver took away with her was the thrill in being specific. "I make my own cards now for family and friends, and I always take the time to remember something from that person's past to share with them, to remember the things that help make us who we are. The little things."

After spending a summer in a remote Canadian town with her seven dogs, Helen Sewell Johnson '57 was lured from the Philadelphia area in part by the prospect of socializing with other alumnae, but mainly by the opportunity to write. A self-confessed poetry junkie, she has twice participated in the Key West writers' festival, taking poetry and writing workshops, and regularly attends Philadelphia's Bryn Mawr College's writer events.

Not surprisingly, her story emerged as a poem, but not so much a memory from the past, as a vivid, albeit painful, wish that her present would become the past. Her mother has Alzheimer's, and Johnson struggles with the anguish and anxiety of loving and taking care of a woman she barely recognizes, and who never recognizes her.

Johnson's approach to writing has been "to just start where you are emotionally at that moment. Start with what's really affecting you." She's written many poems on aging, a topic she says isn't covered nearly enough, "as if the confessional poets did themselves in before they got to the subject."

Women writing about women—this didn't surprise any of us. "It only takes the one time to hear your mother's words come out of your mouth to realize you are more similar than you realize. To understand their lives is to understand yours," says Mansfield.

What did surprise us was how little time our writing exercise actually took: 20 minutes.

Writing our stories was not so different from that favorite childhood activity of mine: listening to stories. Both require quiet. Both require listening. Writing our stories simply insists that we take the quiet and listen to ourselves, not necessarily for long, but intently, to the particular, peculiar patterns that shape and change our worlds. Words are sometimes the only way to capture the leaps our lives and imaginations take. Words become a way of capturing the smaller, fleeting moments, the ways they intersect and add up to larger and often very important meanings.

Writing our stories—a responsibility? Perhaps. But also, very simply, a way to savor and share our lives. Make them taller. Inventively, enviously so.

Lara Carrigan, a freelance writer and editor, serves on the College's Communications Advisory Committee. She is the author of *The Best Friend's Guide to Planning a Wedding*.

TO LEARN MORE

- *Bird by Bird: Some Instructions on Writing and Life*, Anne Lamott
- *Writing Down the Bones: Freeing the Writer Within*, Natalie Goldberg and Judith Guest



Stay-at-home dad and M.A.T. student Steve Brett enjoys a break with son, Kyle, and daughter, Caitlin, at Paideia School, where he substitute teaches and they attend.

UNDER ONE ROOF

While demographics of today's family are changing rapidly and taking perhaps unexpected turns, many people are establishing a satisfying and rewarding family life for themselves.

by Paula Schwed

The business that was the pride and joy of Loucy Tittle Hay '87 was sold last year.

In the rolling hills of rural Oxford, outside Atlanta, Merryvale Assisted Living Center was envisioned as a dignified place where elderly people could maintain independence with the support and care they needed. With a degree in economics from Agnes Scott, Hay could see the need in her rural community for such a business. She enlisted the aid of an architect whose mother required assisted living, and they took a very personal approach to the design of this facility—"one we wouldn't mind living in."

After Merryvale opened in 1996, business was brisk and quickly doubled. Hay cherished the residents and knew their families well. She celebrated their good days and worried about their welfare on nights and weekends. When her infant son arrived in 1998, she needed no baby monitor because residents took turns watching over the sleeping boy so Hay could work.

But as her son grew and another baby arrived, Hay found herself torn between the demands of work and motherhood. "Wherever I was, I felt like I was needed somewhere else," says Hay. "My career was wonderful, and I worked very hard. But I had always wished I could be somebody's mom, and the children deserved and needed my full attention."

Reluctantly she found a suitable buyer and broke the news to her beloved residents. To her surprise, they were not surprised. They encouraged Hay to follow her feelings.

"One thing I took away from those folks is that every single day counts," says Hay. "The elderly have been through so much—not just globally but personally. And it changes your perspective. For them, death is not the demon it is to us. You never know what tomorrow will bring. And children grow so fast."

Now her banker husband is the sole breadwinner, and Hay is a stay-at-home mother. Once the norm in America, it is what many still view as ideal. But only one-tenth of American households fit that picture. Married-couple households have declined from 80 percent in the 1950s to 50.7 percent today. And married couples with children now total 25 percent, according to the latest count by the U.S. Census Bureau, which projects a drop to 20 percent by the year 2010.

Behind this huge demographic shift are numerous factors: people are marrying later, cohabitating more, splitting up in greater numbers, forming non-traditional families and living longer. Statistics alert us to these seismic changes in how Americans are redefining the meaning of family. But the numbers do little to portray the twists and turns life actually takes, outstripping the labels and the categories and maybe, most of all, one's expectations.

After 10 years as a stay-at-home father, Steve Brett enrolled at Agnes Scott last fall to study for his master's in education. His wife works as creative director at an advertising agency. One teenager heads to college in the fall, the other has three more years of high school.

"We call it the flip flop," says Brett. "I'm the housewife. She's the breadwinner. For 10 years, I have been the primary caregiver. I have had all those responsibilities for the kids, the shopping, the laundry, the cooking. Rita used to call me at work when I was a hotshot ad executive and ask me, 'When are you coming home?' Now I know what that feels like."

Brett says the decade he has devoted to child-rearing has been

enormously satisfying. He points with pride to his children's independence as well as their close bonds to him. Brett shrugs off any suggestion that others may disapprove of the unconventional course he and his wife chose.

"The funny thing is, I think a lot of men were jealous because I got to spend so much time with my kids," he notes. "Some of the greatest moments happen by accident. Fathers see few of those moments when they're working 60, 70 or 80 hours a week. I can be chopping onions and making a few phone calls in the kitchen, and [daughter] Caitlin will be doing her homework. Suddenly we find ourselves in one of those conversations you remember for a long time. Those are the great moments."

Brett concedes there have been drawbacks to their arrangement. It has been hard at times for his wife to be away from home, although he believes she shares a deep connection to the children fostered in the early years after their birth. He probably hovers less than a mother would, Brett says, recounting with laughter how the kids would cry much less over separations from him than from their mother.

An unexpected benefit of his role swap was that it led him to his next career. Brett says the time he spent volunteering in his kids' classrooms brought him to the realization he wanted to teach. He is enthusiastic about being back at school, even though this 50-year-old man is a distinct minority.

"This new direction is very exciting to me. At this point in my life, I have perspective. I have the enthusiasm for learning. And fortunately, we have the time and the resources to make this change," he says. "Our master plan is that when I get my degree, I can be the one who has the regular job, and Rita can have the flexibility to freelance."

Last summer, Melissa Nysewander '98 and Cathleen Keyser '00 traveled to Canada and to Vermont to be joined in civil unions. Both graduate students at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Nysewander is in the fourth year of a Ph.D. program in astrophysics and Keyser is pursuing a master's in library science.

At a time when many more adults than ever before are forgoing marriage, these women chose to make "a lifelong commitment," despite the stigma of same-sex partnerships.

"This was the next step," says Nysewander. "I wanted to make a lifelong commitment to Cathleen, to have a family and give kids a stable lifestyle to grow up in. Up until now, I've been intensely focused on myself and my career, and that's not very conducive to family life. Now I'm thinking of other things."

Keyser says the civil union ceremonies brought her closer to Nysewander, with whom she already shared checking accounts and car titles. "We're no different from anyone else. We're nothing to be feared or hated. We're normal people who just happen to like the same gender."

Nysewander understands those who oppose gay marriage out of religious convictions. "But marriage is not only a religious institution, and their religion should not prevent gay people from having a civil contract with each other."

Keyser says her family considers Nysewander "as great as apple pie," and Nysewander's family has embraced her mate now that members have come to terms with the fact that she is gay. "My family is thrilled about Cathleen—my father thought I was going to be some old spinster!"

Marriage just never made it to the top of the overflowing to-do list maintained by Carolyn Clarke '64. She wanted great adventure, and she got it.

"When I left Agnes Scott, the typical options in those days were becoming a schoolteacher, getting married or working for BellSouth. I didn't want to do any of those things. I did not want on my headstone that I lived my entire existence in Montgomery, Ala., [her hometown], and Atlanta, Ga. It's a big world out there."

With a master's in public health and an M.B.A., she developed public health projects in Georgia and California, worked in Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign and traveled the world as the first program director for the Friendship Force international exchange program. Always interested in marketing and innovation—the "chaos of novelty," she calls it—Clarke spent 17 years with The Coca-Cola Company before retiring in 2000.

"I call it my 'gypsy work career' that didn't fit any mold. I was traveling in high cotton, flitting around meeting fascinating people and going to fascinating places," she says. "I wasn't defining myself by a relationship, although I dated plenty of men, and

census shows that if a woman lives to age 70, she will spend more of her adult life single than married.

At the time of her 1997 marriage to Agnes Scott political science professor Juan Allende, Diana Jordan Allende '90 was living in Auburn, Ala., where she is the minister of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. For several years, the couple alternated the 130-mile commute. In fall 2001, the couple bought a house in Fairburn, Ga., lengthening his commute to work, but shortening hers. This made it possible for them to live together, still in the ever-changing routine of a commuting marriage.

"I'm not sure I thought we'd go on this long [with the commute]," she says. "Our schedules are always a little out of sync. Not only do I work weekends when Juan is off, but he's often in bed asleep when I arrive home from Auburn. Then he's up at 5 o'clock in the morning, preparing for classes, when I am sound asleep. We have to be very intentional about our time together."

Both Allendes say the arrangement has numerous advantages, and she believes it would be detrimental to their relationship were either partner to forfeit the work they value. But she is frank about the drawbacks. Both have higher commuting expense, and the constant driving can be exhausting.

"On the other hand," she says, "when I lived in Auburn and felt content there, I also felt confused, even a little guilty. I wasn't ever quite sure where 'home' was. Now that Juan and I live together in Fairburn, my center of gravity is in one place. This is enormously important to me."

Although she spends fewer days in Auburn than before, technology allows her to stay in touch with her congregation. "I spend three or four days a week in Auburn, keeping office hours, meeting with members of my congregation and attending community events."

"Juan and I realized that we're not immortal—or even particularly young—so we reached a point where we needed to adjust. Finding one house closer to a midpoint is part of that adjustment. We continue to ask ourselves if this is workable. So far, it has been, but maybe we'll have to adjust again," she says.

Juan Allende's family in Chile were perplexed by the entire idea of a commuter marriage. "They could not understand why Diana was driving 175 kilometers. In Chile, if you travel that distance, you find yourself in the desert. They were always predicting the worst. But we adapted."

Juan Allende believes in many ways their marriage thrives on this ever-shifting framework of time spent apart and together.

Certainly, he worries about her safety on the road and the exhaustion that accumulates. Hers is the "greater burden." And he misses his wife at times, but confesses, "I am, by nature, a solitary beast." The arrangement allows plenty of time for the reading and scholarly work he loves.

"I think that paradoxically, the time apart has pushed us together in terms of the attention we pay each other and the quality time we are so conscious of. When we are apart, we are always checking in with each other. We are all the time calling—and really talking to each other. When she is home, we go to the bookstore, the movies, to dinner and we talk, talk, talk. I like that."

"You could say our marriage has been one long conversation."



Carolyn Clarke '64 (center) discusses *Bel Canto* with her book club, which includes Carolyn Curry '66 (left) and M. C. Lindsay '51 (right).

some of them were quite wonderful. I have a strong feminist core."

Her family supported Clarke's single life, although she felt pressure from others, and "I can't tell you how many times I've been a bridesmaid.

"In my 30s, it began to dawn on me that this might not happen for me. You can marry at any age, but it was very hard to accept I might never have children—I really enjoy children," she notes. "I treasure my relationships with the children of my friends and family."

Her life is enriched by what she calls her "chosen family" as distinct from her "birth family."

"My chosen family is intergenerational and includes couples, single men, single women and children. These are folk with whom I share much, and for whom I have great affection," she says. "My birth family is enhanced by my chosen family."

Clarke does not want it said that she consciously chose a single, childless life.

"I didn't choose intentionally not to marry. What I chose was to explore and experience. I didn't think about it. I just lived it. Of course, there have been drawbacks. You always look wistfully at what you don't have. It's a loss not to have an ongoing intimate relationship. But it's not easy being in a marriage, either. Life simply is not easy, whatever it is."

Now in what she calls the favorite season of her life, Clarke joins Carolyn Curry '68 in forming Women Alone Together [see page 12]. While far fewer women remained single in the days when Clarke left Agnes Scott's campus to find adventure, the

A former journalist who now writes for business and nonprofits, Paula Schwed lives in Decatur, Ga., with her husband and three children.



From Board Rooms to Minivans

Educated to meet the challenges of the world, many Agnes Scott alumnae find that the world begins in their home and are joining the growing number of stay-at-home moms.

by Dawn Sloan Downes '92

Amy Gottsche Miele '88 always saw herself staying home with her children. Unfortunately, this self-described "type A+" personality didn't believe doing so was possible when she had her first child. A lawyer, she had just made partner with a national firm, Kutak Rock. With student loans, Miele says staying home was not feasible.

When her daughter was born two years later, balancing family life with a career marked by long, unpredictable hours led Miele to trade in her career for a minivan. It just seemed right.

Increasingly, career-minded women view leaving the career path for family as a valid option. Others argue these women undermine gains made by the feminist movement. Stay-at-home moms consider themselves daughters of the movement who made a choice—the fruit of battles fought by earlier generations.

Census Bureau statistics validate their numbers. According to one report, 44.8 percent of mothers with infants chose to remain home in 2000, up 3.5 percent from 1998. Stay-at-home mothers in 2002 cared for 10.6 million children younger than 15, an increase of 13 percent in less than a decade.

Experts speculate a backlash against the superwoman image by Generation X members, who were among the first children with working mothers. Others surmise the increase reflects a societal paradigm shift that values family and relationships above material accomplishments.

"I don't regret my decision," says Miele. "Both my children took their first steps for their nannies. But, the things they do get more exciting every day—like when my son let us know he could read by reading the ticker on CNN! It's fascinating watching babies become children.

"My family's stress level is so much lower," she says. "When I was working, the least thing could throw our world out of balance. Many women are capable of being good lawyers and good mothers, but I didn't think I could do it. No matter where I was or what I was doing, I felt guilty for not doing the other.

Miele plans to return to work. "I miss the tangible rewards of work, like a paycheck and the sense of accomplishment. I don't expect the transition to be easy due to the inflexible nature of work, but even men who don't take time out to raise children can enjoy two or three careers."

Shannon Grace Greene '92 also wants to return to work, but is unsure where to begin. Originally planning on law school, she became pregnant after working one year as a paralegal.

A diabetic, Greene was warned the pregnancy was high risk. She lost vision in one eye while pregnant and partial vision in the other shortly after her daughter's birth. Greene regained her vision and had a second child. However, her son was born early with severe health problems. Requirements of his daily care eliminated the full-time job option.

Greene worked part time in her father's medical practice until moving to Memphis—and away from reliable child care—meant staying home full time.

Greene credits Agnes Scott with helping her remain a role model for her daughter.

"I rebelled against the notion of 'woman as everything,' but Agnes Scott greatly impacted my life in a positive direction," Greene says. "I minored in art history. I volunteer with a fine arts department. I also participate in parent tutoring and work with

**"Make your decision and maximize it.
This is your career, caring for your children."**

kindergarteners at my kids' school. And I'm in charge of the Kids Kan collection drive for the Memphis Food Bank."

Isolation is the hardest part. "I miss educated conversation. My desire to go back to work includes a desire to meet new people and simply get out of the house."

Lynn Wilson McGee '77 understands. The mother of four boys, McGee returned to work as a marketing professor at Indiana University Purdue University at Columbus after 10 years off.

"I never planned to stop-out for so long. I took a leave of absence to get a Ph.D. in marketing, thinking I would come back into the corporate world armed with a unique set of tools," says McGee. "By the time I got my Ph.D., we had two children. In 10 years, we moved four times and had two more children. It just worked out that I stayed home."

McGee kept her expectations in check as she transitioned to work. "You have to be willing to start at the bottom. The culture of mothers and children is very different from corporate culture, and you have to learn to talk to adults again. I interviewed retired business people just for practice. The hardest part, though, is finding a way to describe the missing 10 years on your resume."

She encourages other women. "Make your decision and maximize it. This is your career, caring for your children," says McGee, who homeschooled her children.

"Remember that young children need you. You have about seven or eight years when you can shape their values and help them become the kind of people you want to be friends with when they're 30 and you're 60."

McGee never felt a sense of letting down a movement. "Whenever you make a choice that's different, some will support you, but there are going to be people who are threatened. You can make it easier for them if you seek to understand their choices."

Tonya Smith Grieco '93 dreamed of a career and all the perks. However, a successful career as a mental health professional for United Behavioral Health left her unfulfilled.

On Sept. 11, Grieco waited in the Philadelphia airport to board a plane for San Francisco. This trip would have increased her visibility and put her in charge of training for new offices, but her flight was cancelled. Stunned upon learning why, Grieco returned to her office where she and her staff fielded calls from employees of their clients in the World Trade Center.

By day's end, Grieco decided to leave her job, realizing she had been equating happiness with success. Within a few weeks she became an Easter Seals Foundation receptionist, reducing her commute to 15 minutes and her salary by half.

"I always wanted a career, the travel, the raises and promotions. But it wasn't what I thought it would be. I wanted a child. Confronting Sept. 11 helped me see you can change your mind. I have been shocked that such a tragedy could bring about such a positive change in my life."

Grieco points out that most people would not try to put 100 percent of themselves into two careers, but she thinks that's how it would be to try to be successful at her career and as a mother. "I can't be at a job and not put that level of commitment into it. I had to decide which was most important to me, and I think raising a child to be a good person is the most important thing you can do.

"We're expecting a daughter, and I want her to have freedom to be whoever she wants to be," says Grieco. "She may feel she has the resources to have a successful career and a family. That's the beauty of what I learned at ASC. You can do and achieve whatever you wish; the only limitations are the ones you put on yourself."

Dawn Sloan Downes '92 is a freelance writer in Tucker, Ga., and the mother of Brandon.

Communication and planning enable seniors and their families to move confidently through the elder years.

by Celeste Pennington



Growing Old Gracefully—and Prepared

During her 18 years as a dance therapist, Sarah Campbell Arnett '81 worked with a number of elderly women. One she remembers vividly: small boned with white hair. "In her mid-80s," recalled Arnett, "she was uncommunicative, lifeless and blank."

Playing '40s music and taking one step at a time, Arnett, who holds a master's degree in dance/movement therapy from Goucher College, drew the woman out. "She didn't have a very good memory, but she could sing an entire song. One day I took her hand and did a little waltz. I could see the connection. A smile. A direct gaze. The sparkle in her eyes.

"There is power in movement. Just a little can affect mood and memory," said Arnett. "I love working with seniors."

Americans age 85 and older make up the fastest growing segment of the population. Of these, about 25 percent are in nursing homes. The rest live independently or in assisted living. At the same time, explains Arnett, more than 80 percent of the country's 22 million caregivers are unpaid—and 68 percent are women.

The challenge to care for older Americans will intensify as baby boomers begin reaching retirement age in eight years. Speaking at a U.S. Government Administration on Aging (AoA) Summit this past October in Florida, Assistant Secretary for Aging Josefina Carbonell noted, "By 2030, the number of Americans age 65 and older will more than double, to 70 million-plus. While there will be large increases in the numbers of older people who are active and in very good health, there will also be increasing numbers of Americans in need of long-term care.

"We are in the midst of one of the most profound changes in American history," says Carbonell.

Tapping into the need and her own passion for empowering the elderly, Arnett, who designs professional development programs for employees of the Moses Cone Health Care System in Greensboro, N.C., became an eldercare coach two years ago.

Through ElderCoaching, she assists families who want to maximize their options as a loved one encounters the emotional, financial, legal and spiritual impact of aging and dying. Through conference calls, Arnett can connect often geographically far-flung families and start the conversation with key questions: Do your parents need help, what are their medical needs, do they have long-term insurance, who has power of attorney?

She encountered the stark need for this kind of service a few years ago. Her 94-year-old neighbor lived alone. The woman's son, in his 70s, resided on the West Coast. He called his mother regularly, visiting her in North Carolina about once a year. But he was not ready for what happened when his mother had a heart attack. Days later the son arrived in disarray. He did not know if his mother had Medicaid or if he had the health care power of attorney. "I was the one who found her, checked her into a nursing home, and connected them to all sorts of help," says Arnett.

She and her mother, the Rev. Ann Young '50, offer a better model. Through formal and informal conversations, Young has discussed aging and dying with her children. All three children have copies of her will and living will. Young has long-term health care insurance and hopes to remain in her home as long as possible. She designated Arnett to make any health-related decisions, and her sons are co-executors of her estate. "I am planning my funeral. Since I am a pastor, I have strong ideas about how it will be handled.

"The main issue to be dealt with now," says Young, a retired Presbyterian minister, "is will I stay in Little Rock or move to North Carolina in my later years? Church connections and friends provide enormous support. If I am in my right mind, I will probably stay."

Young and Arnett have seen what can happen when a family is caught off guard. "Any medical emergency or unexpected death can catapult a family into crisis," says Arnett.

DO THIS FOR YOUR SPOUSE AND CHILDREN

In most cases, it's best for parents 50 and older to have ongoing conversations with their adult children about legal, financial, health and spiritual matters. Maintain a file or binder with lists and current information on:

- Bank accounts
- Credit cards
- Health and medical history
- Insurance policies
- Inventory of assets/liabilities
- Investments
- Legal documents
- Durable powers of attorney for finances
- Durable powers of attorney for health care
- Will and testament
- Obituary
- Personal/professional directories
- Retirement accounts
- Safety deposit box
- Savings bonds
- Social Security
- Tax records
- Titles
- Trusts

PREVENT A CRISIS

Keep up with changing health care laws. Since passage of the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act of 1996, health care professionals must abide by an advanced directive from the patient concerning who is privy to his/her health care information. Make this and similar decisions before you're in a crisis mode.

—Peggy Davis Gold '82

Purchase long-term health insurance before your health starts to deteriorate. "My suggestion is make a decision about the policy you prefer by age 50 and pay for it before you hit age 60. Then it's taken care of."

—Sarah Campbell Arnett '81

It's often at the moment of crisis that Peggy Davis Gold '82 steps in. She serves as a chaplain to families and patients—primarily those diagnosed with mental illness or HIV/AIDS—at Duke University Medical Center in Durham, N.C.

"Death and dying. Long-term illness. These are part of life," says Gold. "Yet we are reluctant to talk with our own families about it. Everything in the world seems set against our having this conversation."

"Death and dying. Long-term illness.

These are part of life, yet we are reluctant to talk with our own families about it."

Many patients express that, above all, they don't want to be a burden. "Individualism is so ingrained in us that sometimes we fail to act together to help another," says Gold. "That is actually what the Christian community has to offer—I will be with you through death and dying.' Sometimes I just want to say, 'This is your time to be cared for. Next time it will be my turn.'"

Gold calls patient advocacy an art form—knowing when to assert, when not to. She appreciates the families who have modeled that for her.

"I am grateful for the patients who showed me new ways to serve, who said, 'My favorite hymn is Amazing Grace' and then encouraged me to sing it!"

To Gold, one peerless advocate was the mother of a middle-aged woman dying of AIDS. "The hospital room can be an empty canvas. This elderly mother spread out on her daughter's bed a beautiful quilt from home and filled her hospital room with music.

"These have been my teachers."

Celeste Pennington, a Georgia-based freelance writer, manages several publications

TO LEARN MORE

- *Another Country, Navigating the Emotional Terrain of Our Elders*, Mary Pipher, Ph.D.
- *Caregiving: Hospice-Proven Techniques for Healing Body and Soul*, Douglas C. Smith
- *Ritual and Pastoral Care*, Elaine Ramshaw and Don S. Browning
- *The Complete Eldercare Planner*, Joy Loverde
- *The Wounded Storyteller*, Arthur W. Frank

Who Grew In Your *Heart?*

by Jerry Gentry

Sara, the daughter of Rosemary Cunningham, Agnes Scott economics professor, likes to ask, "Who grew in your belly?" Cunningham answers, "Ian," her son. Sara then asks, "Who grew in your heart?" The answer, "Sara."

"She loves that," says Cunningham, and it's obvious mom loves it, too.

Adoption, it seems, rarely makes news without a tragedy: custody fights, medical problems and psychological problems; but there are ample happy adoption stories, and, due to the growing phenomenon of international adoption and acceptance of adoption by same-sex couples, adoption creates a diverse range of family types.

One of the biggest challenges faced by Cunningham and other parents is simply getting people to think of an adopted child in the same way they think about a biologically related child. She sees her two children so similarly that it strikes her as odd when anyone else doesn't.

"I don't look at Sara each day," she explains, "and remember that she came into our family through adoption. She is my daughter and that is the end of it." She is especially puzzled when someone asks something like, "Why did you adopt?" No one asked her, after she gave birth to Ian, "Why did you deliver a baby?"

Other odd comments commonly heard by adoptive parents are such things as "Oh, don't worry. That is your child," which are well intended but still carry the unspoken message that an adopted child is somehow differently related to the parents. Some comments are downright rude, and several parents interviewed for this article say they experienced them but did not want them repeated lest they unintentionally perpetuate false assumptions.

Agnes Scott art professor Anne Beidler, who with her husband adopted two girls from China, urges everyone to see adopted children simply as children. Their family can be labeled unusual because it is interracial and multicultural, but plenty of families that did not adopt have similar differences within the family.

"Adoptive families," she says, "face most of the same issues as any family: How to find good daycare. Which school will be best? Big questions, like how to raise kids in today's complex society."

Both Beidler and Cunningham make sure their children learn about China. They celebrate Chinese holidays and learn about Chinese language and culture. Beidler helped organize a Chinese class at her daughters' school. She says both Chinese and non-Chinese children attend. "We have found this has presented more exciting possibilities than challenges," she says. "And we feel so much support and friendship within our Families with Children from China group."

Cunningham says, "I go into Sara's class to talk about Chinese New Year, help the kids with a craft and provide traditional snacks. At home we have lots of books and videos about China."

Beidler sees her family and Cunningham's creating a new dimension in America's diverse population. "Our daughters," she explains, "are certainly Chinese, but they will not be Chinese in the same way as, for example, the daughters of recently arrived Chinese who are working very hard to find a new life for families in the United States or kids of Chinese-American parents who themselves are now second generation. We are our own unique version of what it means to be Chinese-American or . . . American-Chinese. We need to embrace this and at the same time figure out exactly what it means to us as a community and in our individual families."

Deadra Moore '85 and Elizabeth B. Davis '85, an Atlanta couple, started thinking about raising a child seven years ago. Via artificial insemination, Moore, an Atlanta actor, director and stage manager, conceived and delivered a boy, Walker. She and Davis, an environmental law attorney, contacted a lawyer who specializes in second parent adoption, which allows a non-biological parent to adopt the partner's biological or adoptive child without that parent losing her legal parental status.

Six of the eight judges in their county would consider second parent adoption, but judges are assigned by lottery, and, as luck had it, they were assigned to one who would not consider second parent adoption. "That was a huge, huge bummer," Moore says.

Members of the Agnes Scott community who adopted children
say their families are unique and, at the same time, most ordinary.
For them, the operative word is 'family.'



I'M A GRANDMOTHER — FINALLY!

For a long time, Sarah Cunningham Carpenter '39 only listened as her friends told grandchildren stories and proudly showed off pictures. Now she keeps up with the best of them.

"It seemed I would never experience that joy," she recalls.

Then she received news from her son, but she wasn't sure whether it was good or bad. "Bob and his wife, Jan, told me they were starting the long process leading to a trip to China to adopt a baby girl.

"I admit at first I was apprehensive about the whole idea. The paperwork, etc., would take a year or more. Frankly, I wondered if it was something they should do. But as time passed, I realized how desperately I wanted this child in our family."

By the time her first grandchild arrived, Carpenter was over her fears. "I was at the airport when they returned, and there was little Jessie, 14 months old," says Carpenter. "Jessie is now 6, and I feel that she and I have a special bond."

The family returned to China and adopted Sarah, now 3, who had been speaking Chinese quite a while when adopted at 18 months. Now, "she never stops talking," — in English. Jessie and her mom are learning to speak Mandarin Chinese. The parents teach their children about China and Chinese customs, and the family belongs to Families with Children from China, which has a large membership in their neighborhood.

Carpenter often travels from her Decatur, Ga., home to see them — her only two grandchildren — and especially loves being with them on Christmas morning.

"My two beautiful grandchildren," she says, "are the wonders that God has given us, and they bring untold happiness to our lives."

"Once you are assigned a judge, you can't just take it away and re-file later. You are always assigned to that judge." So they temporarily moved to another county to establish residency. By this time all their required evaluations were completed, and the adoption was granted by a judge amenable to second parent adoptions. "Having that piece of paper," Moore says, "means both of us are allowed to make various decisions about Walker and to get medical information. And his revised birth certificate has both our names on it. Our lawyer got them to take out 'father' and put in 'parent.'"

Olivia Hicks '68 and Carol L. Buell wanted to raise a child from infancy. They learned that adopting an infant domestically could be difficult, so they looked internationally. Upon learning they could adopt an infant from Vietnam, Buell maneu-

vered the approval process and made the trek four years ago. Back in New York, Buell re-adopted the baby, and Hicks adopted as a second parent.

They believe living in a large diverse metropolis allows an acceptance they might not find elsewhere. "I feel for those in the hinterlands," Hicks says, "who don't see other families like themselves."

One of the perceived oddities is their age. "My parents had concerns," Hicks says, "and I do, too. I want to see her graduate from college and be a grownup, but it's not going to be easy. Fortunately, there are plenty of gray-haired parents these days. We sometimes feel a little out of the norm, but we know so many people who have adopted, especially from Asia, and we know a lot of gay people with children from Asia. Our daughter will know other families like hers."

Most adoptive parents prefer an infant, but some adopt older children as did ASC Payroll Manager Terry McMichael and her husband, Eric. They had one biological son, Sean. When they first began the adoption process 15 years ago, they were stunned when told by county caseworkers that their chances were slim. As an African-American couple, they thought adopting would be swift because they wanted an African-American child and were willing to accept one as old as 5. They learned demand is high for all small children, not just white infants, as many assume.

After much discouragement, they stopped pursuing adoption for several years, but decided to try one last time, this time with a private agency. They were willing to adopt older children, and within a year, Sean, 13, had two siblings: sister Samarra, 10, and brother Dayvon, 11. Sean had to deal with sibling rivalry and a roommate. Samarra and Dayvon had to develop a sense of security after life in foster care. Terry and Eric had to deal with it all.

Samarra, especially, took several months to accept McMichael as her mother. "It was a battle of wills," McMichael recalls. "For a while she would refer to me only as 'she' or 'her.' She was afraid she might be sent back to a foster home. The social worker said I would have to prove to them what a mother really is, and she was right."

"For a while when we went to see a counselor, Eric and I saw her first, then the children saw her by themselves. Samarra would ask the counselor where I had been sitting, and she would not sit in the same chair even if it meant making one of the boys move — like I was the wicked witch of the west. The social worker kept encouraging us to stick it out, be firm. I had to constantly remind myself that they were children, and it was up to me to hang on despite their hurt feelings, etc. It was a real challenge."

Samarra rebelled with typical teenage defiance, some days wearing clothes to school that McMichael calls "wacky." "Sometimes I just had to let that go," says McMichael. Samarra also would not let Terry come close to comfort her. "She could suck up tears like no kid I'd seen."

Her husband's experience with the two was different because they had not had a father in the foster home. Samarra even said to him, "I've never had a dad before, and this is pretty neat."

The social worker told them that when Samarra accepted Terry as mom, she would cling to her, and that's what happened.



They had visited Samarra's and Dayvon's older sister, and when they talked later, Samarra wept openly and crawled in her mother's lap and hugged her neck. "She is now glued to me."

McMichael believes both children now feel like they are in a permanent home. "We tell them that no matter what, Mom and Dad will be here for them—even when they bring home snotty-nosed grandchildren."

Now that Dayvon and Samarra have been in their home almost five years, the same length of time they were in their last foster home, McMichael expects this to be an important time when the two develop a stronger sense of being in a secure family. She was touched recently when she left the house to take some children home, and Dayvon asked her not to stay long. He wanted her back home.

Many social scientists consider adoption in the United States under-researched, as no comprehensive national source of statistics on domestic adoptions exists. According to State Department statistics, international adoptions more than doubled from 1991 to 2001. Most international adopted children are from Asia, 64 percent are girls, and 90 percent are younger than 5 years, according to the Donaldson Adoption Institute.

When advising others who are considering adoption, all of these parents urge them to do their homework and be flexible. Moore advises, "It's going to cost more than you think. [A Chinese adoption can cost around \$15,000.] Try not to be too afraid of people assessing you, asking if you're a fit parent. Yes, you are and it will be OK. And if you have a good experienced attorney, you're halfway there."

"I had to constantly remind myself that they were children, and it was up to me to hang on despite their hurt feelings, etc. It was a real challenge."

One important way to get information is to ask those who have already adopted. Adoptive parents have learned the ropes and are usually happy to share what they know.

Cunningham advises people to avoid thinking of conceiving and adopting as two starkly different methods. "Make the same decision," she says, "as if you were going to conceive a baby. I don't see that much difference between a biological and adopted child. My biological child is a teenager, and he can be very challenging. I imagine Sara will, too. People worry about adoptive

parents not knowing the genetics involved, but I know my gene pool, and it's not the greatest. I'm willing to go with the chance of adopting. Be ready to take care of a child who doesn't meet your every expectation—which is true whether you adopt or not."

International adoption does pose serious questions for anyone considering it. Cunningham's daughter was 9 months old when they

adopted her from an orphanage. "You worry if she was left alone often," she says. "She likes lots of physical contact. Maybe she would have been that way from birth anyway, but I think maybe she needs it because she didn't get it early on. I just worry what nine months without a parent's constant holding and attention might have done."

Hicks adds, "You need to understand how much work, emotionally and physically, is involved. The process can be agonizing. We were lucky. Ours went smoothly, but a man I worked with and his wife were promised a baby, but the birth mother changed her mind. They went through an emotional roller coaster."

All of these adoptive parents have had support from their families—an experience that is typical and which, again, rarely makes the news. Cunningham's story is common: "The extended family has been great! Both Tom's [her husband] parents and my mother were thrilled with Sara. None of them ever questioned why we adopted her or saw Sara any differently from the way they did Ian. Plus, since we adopted, one of my cousins adopted a little girl from Korea."

All these parents believe society is becoming more accepting toward the family arrangements created by adoption, especially the ones that aren't the typical "nuclear family." Moore says, "Adoption is not as much thought of as a secondhand way to have children. Society is becoming less afraid, more humane."

These parents enthusiastically encourage others to adopt. Cunningham says, "Had we known how easy our adoption would be, we wouldn't have waited 10 years between children!"

Atlanta writer Jerry Gentry is the author of Grady Baby: A Year in the Life of Atlanta's Grady Hospital. He and his wife, Tina Pippin, Agnes Scott professor of religious studies, are parents of a 5-year-old daughter, Jacy.



Cunningham family



McMichael mom and children



Beidler Neiditz family

TO LEARN MORE

- The National Adoption Information Clearinghouse—a comprehensive source of information about all aspects of adoption—<http://naic.acf.hhs.gov>
- Chinese Children Adoption International www.chinesechildren.org
- *Adoptive Families* magazine
- The Evan B. Donaldson Adoption Institute www.adoptioninstitute.org

A Stentorian Life

It is the voice of Patricia Collins Butler '28 that has been labeled "stentorian," but it is her life that exemplifies another definition — powerful. Hers is a life of forging new paths for women and one of helping Agnes Scott students prepare their own paths.

by Jennifer Bryon Owen

Patricia Collins Butler '28 gained perseverance while attending Agnes Scott that proved essential to her long, amazing legal career.

"I almost missed the opportunity to go to Agnes Scott," says Butler.

Her father had arranged for his only child to attend Oglethorpe University until a neighbor in their new Atlanta area, whose daughter was entering Agnes Scott, suggested he look into the school. "My father took me by the hand, and we went out to see what Agnes Scott was all about."

Butler is Catholic, and a question was raised regarding the required Bible classes at the Presbyterian school. Only one other student was Catholic. The matter was resolved as it had been in her case: Bible classes for all.

"It was hardly anytime after I started until I met Hazel Huff, the other Catholic," says Butler, "and that became a lifelong friendship."

Even after being accepted, Butler wasn't sure she would be able to stay. "My school had been Sacred Heart High School, run by the nuns completely. They were devoted and devout. I was completely crazy about them, but I must say training was more or less casual."

Whenever her mother saw Butler, a day student, returning home from Agnes Scott with a lot of books, she often asked, "Did they turn you away?"

"My first year was a struggle," says Butler. "I kept thinking I wasn't ever going to make it. I don't know how I got my stride, but by the second year I was doing pretty well. My relaxation came with English and history as my majors. I was able to feel more at home, and by my junior year I was part of the population."

Years later when plans for the new campus center were developed at Agnes Scott, Butler—recalling those experiences, wanted to create a professional space for day students. The Patricia Collins Butler Center is the result. Consisting of a suite in Alston

Campus Center, it provides a comfortable and technologically up-to-date place for commuting students and Woodruff Scholars.

Graduating with majors in English and history, Butler entered Emory University Law School—the only woman in her class of about 30 men. The fortitude that ferried her through Agnes Scott again supported Butler.

"In that class of men, your self confidence is really shaken," she explains. "Whether you should be there, what you should do, how you should react, whether they're laughing at you is all part of the experience. Notwithstanding, I liked the idea of being one girl among all those boys. I enjoyed the mental competition."

Her father had suggested she pursue being an attorney, a career she says he would have loved. "In my day, young women made a debut, if they could afford it, and got married. But my father had the feeling that you shouldn't depend on that; you should be independent."

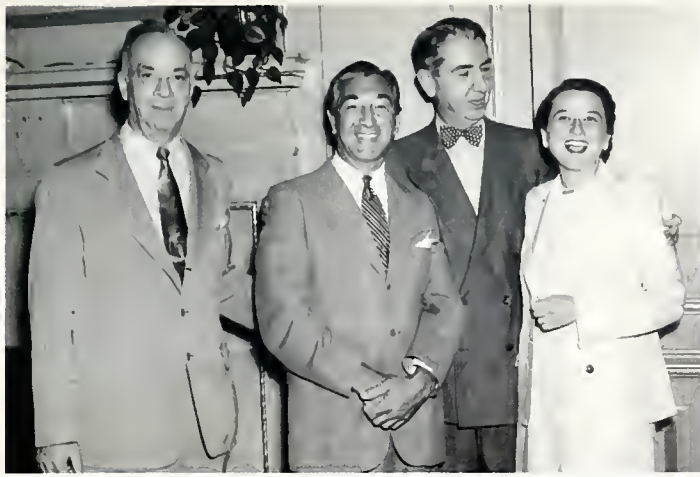


Patricia Collins Butler '28

PAT BUTLER STORY: BUYING AN ANNUITY

When I got out of law school, my father, who was with the Traveler's Insurance Company, said, "I want you to have an annuity, and I want you to get it and pay for it yourself." At that time, I was getting a pittance of some kind of various little jobs around. So I got a \$5,000 annuity. It provided \$50 a month beginning at age 55.

After a few years he said, "Now you've been paying on that \$5,000. You're a little better off. I think you'd better have another annuity. Make it \$10,000. With that \$100, that will really seal the bargain." I'm still getting \$100 a month. The Travelers probably figures, 'How long are we going to have to send her \$100 a month?'"



COURTESY OF PATRICIA COLLINS BUTLER '28

A 1999 issue of *The Supreme Court Historical Society Quarterly* featured this early photo of Patricia Collins Andretta '28 with her husband, Assistant Attorney General Sal Andretta (center), Solicitor General Phillip Pearlman (left) and Attorney General Tom C. Clark.

She graduated second in the law school class of 1931, making her the third female graduate of the law school.

A woman finding work with an Atlanta law firm in the early '30s was practically unheard of. So Butler volunteered with the Legal Aid Society and at research projects on a grant from the American Law Institute until 1935 when a former law professor arranged an interview for her for a position in the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington, D.C.

Her mother was opposed, but her father insisted: "Let Pat give it a try."

"My father finally talked her into it, saying, 'It's our duty to let this child have her independence. Let's make up our minds that she goes for one year. We'll see how it works out.' Unwillingly, my mother agreed. She would go to Washington with me and see what the setup was."

That setup lasted four decades. In 1935, Butler joined the antitrust division of the Justice Department during Franklin D. Roosevelt's first administration. In 1939, she was admitted to practice law before the U.S. Supreme Court. When later she was appointed a member of the Board of Immigration Appeals, she was the first woman in that quasi-judicial body of five members and held the title of "judge." During her career, she worked for 16 attorneys general.

She knew Robert Kennedy well enough to characterize him. "Bobby was underestimated because he was a Kennedy," says Butler. "He was a unique individual with respect to his communication with people. He took over the Office of Attorney General at a very difficult time—in the midst of our struggle with civil rights. I had a great deal of respect for Bobby Kennedy."

It was during World War II that her opportunity arrived. "Little Patricia seemed to be in the spot where she got picked to be in the AG's office. I had dealings with the attorney general's office from then on."

Soon after the United States became a partner in the war, a conference was called between state representatives and the Department of Justice to discuss alien enemy legislation. "We had many people of alien enemy nationalities living in the country during the war," explains Butler. "They were the people with whom we were at war—the Germans, the Italians, the Japanese.

PAT BUTLER STORY: HER PARENTS

They both came from Newfoundland. My mother was an early professional. She had a position as director and manager of Woods Candy Store in St. John's. At the time when she met my father, he was a newspaperman. She used to see him, and I think just kind of brushed him off. He was 25 and she was 40.

In the course of their friendship, there occurred this incident at Signal Hill in Newfoundland. My father went out to see what was going on, and he got intrigued with this Italian gentleman who was in a little lean-to. This man entered the lean-to every morning and closed the door. My father got the idea that something interesting was going on, and he couldn't understand just what. He gradually learned that this was an experiment with what they called wireless.

The instigator turned out to be Guglielmo Marconi. So an early successful experiment with the wireless [proving that wireless waves were not affected by the curvature of the Earth], which Marconi conducted, took place from England to Newfoundland. When the signal came through, it was the letter "S." Marconi opened the door, came out and handed my father a little piece of the tape with the letter "S" on it. My father, of course, said, "This is a milestone. This is a marvelous thing." He went to the newspaper, the *St. John's Telegram*, and said, 'Here's this wonderful thing. Here's this man Marconi, an Italian who has come to this country to do this, and so forth. And the editor at the desk — I can always remember my father repeating what he said to him — he said, "Oh, that fellow, for gosh sakes, forget it."

This was pretty disappointing. Here he had this big story, and finally, they gave him this little piece on the inside of the *St. John's Telegram*. My father came to the conclusion that Newfoundland wasn't big enough for him. So he took the big risk of going to New York.

Meanwhile, he had been courting Miss Power. And Miss Power probably thought "That's out of my life." But she must have gradually thought, "I gave up something pretty good!" So she came on to New York, and they were married. As I have often said, "This is how I happened to be born in New York."

We had to have unified legislation that would take care of documenting those people. Someone from the attorney general's office found me asking questions of the state representatives during the conference, and he recommended that I be in the AG's office. I acquired a weighty title: assistant to the special assistant to the attorney general."

She was assigned to research World War I records on alien enemies.

"I worked on what eventually became the proclamation of the president, directing the pickup of all the Germans and the Italians, and later the Japanese, in this country who became alien enemies upon the declaration of war," explains Butler. "I was one of those who drafted and finalized those proclamations. When war was declared, the first thing the next morning that had to be in the president's hands was those proclamations."

She describes her work in preparing for war as surreal. On visits home in Atlanta, she would talk about the possibility of war, but people refused to believe it was coming. Then she would return to Washington and return to work on documents preparing for war.

Another opportunity came for Butler in 1949 when she successfully argued an immigration case, *Johnson v. Shaughnessy*, before the Supreme Court. She denies being the first woman to do so.

"There were some early women, some of whom were not even attorneys," explains Butler. "I was probably the first after a long period in which no woman had appeared. I was not fond of being an attorney in the Supreme Court, but I took over in an emergency. I had only about 10 days to prepare."

She recalls being terrified. "The bailiff knew I was worried and asked if I'd like to go to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee. I did, and when I took my seat again, I had apparently regained my strength.

"Justice Robert Jackson was sitting on the court, and he said, 'We're happy to have had you, and anytime you come back, we're happy to have that stentorian voice,'" laughs Butler.

That voice was no accident; Butler's mother always emphasized speaking skills. "Children used to be given elocution lessons," explains Butler. "And I've always felt people should speak out. Make your words felt. Project!"

So strongly does Butler believe women need to speak clearly that she created The Patricia Collins Butler Endowment for the Center for Writing and Speaking to support an outstanding program in public speaking at Agnes Scott. Modeled after the Writing Center with student tutors trained to assist their peers in learning and improving their skills, the Speaking Center was created 1996, and the two programs were combined. The first such program established in the region, it is still one of a few in the country. This endowment allows the Speaking Center to reach its goal of making Agnes Scott's program in public speaking one of the best in the country.

Butler's excitement about the possibilities for Agnes Scott's outstanding students stems partially from her belief that one should think in terms of her life making a difference in some field.

"I've regarded my training as an attorney as a gift that I'm happy to have had."

Although Butler's independence coupled with her career dedication somewhat interfered with her social life, it didn't bother her.

"Someone with a strong urge to be independent doesn't think of what you're giving up otherwise," she notes. "I remember people calling to ask if I could go to lunch or some such thing. I was kind of happy to be able to say I couldn't because I was too busy or had to be at the office.

"That was the sort of thing mainly. I was never inclined to a social life. I was much more interested in pursuing my career."

Eventually, marriage and career did merge. She has been married and widowed three times. She married Salvador Andretta, an assistant attorney general and a Justice Department colleague in 1948; William Dwinnell, a La Jolla, Calif., businessman in 1974, and Frank Butler, a member of the diplomatic service, in 1989.

"I had thought when I started my career that I probably never would be married. I didn't particularly want to be," says Butler. "But then that man came along and changed my mind."

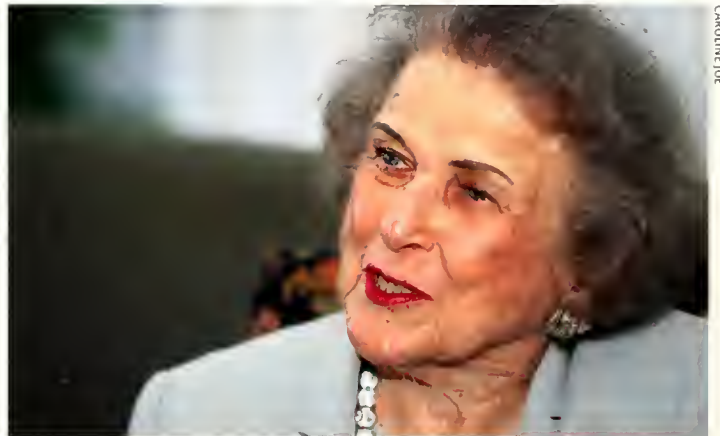
Among many accomplishments during her career Butler, with former Chief Justice Warren Burger, helped found the Supreme

HONORS AND RECOGNITION

- First post-graduate Phi Beta Kappa awarded by Agnes Scott College
- Agnes Scott 1976 Outstanding Alumna for Career Accomplishments
- Pat Butler Week at Agnes Scott College
- Department of Justice recognition of "outstanding performance of the highest order," 1960
- Emory University School of Law Distinguished Alumna Award for Lifetime Service to the Profession, 1997
- Margaret Brent Women Lawyers of Achievement Award, 1998 nomination
- The Emory Medal, 2000

Court Historical Society in which she has served on the board of trustees and executive committee since its foundation. She was a founding editor of what is now the Federal Register and the founding secretary of the American Bar Association section on administrative law.

Retirement in 1974 only created more work. She added nine retirement years to the 22 she had already served on the Board of Trustees for the National Trust for Historic Preservation. At the time she moved to California, she became involved in health issues. "I am now on the board of trustees of the Neurosciences Institute," says Butler, who supports women in science and is thrilled with the Science Center. "I have no trouble being busy."



CAROLINE JOE

Patricia Collins Butler attended the Science Center Celebration in 2003.

She participates in festivities for Bold Aspirations: The Campaign for Agnes Scott College, having attended the launch event in Southern California and the Science Center Celebration on campus. She is a past president of the Washington, D.C., area alumnae club and a former Alumnae Association Board member and is a member of the Frances Winship Walters Society.

In endorsing Butler's 1998 nomination to receive the Margaret Brent Women Lawyers Achievement Award, President Mary Brown Bullock '66 said, "Agnes Scott College is very proud of Patricia Collins Butler. ... Pat laid the path for the success of countless other women in the legal profession. If ever there were a woman lawyer of achievement, Pat is she."

Jennifer Bryon Owen is Agnes Scott's director of creative services and editor of Agnes Scott The Magazine.

Alums mother frat boys, counsel high schoolers and attack child abuse detection

by Kristin Kallaheer '04

EMPTY NEST CURE

Martha Haley '46 is a proud mother of 34 young men—all Beta Theta Pi members. After moving 17 times, Haley found a home as fraternity house director at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Va.

Haley heard about the "house-mom" position nine years ago after the death of her husband and decided she was up for the challenge of a new "family," since her children had graduated and moved out.

"I was excited, especially because the Betas at that time were having a rough time academically as well as socially," she says. Early on, Haley held meetings to go over rules and to stress her role, which was "not to spy on them and report bad behavior to the dean of students like they thought, but to be their friend," she says. "We had a lot of informal get-togethers where they could be heard."

A typical day finds Haley rising early to put out a continental breakfast for the fraternity, followed by checking the house to make sure everything is in order. She hires the cook, plans meals, budgets and serves as hostess during special weekends. Since Betas need a 2.5 GPA to stay in the fraternity, Haley tries to instill good study habits. She advises the boys about personal and health problems.

"I know which boys are on medications and see that they take it daily," she says. "You have to keep reminding them that some medications won't mix with alcohol! I also remind them of the importance of going to the infirmary when sick—they are so macho and won't seek medical attention until they are half dead."

"You are a surrogate mom," she says. "You have boys for four years, and often you feel as if they belong to you. It's interesting to watch their development from freshmen to seniors to leaders in the world."

Haley's Betas illustrate the adage "boys



Although Martha Haley '48 does not actually serve breakfast, and, if she did, she certainly would never serve donuts, she does enjoy being Mom to her Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

will be boys." She recalls one who had the habit of leaning back in his chair and putting his foot on the table while eating his meals.

"I told him that this behavior was not acceptable. His reply: 'Mom Haley, in my house it is a tradition!'"

A downside to being "house-mom" is the occasional lack of sleep. "Traditionally at Washington and Lee, party nights are Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. With the loud bands and my small apartment being over the party room, I'm lucky to average three to four hours of sleep on those nights!"

All has not been so lighthearted, however. "My most difficult situation here was losing a Beta in a drunk driving accident three months before graduation," she notes. "His death had a tremendous impact on the boys and me."

Agnes Scott prepared Haley for the various roles she has played. Her time at the College taught her the importance of the family and of working as a unit to accomplish goals. She feels she was instilled with the confidence to undertake challenges and try new things.

"My new prospect for the Betas is to get them involved more with community

service," says Haley, who has volunteered with Habitat for Humanity and cancer drives. "There's a great deal of poverty in Rockbridge County, and I stress to the boys that the people in our community have many needs."

FROM 'AT RISK' TO 'AT COLLEGE'

Six years ago, Rebecca Baum '02 was choosing a college. Now, she's helping others make a similar decision.

"As academic adviser for Educational Talent Search, I work with approximately 220 middle and high school students in 15 schools throughout Polk County, Fla.," says Baum, a psychology major at Agnes Scott. "I assist them in the pursuit of higher levels of academic achievement, resulting in their enrollment in post-secondary education. I meet with students at their schools and make sure they are on the right track academically and socially. I also conduct workshops on topics ranging from study skills and goal setting to scholarships and college admissions."

Polk County's program, funded by a federal grant, is in its sixth year.

Countywide, the program works with about 700 at-risk students.

"I am excited about the opportunity to help introduce the possibility of going to college to youth who didn't see college as an option," she says. "Polk County, which is slightly larger than the state of Delaware, has a college completion rate of about 12 percent. In the areas targeted in our grant, the rate is about 4 percent. These shocking statistics show why many youth in this country do not have adults in their lives that they can look to as role models regarding educational pursuits."



Rebecca Baum '02

Baum often visits one of her schools in the morning, pulling students out of non-academic classes to meet.

"The topic of the meeting varies depending on the grade, but recently I have been working with 11th- and 12th-graders on choosing colleges and careers that are interesting to them, and ninth- and 10th-graders on making the most of their time in high school, both academically and socially," she says.

"I am excited about the opportunity to help introduce the possibility of going to college to youth who didn't see college as an option."

She sees about 10 students a day. After the school day is over, she heads to her office where she records her observations on each meeting. She prepares workshops and meets with parents when necessary.

Baum was proud of her students at the county-wide college fair where she saw her efforts begin to pay off.

"I worked really hard to meet with all of my 11th-graders before the fair so I could

get them thinking about college and give them some pointers on what to do at the fair," she says. "That night, I ran into a number of my students. They all had followed the suggestions I gave them in a brochure I made—most of them had the flier with them! In a sea of students in shorts and tank tops, my students were by far the sharpest dressed and best prepared."

A BETTER MODEL

We're trying to prevent the horror stories as much as possible," says Anita Barbee '82, citing the three million calls per year in America reporting child abuse. "Child abuse is one of the hidden pieces of the world—everyone hopes someone else is going to take care of it."

But Barbee, associate research professor at the Kent School of Social Work at the University of Louisville, is taking care of the problem. She directs the National Resource Center on Child Welfare Training and Evaluation.

"We evaluate the work force that goes into homes, assesses risk, determines if abuse has been going on and decides if children need to be placed in foster care," she says. "We work with the system rather than directly with clients. We've been hammering home the importance of workers having a social work degree and extensive in-house training, as well as the need for upgrading caseworkers' skills."

The work force to deal with the number of child abuse calls is low, while the complexity of cases is high. Most families with child-abuse instances are poor. Parents often suffer from mental illness, mental retardation, substance addiction and/or domestic violence. Removing the abuse without harming the child is most important, Barbee says.

"There was a case of a mother with an IQ of 68," she says. "Her parents had sexually abused her and she was in foster-care for years. She was then in a relationship with a violent man who got her pregnant. Despite the fact that she neglected the child, the child was attached to her. Two years down the line, child-protective services came along and pulled the child out of the home. The mother's like a child herself thinking, 'What did I do wrong?' And I'm thinking, 'Why can't we have protection for both mother and child?' I had a Ph.D. and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't imagine how young workers right out of

college were coping with situations like these."

The system is not creative in dealing with foster-care situations, Barbee says. "One of our goals is to promote system reform that keeps children safe, yet minimizes disrupting attachments."

Armed with about \$2 million in grants this year, Barbee hopes her research will help put child-abuse experts on the front lines. "I want people with the best clinical skills and the best eyes to look at these families and children," she says, "because these cases are so complex and sensitive."

Barbee's research revealed that learner variables, such as conscientiousness, learning readiness, supervisory and team member support, and gains in knowledge and skill from the classroom affect caseworkers' abilities. She developed the Louisville Training Evaluation Model, which predicts training effectiveness on these variables.

"Child abuse is one of the hidden pieces of the world — everyone hopes someone else is going to take care of it."

She and her team are working to incorporate this training evaluation model in numerous states, including Oklahoma, California, Wisconsin and Georgia.

Barbee, who received her doctorate in social psychology at The University of Georgia, also researches the formation and maintenance of close relationships, social support, women's health and organizational development. She is a fellow of the American Psychological Association and has published more than 60 scholarly articles. In 2003, she was awarded the President's Outstanding Scholarship Research and Creative Activity Award in the Social Sciences from the University of Louisville, where she earned her master of science in social work.

"I know I'm part of the effort that's really changing systems and helping kids," she says. "Psychology really moved in another direction, but because I started out in a liberal arts environment, I got a really good, solid background in the literature and in research design, which served me well when I went into social work because it's more of a practical, applied field."

Kristin Kallaber, Office of Communications intern, is recipient of the College's 2002 Sara Wilson "Sally" Glendinning Journalism Award

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Bold Aspirations — Southern California Style



Patricia Collins Butler '28 (center) joins Larry Scott (left) and Lyle and Patricia Hampton '44 at festivities launching Bold Aspirations: The Campaign for Agnes Scott College in Southern California. See page 28 to read more about Butler.

Agnes Scott

FALL 2004 The Magazine



*Life in
Savoonga*

'By Example' Proves a Powerful Teacher

When registering for classes my sophomore year, I made a life-changing snap decision. Unable to get into Jane Pepperdene's English literature survey, I had chosen another professor's class. After leaving the room, I went back and waited until I could get into her class. I got in. I vividly remember the electricity of her teaching. Her enthusiasm and excitement, her intensity and dramatic delivery swept me into the fascinating world of literature. During the course of that class, I decided to become an English major, and, when I became a college professor, I knew I wanted to create the same kind of excitement.

I was inspired also by Merle Walker in philosophy, who encouraged us to think deeply about the enduring metaphysical questions, by Chloe Steel in French, who expected us to meet the challenge of a class conducted entirely in French from the first day and by George Hayes in English, who, sitting on the edge of his desk as he taught us the tantalizing intricacies of Donne's poetry, told us in that gruff voice filled with laughter, "Ha, girls! That's how a real lover feels!" I, for one, didn't have any idea how a real lover felt, but he convinced us that Donne did.

I drew my own credo from these inspirational models. The two most important characteristics go hand-in-hand: an in-depth knowledge of one's subject, and passion and enthusiasm in conveying it. There is not a day that I walk into the classroom that I am not excited about the work under consideration, sometimes entering so fully into Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Lessing's "To Room Nineteen," or Shakespeare's *King Lear* that my students have to tell me that class is over—or was over five minutes ago.

The art of teaching involves relating the subject's significance to the lives of

students. I tell my students what Dr. Pepperdene often told us: Literature tells our story as human beings—our experiences, emotions, difficulties and triumphs.

Successful teaching requires that students become involved in the learning process through a variety of techniques,



MISSISSIPPI STATE UNIVERSITY

some of which seem contradictory. I impose high standards on my students and challenge them to meet or exceed them, while at the same time being very informal. I absolutely demand correct English and logical thinking supported by evidence, both in speaking and in writing. Because I encourage discussion in class, students know I value their views, but they also learn they must support them convincingly. I try to convince them (a tough sell, especially with honors students) that it is not the end of the world to be wrong, that making and correcting mistakes is part of the learning process. Even more important is giving them self-confidence by helping them learn to think on their own.

One way in which I have both forged bonds with students and extended the learning experience beyond the classroom is by taking them on trips to Oxford, Miss., to visit sites associated with William Faulkner and to the Alabama State Theater to see plays, as well as by inviting them to my house to view a video of a work such as Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and to have dinner.

Finally, humor is an invaluable means of establishing rapport and creating a positive learning environment. I often include cartoons among the many types of visual aids I use; when I teach Dante's *Inferno*, for example, one of my favorite cartoons depicts the gate of hell inscribed with the famous last line, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here," beneath which is written in small print, "If you have already abandoned all hope, please disregard this notice." Can any student fail to smile, but then swiftly and suddenly to realize the terrible reality behind the humor?

And so I come back to my Agnes Scott professors, who demonstrated brilliantly the art of good teaching. I remember their classes with joy and gratitude for all that they taught me, not least about how to teach, in an atmosphere that was engaging, enlightening and exciting.

Nancy Duwall Hargrove

Nancy Duwall Hargrove '63 is professor of English and William L. Giles Distinguished Professor at Mississippi State University. She has received numerous teaching awards and is the author of *Landscape as Symbol in the Poetry of T.S. Eliot* (1978) and *The Journey Toward Ariel: Sylvia Plath's Poetry of 1956–1959* (1994), 38 essays in books and scholarly journals. She is the recipient of four Fulbright grants, the first of which was a student grant to France her senior year at Agnes Scott, and is a finalist for a Fulbright Distinguished Chair Award in Humanities and Cultural Studies at the University of Vienna in Austria.

Agnes Scott

The Magazine

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OUR MISSION

Agnes Scott College educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of their times.

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Helping students reach their potential and "raise the scores" of their school creates one kind of challenge. Doing this in Alaska presents an even greater challenge.

BY JESSIE YARBROUGH '05

A Winner

Dear Editor:

Spring *Agnes Scott The Magazine* arrived at the Givens Estates yesterday. I read it "cover to cover" right through the Braves ballgame. I didn't know the Braves lost, but I was reminded that Agnes Scott is indeed a winner. The magazine emphasized that dramatically. Thanks!

—Mamie Lee Ratliff Finger '39

Editor's Note: The following was sent to Stephanie Balmer, associate vice president for enrollment and dean of admission, from Anita Garland, dean of admission, at Hampden-Sydney College.

Hey, Stephanie!!

Just want to let you know that of all the magazines I receive from various colleges, the only one I read is from Agnes Scott. Please compliment those who put it all together. They do a good job.

—Anita

A Proud Connection

Dear Editor:

I attended ASC as a Return-to-College [now Woodruff Scholar] student but was unable to complete my degree there because of financial reasons. Even so, I will always consider myself a Scottie at heart.

Reading your magazine is a bittersweet experience because it reminds me that I can not fully claim the ASC legacy for myself. I console myself with the thought that since I grew up in DeKalb County (and went to high school around the corner), ASC is also my "hometown" college.

The April magazine, in particular, is exceptional. It makes me proud to have any claim at all to an "ASC connection," however tenuous that claim may be. Speaking of RTCs, I'd love to see an update on that program, and perhaps some features about non-traditional graduates. I often wonder if Tina Backus '98 fulfilled her dream of teaching, and I know Saliem Ruffin '98 is near achieving her goal of becoming a doctor and Vicki Sturdivant '97 had all kinds of adventures post-ASC! I think you will find that there are some wonderful examples of Agnes Scott changing women's lives, even when those women were well into their 30s (or beyond) when they arrived at ASC. I

know my two years left an indelible mark on me!

I now co-own a casual restaurant in a small town just south of Newnan, Ga. Even though I am not a graduate, please let the alumnae office know that if there are enough folks down this way to warrant a small gathering of alumnae, prospects or donors, I would be happy to play hostess. (And I'd love it if you could convince Cathy Scott and Gus Cochran to make an appearance!)

—Kim Phillips Sasso '98x

Adoption

Dear Editor:

Greetings from the "Hinterlands!" I am writing in response to Olivia Hicks' '68 comments about raising an Asian child in a small town. Enclosed is a picture of our daughter, Mary Claire, adopted from Vietnam in 1975. She was one of the "Babylift" children, if you are old enough to remember when hundreds of Vietnamese children were airlifted out of Saigon as the city fell to the North Vietnamese. The other picture is our lovely grown daughter. She has a master's degree and specialist degree in counseling and works at the NASCAR Technical Institute near Charlotte, N.C.

Mary Claire was raised in Calhoun, Ga., a town of 7,000 in north Georgia, with her two older brothers, Tom and Andrew. The entire town embraced her from the first moment and everyone loved and accepted her. I'm sure that this close-knit environment was a real plus for Mary Claire, not a negative.

Olivia and Carol will probably find, as we did, that little girls want to "fit in" and be like all the other girls. I sought Asian families and children for her, but she was never very enthusiastic. She saw herself as she was, "All-American" and not different. I believe

Olivia and Carol's daughter will have every chance for acceptance and a happy, balanced childhood, wherever they live.

Mary Claire has been a continuing joy for our family for these last 29 years. My best wishes to Olivia, Carol and their daughter in this great adventure.

—Kay Gerald Pope '64

Dear Editor:

I just read with great pleasure the article in the spring issue, "Who Grew in Your Heart?" It describes beautifully the great diversity of people touched by the adoption experience.

As the parent of twin boys adopted at 13 years of age, Puerto Rican by heritage, and now 25 and struggling to find their adult feet, I could relate to much of what was discussed. My husband is also an adoptee, adopted as an infant through a New York City agency. As a social worker, I have worked with adopted individuals in support groups and have been bombarded with their conviction that the larger world has no idea what it is like to be adopted. Hence, this letter.

The part of adoption that your article glossed over, in my opinion, is the great difference for the adoptee between being part of a family through birth or through adoption. There is another family out there, no matter how great the



adoptive family is, and that family is in most cases unknown to the adoptee. As the biological child of my parents, it is hard for me to enter the mindset of not knowing my origins. It is in most cases a great gaping hole, and adoptees often feel a strong kinship to "aliens." In spite of any explanation given, the adoptee on some level feels defective, because otherwise the biological parents would have kept him/her. As an adoptive parent, I found it hard to acknowledge this facet of adoption; my husband and I were ecstatic to have a complete family and wanted our children to feel the same joy, without the accompanying pain and loss.

We began our family at the ages of 53 and 54, after 25 years of marriage, and it has been wonderful. I can't imagine life without our sons, but I know that for them it is bittersweet.

Keep up the great work—I understand the challenge of trying to put everything that is great about ASC into 60 or so pages per year! I did find the Woodruff section online. Maybe if you can't do a magazine feature you could just ask the admission and IT people if that could be a little easier to find on the Web site?

—Anne Morrison Carter '60

Humbly Saddened

Dear Editor:

This letter is in response to Dr. Helen E. Watt's letter, "Humbly Saddened." I came to Agnes Scott College in 1989, the same year that the first African-American faculty started teaching at the college, and I am the first Latino professor tenured and promoted to full professor. In my 15 years at the college, I have been a witness to and proud participant in changes within the college's social, ethnic and religious fabric. Like American society at large, the college was adjusting to equal treatment for all individuals, regardless of skin color, religious beliefs, sexual orientation or physical abilities. These changes have been inspired by an ethical and civic responsibility to provide for the well-being of all individuals. My disagreement with your letter arises from your statements about your religious beliefs. You may live your life according to your chosen religious creed, and so may we all. Do you feel that all Agnes Scott students, faculty and staff, regardless of their own religious or ethical beliefs, should accept your interpretations of what is pleasing to God? Agnes Scott

College is my place of work, and your opinion that "homosexuality is not pleasing to God" is, indeed, homophobic and rather insulting to me and to all students, faculty and staff who are gay and lesbian.

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge publicly President Bullock's support on behalf of the ASC gay and lesbian community. As 2000–2003 co-chair of the diversity committee, I had opportunities to meet frequently with her in conversations that are still vivid in my mind for their humane and personal comments about her concerns in this matter. It is my hope that her commitment and leadership will continue.

—Rafael Ocasio
Spanish program

Dear Editor:

We, two young alumnae and M.A.T. students at Agnes Scott, are writing in response to recent criticisms and accusations of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* and the college itself as advancing a "pro-atmosphere for homosexuality."

We wholeheartedly support *Agnes Scott The Magazine* in its endeavor to change with our times, as it remains dedicated (just as it should) to acknowledging and promoting an awareness of our increasingly dynamic society. To us, it seems as if the purpose of the magazine should be to reach the largest audience of Agnes Scott alumnae it can, which is certainly no easy feat considering we have tens of thousands of alumnae and, thus, just as many differing viewpoints!

While there are those who say that there is too much promotion of a "homosexual agenda" (whatever that phrase really means), we are living testaments to the fact that there are those of us alumnae who believe there is simply not enough representation of such current issues in our campus publications. When we read *Agnes Scott The Magazine* and *Main Events*, which we read cover-to-cover because we care deeply about the life of our alma mater, we see very little evidence that the college is swaying from its current mission, which is to "educate women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of our time."

We were privileged to receive an outstanding education from Agnes Scott College. After participating fully in the life of the college in many extracurricular and curricular ways for four years, we both

graduated as women who were respected highly by our peers, professors and campus employers. One of us graduated with high Latin honors and numerous department awards. We were and are high achievers who are now out in the world working to use the experience and knowledge with which Agnes Scott instilled us to better our society.

We are also two women who are strong allies for the queer community, both at Agnes Scott and in the world at large. During our time at Agnes Scott, we learned to be not only tolerant but appreciative and accepting of different cultures, ethnicities, religious orientations and socioeconomic statuses. Sexual orientation, while accepted by some, was by no means accepted by all. Queer students and allies at Agnes Scott still do not have many of the same accommodations afforded to their heterosexual peers.

Also, we ourselves come from strong Christian backgrounds, and yet we find it problematic that some Christian alumnae feel it their duty to speak on behalf of all Christians. There are numerous different denominations of Christianity, many of which have embraced a loving attitude toward the queer community, as they should if they are truly Christ-like. We also realize that the Bible is a fallible document, written by fallible human men who, as we now know, had their own political agendas when they decided what did and did not go into the Bible.

We are happy that the college fosters an environment, as President Bullock said, which "encourages spiritual inquiry" beyond this historical document. Faith and the study of it in its various forms is alive and well at Agnes Scott, as easily evidenced by the popularity of religious studies classes and our Faith and Learning Guest Lecture each spring.

So in response to those alumnae who are not happy with the direction the college is taking and feel the mature thing to do is to take away their money from furthering the life of a wonderful institution which gave so much to them and to us, we say, "Very well." We will be the ones (and there are many of us) who support the college and its quality publications as it continues to promote acceptance and awareness of the lives of all of its graduates and constituents.

—Kristin M. Kallaber '04, M.A.T. '06

—Jana L. Lott '02, M.A.T. '06

Karen Hughes' Visit

Dear Editor:

After reading an excellent article in *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* by our Dr. Catherine Scott, professor of political science and foreign policy, I contacted her about attending one of her classes. I discovered she has a good rapport with the students and elicits thinking and response from them as they study different types of governments. A particularly thought-provoking comparison was made between countries that have separation of church and state and those in which church and state seem to be the same. Iraq and other

were planning to demonstrate with an organization that had permits for two locations on campus. I invited them to a population and environment workshop, and they invited me to bring a sign and march with them. This visit was nine days after the gathering of one million women in Washington. Ms. Hughes had equated the women with terrorists.

So, Tuesday, there I was, coming out of the parking deck with my sign, praying that Karen would see it at one of those two locations, and there she stood, all alone—just Karen and me. She commented on my sign, and we agreed that I had a right to

dormitory. Of course, the men could live anywhere they wanted and with whomever they wanted.

I concluded my letter to Karen with these words: the women in this family have worked too hard to improve the lives of women to have you equate us with terrorists, and we don't see anything compassionate about these anti-women policies.

I appreciate having the opportunity to go to a place as special as Agnes Scott and consider it a major factor in my life as my mother did in her life when she got on a train in Alabama to go to Peabody College in Nashville—with no money. Going to a school or college for women is one of three main factors influencing women in their life path. That was one of the conclusions I drew from my research at Oxford.

—Jacqueline Plant Fincher '56



Agnes Scott students demonstrate against Karen Hughes' visit to campus.

Muslim countries came to our minds, and I saw the difficulty of our country trying to export democracy to those countries.

Several students were from India and one from Bulgaria. What an opportune time to be studying political systems with an expert and to have young people from different countries examining the differences. It reminded me of Oxford University.

The students commented on the upcoming visit to the campus by Karen Hughes, special communications assistant to President Bush. A few of the students

express my opinion as she had a right to speak and express hers. I told her I had a letter for her and would try to get it to her before she left campus. This letter spoke of the patriotism of my family: my mother's older brothers fought in France in WWI, and the young brothers fought in the South Pacific in WWII. Women didn't get the vote until 1920 when she was 15. After putting herself through two years at Auburn (basketball 1924–26) and two years at Peabody, she was not allowed to teach later in our hometown because you had to be single and live in the teacher's

Dear Editor:

As I was reading the May 5 *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, I was saddened to read about Karen Hughes' reception at Agnes Scott. The headline was very generous to call the protest cordial!

Were there no young women there to represent the pro-life viewpoint? If so, they weren't mentioned.

This woman successfully served her country and President Bush as his presidential adviser, and then made the decision to resign that job to prioritize her family. She wrote the book *Ten Minutes from Normal* describing her life. I would think her struggles would be so relevant to young women at ASC who will confront similar decisions about the priorities of career and family, although they may not reach her same conclusions. I hope the ASC campus has not become so liberal that they cannot welcome women who have chosen to put family first.

—Kathryn Maynard Swick '74

Fighting Injustice

Dear Editor:

Having encouraged alumnae to share views and opinions concerning the magazine, I want to commend you for its excellence, both in quality and overall content. The spring issue is impressive, and I read it from cover to cover. Congratulations!

Now I would like to suggest the possibility of doing an article about the legacy of Dr. Arthur F. Raper, who was a charismatic sociology professor at Agnes Scott during the mid-1930s. His rather brief

tenure at the college appears to have been uncelebrated after he affiliated with liberal movements, which were focused on change and then so unpopular in the Deep South. He'd worked fervently with Martin Luther King, NAACP and others in the Atlanta area who embraced social changes. (One of my classmates, Eliza King Paschall, was among them.)

Although prejudice was not consciously taught at home, "White Supremacy" was the norm for most students' families. Until we met Dr. Raper in our classroom, we'd never confronted issues of legal or racial discrimination, yet he opened our young minds and hearts in a challenging way. He taught us to fight these injustices in our cities, states



Arthur F. Raper

and nation as much as possible. He brought prominent black people like James Weldon Johnson to our classroom to read from his book *God's Trombones*. He awakened awareness of devastating damage being done to the ecology by scheduling a field trip to Copper Hill, Tenn., where strip mining had made it impossible to grow grass or trees where copper mines once existed. On Sunday evenings in the Raper's Decatur backyard, groups gathered for cookouts, where we were free to discuss many disputed issues, which our parents never talked to us about at home.

Former students will confirm that only he demonstrated such courage when matters were so controversial. In tribute to an amazing man, who broke down barriers before his time, our 1938 *Silhouette* was dedicated to him. Many whose lives were dramatically influenced would be glad to see Dr. Arthur Raper's legacy belatedly acknowledged.

—Elsie West Duval '38

Editor's note: Look for an article on Raper in an upcoming issue.

Moms and Work

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the wonderful article concerning stay-at-home moms in the spring, 2004 issue of *Agnes Scott The Magazine*. I

have heard all of the usual quips concerning my decision to stay at home, from "why are you wasting your education?" to "do you sit around and watch soaps and eat bon bons all day like Peg Bundy?" (For the record, I do not consider raising a child to be a waste of a fine education, I only watch *one* soap opera, and I would not be caught dead in a pair of leopard print capri pants!) It was lovely to see that Agnes Scott accepts those of us who decided to become "domestic goddesses," as well as those of us who decided to become doctors, lawyers or executives. I can't think of a better female role model for my daughter than her strong, educated mother!

The only complaint about an otherwise fine article that I have is this: where were the *young* stay-at-home Scotties? The most recent graduate mentioned in your article is a member of the class of 1993. I know that I can't be the only recent graduate of ASC to decide to stay at home with my kids!

—Jennifer Heckman Stewart '00

Editor's Note: Although we look for names in a number of ways, one of our challenges is in finding appropriate people to interview for articles. We welcome your suggestions of people at any time.

Dear Editor:

I was not surprised by your spring article, "From Boardrooms to Minivans." Your article brings into focus the reality of the conflicting demands of a career and family for many women.

However, your article neglects to address that this "reality" is fundamentally a societal and cultural force that discriminates against women's opportunity for advancement in the workforce. Both company policies and norms rooted in American business culture create enormous obstacles for women that simply do not exist for men. Discrimination against women in the workforce today is as overt as multi-million dollar class action law suits against Wal-Mart and Morgan Stanley and as subtle as the inability to balance the desire to raise children and to also one day make partner at a law firm.

Women should not be forced to choose. The fact that we often do highlights the need for a greater number of women leaders in businesses and government creating social and cultural change at the corporate level and building businesses that value work/family balance. Women

are 47 percent of the workforce; however we make up 14 percent of Congress, and of Fortune 500 companies, women CEOs number approximately six. Given the scarcity of women leaders at the top, it's not surprising that various issues of work/family balance, which hinder women's promotion and advancement, are not being tackled by business and government leaders.

I whole-heartedly respect the decisions the women in your article made, but it is not enough to accept the culture and societal structure that has forced those decisions. We must also work toward changing that system. A number of businesses now offer flexible work/life solutions for families. *Working Mother* magazine names not only the 100 Best Companies for Women, but also the Best Companies for Women of Color. The models of success are out there and it's up to us to continue this transformation in corporate culture and in society.

I really enjoy reading the alumnae magazine. Thanks for all your hard work.

—Jessica Owens Sanfilippo '98

Boy Scouts

Dear Editor:

I must correct an item in Susanna Lewis' description of Black Cat. It is not true that every sophomore class has correctly guessed the mascot of the freshman class. In 1979, our class succeeded in keeping the secret. The sophomores guessed "Scouts" but we were, and are, "Boy Scouts." Our uniform included khaki pants, white shirts, caps, green kerchiefs and badges with pictures of "The Boy I Scout" (mine was my baby brother; my roommate had a psychologist). Even 21 years since graduation, most of us can recall our song:

Are you a Boy Scout?

I said a Boy Scout.

Are you proud to wear that Green and White?

If you're a Boy Scout,

I said a Boy Scout,

Then show your spirit tonight.

If you're a member of the troop

With digits 8 and 3,

Then come along and take a hike

And camp with me.

Are you a Boy Scout?

I said a Boy Scout,

We're the Class of '83!

Is there any other class that won Black Cat all four years?

—Sallie Rowe Roberts '83



Through renovating a neglected house, Catherine Fleming Bruce '84 honors a historical role model and challenges new generations to develop lives of understanding, activism and social change.

by Nancy Moreland

Visionary persistence propelled Catherine Fleming Bruce '84 to transform a rundown house into a center for social change and democracy.

Despite limited time and money, ideals formulated at Agnes Scott kept her going. To Bruce, 2025 Marion Street St., Columbia, S.C., was more than a late 19th-century vernacular house: It was a symbol of justice, equality and Civil Rights history. The house had been home to Modjeska Monteith Simkins, the state's matriarch of the Civil Rights Movement.

After graduating from ASC, Bruce worked in Decatur, then returned home to Sumpter, S.C. To her surprise, she found herself back on a college campus shortly thereafter. "It was a terrific way to follow up Agnes Scott. Agnes Scott is a small, intimate school, and graduate school was a similar experience, even though the University of South Carolina is a large school," says Bruce.

She worked in the communication and cultural fields after completing her masters. While producing a documentary, she met Charles Webb, a member of the arts community. Through Webb, Bruce discovered Simkins, and though there was a dearth of documentation on Colleton's African-American history, Bruce read everything she could about the local legend. A dissertation titled "Black Woman Activist in the 19th Century South Carolina:

Modjeska Monteith Simkins" was a "real eye opener in terms of Modjeska's contribution."

Also, about the same time, Bruce began a documentary, "Perfect Equality," to explore the history of blacks and race relations from 1786 to about 1987. Her documentary won a Certificate of Commendation from the American Association for State and Local History. It also led to a friendship with Simkins.

Even though Simkins was elderly, her fire had not dimmed. She was interested in young people and in sharing her experiences with them.

"Once you started discussing history, she was very direct in her assessment of what needed to be done," says Bruce. When she asked Simkins about her opinion of the Confederate flag, the legend replied, "Oh, let them wave their old rag. That way you know what's in peoples' hearts."

Bruce began contemplating preserving the Simkins house and told her, "Your house would make a great place for you and your work to be remembered." The elderly Simkins brushed off Bruce's suggestion, saying, "That's for people who come after me to worry about." Simkins lived in her home until she was hospitalized and died in 1992.

As always, Bruce was never idle. In addition to making the documentary and pursuing her doctorate in mass communications,

MODJESKA MONTEITH SIMKINS

Modjeska Monteith Simkins (1899–1992) was a civil rights advocate in a time when that role could have life-threatening consequences. Born in Columbia, S.C., she was active in public health and social reform. In 1931, she became South Carolina's only full-time African-American public health worker.

Her residence was a meeting and lodging place for many key players in the Civil Rights Movement, including Thurgood Marshall, former U.S. Supreme Court justice. Her most significant work took place in 1950, with the federal court case *Briggs vs. Elliott*. Working with other NAACP members, Simkins co-wrote—with much of the work done at her dining room table—the declaration for the school lawsuit requesting equalization of Clarendon County schools. The case eventually became one of several challenging the separate-but-equal doctrine in the U.S. Supreme Court case of *Brown vs. Board of Education*.

Simkins is remembered as a woman who challenged the white political leadership for fair treatment of all people and as one who also challenged blacks to demand their rightful place in South Carolina and America.

she was active within Columbia's historic preservation community and the South Carolina Humanities Council. While serving on a panel to identify South Carolina's top 10 endangered sites, she found an application for the Simkins house. Although the African-American Heritage Council had placed the house on the Historic Register, no restorations had occurred and the house was slipping into disrepair.

In 1995, Bruce founded the Collaborative for Community Trust, the group that would be instrumental in saving the Simkins home. "We wanted to develop creative ideas for social change by involving many disciplines," Bruce explains. "We were looking at strategies for incorporating culture, history and other areas into our ideas."

"Whenever grant money didn't come through, we had to keep moving forward and letting people know this house had a significant story to tell."

The roots for this endeavor had been nurtured at ASC. "I did a number of things that helped me grow," she recalls. One such action was revitalizing an international group called CHIMO. College counselors had disbanded the group, and Bruce wrote them a letter about why they shouldn't. As a result, CHIMO was revived, and Bruce learned from interacting with its multicultural members.

The collaborative works with partners from many arenas, including academia, activists, historic preservation, nonprofits and community-based organizations. Their efforts are blossoming, says Bruce. "People are starting to get a sense of who we are."

The collaborative decided the Simkins house was the perfect venue for a human-rights center, museum and collaborative headquarters. Bruce and board members worked for two years to resolve legal matters with the estate. Once ownership was trans-

ferred to the collaborative, the real work began. When Bruce had first visited, the house was in fair condition. It was different when she returned.

"Homeless people were living in the house. The furniture and light fixtures were gone. The property has two buildings and the rear building was significantly burned."

The house was built about 1880 in a downtown area that had been integrated by free blacks. Two families lived in it prior to Simkins and her husband, Andrew, who moved there in 1920.

For Bruce, the most challenging aspect of renovation isn't dust, dirt or decay. It's dollars. Initially, the collaborative received donations from numerous public and private sources. "Whenever grant money didn't come through, we had to keep moving forward and letting people know this house had a significant story to tell," she comments.

Fund raising, like housework, is never done. "We're still trying to achieve financial stability. We want the people who support us to recognize the value of Modjeska's contributions and having a center dedicated to exploring justice and democracy," Bruce says.

Fortunately, she'd had some fund-raising experience at Agnes Scott. "I applied for and was awarded money for events that were part of the Multicultural Awareness Symposium. I learned about grant writing and pulling together an event by working with faculty," says Bruce.

Opening day was the most rewarding moment of the effort to preserve a piece of Civil Rights history. The house was renovated, but empty. No furniture was in place and the walls were blank. People came anyway, to see what the collaborative had done. "She took a house that was significant but had been forgotten and worked extremely hard to get it off the ground," says Krista Hampton, head of historic preservation for Columbia.

Later, when the house was filled with furnishings donated by Simkins' relatives, visitors could visualize what life was like for a determined black activist whose ideas were ahead of her time. Simkins was a well-read woman who placed importance on ideas, which Bruce believes illustrates the necessity of education for an activist. Even after her furnishings disappeared, Simkins' books remained and are proudly displayed.

Bruce and the collaborative are developing a media center and library and hosting meetings and school field trips. The collaborative participates in conferences with the World Summit of Information Society and received a Nongovernmental Observer Status from the United Nations.

Columbia's mayor, Robert D. Coble, a longtime supporter of Bruce's work, notes, "She has done an outstanding job of restoring Mrs. Simkins' home. She has honored a great citizen."

According to Bruce, the Simkins house is not just about one person. "We're hoping Modjeska's life will serve as a model for social change. People must stay engaged in democracy. We're hoping to provide a space for people to do that. After I'm gone, if that's still happening, then this has been a successful process."

Nancy Moreland is a freelance writer and editor.

TO LEARN MORE

For more information on the Collaborative for Community Trust, visit www.collab4community.org.

During her years as a student and professor, Linda Lentz Hubert '62 has lived with numerous professorial ghosts. In her 2004 Founder's Day tribute, she reveals the enduring characteristics of some of her favorites.

The "Affable Familiar" **Ghosts** *of Agnes Scott*

Perhaps any women's college that has an October ritual called Black Cat can be predicted to have ghosts. Come fall and Halloween, the stories about the Dana specter and the Tower Ghost swirl like autumn leaves, speaking mortality with spirited force.

Our primary founder's mother never set foot on the campus that bears her name—her ghost may hover in her native Ireland or in Alexandria, Pa., where she is buried—in understandable preference to hanging out here—though her presence is happily felt through members of the Scott family who remain part of today's college community.

My notion is to conjure the persistent essences of former Agnes Scott College *faculty*—in particular a few of the individuals who have *inspired* me. It is their *usually* affable ghosts that reinforce the spectral spine of this place.

The speaker of Shakespeare's sonnet 86, from which I have wrenched my title, protests that a rival poet of "great verse" has stolen his poetic subject, a young man whose admiration and affections they both seek, leaving his own verse empty and "enfeebled." Indulging in hyperbole, he poses a rhetorical question: "Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write/ Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?"



The answer is "No." It is none of the more-than-mortal sources of poetic power visited upon this competitor that have left him, the poem's speaker, artistically bereft. He insists that the power of his rival's lines to drain him of "matter"—substance as well as purpose—derives entirely from the subject that inhabits them: the transforming power of the young man himself.

The rival referenced here is probably Shakespeare's erstwhile contemporary, George Chapman. Shakespeare's speaker acknowledges but yet disdains a variety of specters that he deems inspiritors of Chapman's verse, but he mentions in particular "that affable familiar ghost/ Which nightly gulls [Chapman] with intelligence." Homer, so the story goes, appeared to Chapman as an apparition, directing him to make the English translation of his work. (Chapman obliged with the seminal translation that Keats honored in his famous sonnet two centuries later.) Logic would suggest that the applicable Renaissance meaning of *gulls* in this context is "crams or stuffs" (OED), and *intelligence* refers not merely to news but to that capacity of mind that permits reasoned thought or sound judgments—indeed even the high-mindedness that may have been responsible for some of the moral probity with which Chapman and his poetry is often identified.

Disembodied entities that are capable of rational thought are known then as now as "intelligent spirits."

These ghosts are sensed reliably among us. For me Wallace Alston, who knew me as a student and hired me even so, looms over the campus like the Colossus of Rhodes. Carrie Scandrett, dean of students, was special to me because she treated me as if I were special. In "honoring my independence," as she put it, she proved sympathetic to the distance I had come to be part of a Southern world that I found stranger than any of the many places I had lived.

Ellen Douglass Leyburn had been a student at Agnes Scott, graduating in 1927 with her smart and talented classmate Roberta Winter, whose portrait graces the theatre named for her in Dana. Miss Winter and Miss Leyburn were among the faculty I most respected.

Those of us in Miss Leyburn's freshman English section knew that she had gone to Yale after Agnes Scott, knew that she had a prodigious vocabulary and knew that she had extraordinary expectations of us. We snooped in old annuals for pictures of her when she was a student, because we could hardly imagine that she had ever looked different from the awesome, mild-mannered, middle-aged scholar before whom most of us who were less certain in the class trembled every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 o'clock—in spite of the warmth we could read in her crinkly blue eyes. We subdued our shuttling loaters and stifled our breath as we focused intense energies on *not being called on*. And we prayed

that if we *should* be so unlucky as to hear our own name emerging from the self-conscious stupor of avoidance, we would at least understand the question being asked! Never mind the answer. Miss Leyburn would be trusting to pluck from the air a particular response—something that followed the carefully crafted script of her pre-programmed "discussion."

Few of us, bright as we were supposed to be in English, could supply just the right words (my classmate, now Dr. Kay Gilliland Stevenson of Essex University, was a notable exception); but Miss Leyburn was unaccountably kind, and she would strain to work with our inept responses. Several times I remember the surprise of her saying flatly "No" to some intelligence offered by a student. Distortion no doubt accounts for my memory of finding these infrequent but exasperated and defeated retorts rather comic.

Our teacher had a distinguished brother. James Leyburn came to the campus for one of our mandatory Wednesday convocations. His not-very-scintillating sounding topic was "Magnanimity"—I have loved the word ever since and continue to search and commend to my heart those few who seem to me to possess that grand virtue.

Her brother stretched our minds and our vocabulary that one time;

Miss Leyburn did it time and time again. She amazed us with the precision of her words. She had a slight stammer sometimes—and launching a sentence, she could keep us in suspense as she stuttered towards a concluding word that we could hardly believe was so exact. Some of the time, of course, it was the word itself we just couldn't comprehend: her words could be breathtakingly exotic, entirely unfamiliar. We didn't ask for definitions in class—such practice might well have consumed the entire hour. We pursued our dictionary research as soon as possible, but later.

Leyburn vocabulary stories abounded in my student days—or at least I remember fondly the fun it was to hear her startle with her diction. One day, she sat with her usual reserved dignity among a few of us at lunch (an unusual occurrence given the existence, then, of the "Faculty Dining Room"). Her knife inopportunely slipped, and the sudden motion sent peas and carrots sprawling across the table. She looked at us with utterly controlled consternation, if that is possible—and she uttered: "Goodness, I seem to have dispersed the vegetables."

Some years later when students took to spoofing my vocabulary in Black Cat skits, I felt a certain amount of pride in the fragile connection that seemed sometimes to exist between my teacher and her student—poor knock-off that I might be. My favorite classroom moment is linked to that legacy. One day a film crew, making one of Agnes Scott's first admission videos was in my 214 literature class—and we were attempting to conduct a discussion of Eudora Welty's story, "The Traveling Salesman," that felt very artificial, very staged—me with a mike snaking up under



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"Goodness, I seem to have dispersed the vegetables."

my blouse and a boom swinging around Buttrick 221 to pick up the sallies of the students. Comment by comment, word by word, the class worked into the discussion every word that they had identified all term with the humorous excesses of my vocabulary. They threw their Hubert buzz words back at me with a density that was brilliant. It took me a few of their comments and questions to catch on to the parody—but of course I couldn't let on for the film crew, and we played out the taping with straightforward faces.

One other small bit of Leyburn legacy that I have preserved—a couple of phrases that constantly turned up when she graded our themes: “marred by careless errors” and “your spelling is shocking.” These were not the days of writing as process, and my essays tended to be first drafts typed once and furiously in late night fits of obligation. Earning more times than I care to remember a B+ instead of at least an A-, seemingly because of typos and a couple of spelling mistakes—often the same word misspelled twice—I was well acquainted with both phrases.

The last course I had with her—a seminar in literary criticism for senior English majors—I wrote a paper on Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, one of the many 20th-century texts taught by this scholar whose speciality was 18th-century literature and who wrote books on both James and Shaw, two 19th-century figures. Determined in my last hurrah to avoid the shocking spelling phrase, I actually proofread my essay before the last minute; indeed I read it over and over and over. I looked up every word—even little ones that I knew I knew. I don't remember the grade. I do remember that “my spelling was shocking”: I had managed to misspell almost every proper name in Woolf's novel.

I still must guard against careless errors in my own work, prepared even now under pressure and with haste. It's lovely retribution, nonetheless, when in spite of the elaborate rubrics and lengthy comments mandated by today's assessment strategies, I find apt occasion to write one or both of those fond phrases on the essays of my own students.

My second “affable” ghost was not always so affable in life. Professor Elizabeth Zenn of the classics department, known as Betts, could be marvelously cranky, hyperbolically critical as she waged her constant war on contemporary compromises with the severe academic standards by which she lived. An accomplished pianist of the non-performing kind, she was an informed and demanding, even harsh critic of musicians, particularly pianists; she tolerated neither less-than-exemplary musical performances nor even slightly deficient instruments.

Sketched in my mind's eye, she holds forth in animated discussion in the “faculty and staff” dining room defining the characteristics of the ideal Steinway or deriding the latest “corruption of the curriculum.” Her lean and lanky ghost stalks across the quadrangle of the past—the less-than-ever greensward that was bisected by the “Hub.” Some among you will remember the original college library building that by then was the campus center, a smoky den of bridge players and iconoclasts. I imagine sometimes that Professor Zenn's troubled spirit may still be intent on overtaking the handsome professor of music whom she, so critical of everything else, admired most uncritically.

Perhaps I write of Betts in partial atonement for finding humorous rather than hurtful the relentless Black Cat or Junior Jaunt skits that betrayed her passionate attachment to this colleague in

the music department, an elegant and handsome gentleman-about-town, who retained his vulnerability as an extremely eligible bachelor until after he removed from Agnes Scott and subsequently married. Those skits were legion—and persistent. The Miss Zenn impersonator, lurking behind an enormous, fake boxwood, would spring out in front of the handsome gentleman. Her intense face, all angles, would lean into his as she held him hostage with her chatter until they reached their destination.

But Betts was never that crass in truth—though I think her affections ran deep. Indeed I suspect she cared as much for the musical passions they shared as she did for the man himself. Regardless, she bore up well as he eluded her attentions—and she seemed glad to relax when he was no longer about the campus to trouble her—or to elicit the torments of thoughtless, insensitive students.

Without doubt Betts was an inspiring teacher—those keen, penetrating black eyes full of the flourish of classical life realized fully in the present. But her zeal reached further than the classroom: Professor Zenn labored in the vineyard of student development even during the summers, back when faculty summers still were sacred personal time. She arranged for student trips in tandem with her own regular study visits to Italy.



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Betts made the food poisoning debacle funny—after all, none of them had died.

My favorite story from that time was one she no doubt embellished in the telling—and at her own expense. Her youthful compatriots at an excavation site near Rome, earnestly intent on their work, left their box lunches exposed under the hot sun. Upon eating them later, they dragged back to work—and then one by one fell out with what turned out to be terrible stomach cramps. The sandwiches were chicken and egg salad, or something of the sort—and susceptible, because of mayonnaise, to corruption from lack of refrigeration. Betts made the food poisoning debacle funny—after all, none of them had died—and she took the rap

herself for not always being as attentive as her role required to the practical consequences of escorting students abroad. No one complained, to my knowledge, however; and like them, if given the chance, I'd have gone off at a moment's notice to experience the Rome that she knew. In her name, as you know, an Agnes Scott student is funded each year for such study abroad—an entirely appropriate memorial.

When Elizabeth Zenn died of cancer, she was away from the campus. But her campus friends and mourners filled Gaines Chapel; President Alston presided over her service. I was struck by his words when he said a complex and troubled spirit was now at peace. I wonder. I still feel the agitation of her energies, of her fierce contempt for anything but the highest of academic ambitions.

Jay Fuller, pianist for the college and piano teacher par excellent, is the third lovely, friendly, affable spirit. His memory has generated no academic chairs, and nothing substantial in that line may ever happen. In spite of his study at two distinguished institutions—Johns Hopkins and the Peabody Conservatory—Mr. Fuller had never sought a Ph.D., and so was unable to move in the academic ranks past assistant professor. Except for his music, he was ever a quiet presence on campus—indeed he's a quiet and soothing ghost—but he brings to my spectral landscape qualities that I think of as very Agnes Scott.

Jay's gifts were rich and real—and his goodness unqualified. He was a lovely piano teacher—I know that firsthand because I was at one point one of his less than stellar pupils. I tried to resume the study of piano some years after I returned to teach at the college. Rarely having time to practice, I would inevitably enter Jay's studio unprepared and compel him to discuss music theory, musical preferences, indeed anything that might divert his attention from the pieces I was intended to play. He was patient—though not to a fault. I remember his gently chiding voice well—"You'll get it, Linda, but you'll have to give it some time."

I know he was grateful when his going on leave meant losing me—as well as my reluctant daughter—as pupils.

But we worked together long years on college events and developed with now retired music professor Ron Byrnside the Kirk Concert Series, which bestowed upon all three of us considerable pride and joy. Jay supervised the setting up of the stage and the music shell; he monitored lighting and tended to any instruments that the college needed to provide. In fact, he performed all care and feeding functions for most of the various musical performances on campus. His attentions to these tasks went past responsibility to nervous love.

Gaines would be filled for his own annual recitals, and Jay would stride out on a stage, his tall figure dashing in a tuxedo, and take stock of the scene. Those of us who knew him well were aware of the monstrous long hours he spent practicing—and yet we held our breath hoping that he would get launched on his program and see it through without the memory lapse or two that proved all but inevitable as he grew older. Before the final concert of his career, Jay had become an engaged member of an evangelical church. His pastor and friends held an unusual prayer session in the hall outside Gaines. The preconcert prayer service did not entirely reassure me—and in that I know I was not alone. Nonetheless, the last concert was performed with passion and without flaw—by a totally concentrated and composed Jay Fuller. When he ended his series of encores with his traditional "Kitten

on the Keys," we were all transcendent in his glory.

Jay died not many months after he retired, a victim of the relentless smoking that consumed him. I was surprised and impressed when I paid him a hospital visit during those last days and there was nothing of music in sight. I offered to remedy that lack—but he said "no," he no longer needed to listen to music. I trust he meant that he had enough within his own head; I know



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**Except for his music,
he was ever a quiet presence on campus.**

that he left my head full of his music. Seldom do I walk past his old studio in Presser Hall without seeing him there—and hearing him play. He's one of that loyal legion of faculty that has enriched this place with both his talents and his character—and I'm afraid that we tended to take him for granted.

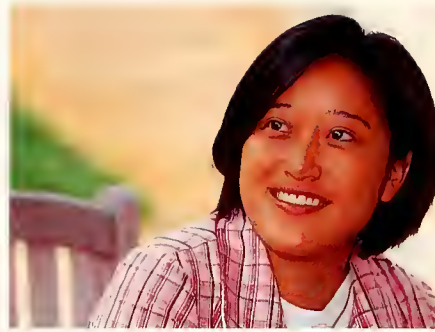
All Agnes Scott ghosts, like these three, must have good matter to work with, to inspire and to transform. My hope is that each Agnes Scott student will ultimately feel the spectral force of all the great spirits that inhabit this special place and be challenged with and by their intelligence—if not to write "great verse," then to realize and contribute her own great gifts. I hope, too, that each alumna will occasionally allow her own personal faculty ghosts to inspire her waking as well as her sleeping hours—and that she will shower those oh, so, tangible evidences of gratitude down upon her alma mater so that our past and future spirits may thrive.

"I offer these remarks in honor of Ayse Carden '66. Our Agnes Scott community suffered an enormous loss with Ayse's death—but hers is one of those special spirits who will linger long in our midst."

Linda Lentz Hubert '62, professor emerita of English, retired this spring after 35 years of teaching at the college.



CAROLINE JOE



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Tina Lee '05, English and political science

Eunice Li '07, undeclared

Jessie Creel '04, religious studies

Free Speech

Everyone's Right *and* Everyone's Responsibility

"Do you feel free to express your opinions—in class and out?"

— Gus Cochran, Adeline A. Loridans Professor of Political Science

Jessie Creel '04: If I were more concerned about grades, I would be less likely to speak out in class. I would feel that they were even more subjective if I were to censor myself, because I would feel that was inhibiting my freedom of speech. Most people here are concerned with grades. I can see how they would be likely to censor themselves, because professors are pretty open about how they feel.

Tina Lee '05: I don't ever feel censored. I probably have views that the dominant amount of campus agrees with, but even when I'm disagreeing with most of the class, a lot of the times teachers like it when you talk—even if it's not something they agree with. The only time I feel uncomfortable is when I make a statement I don't believe I can back up because I don't know enough.

Creel: When I think of intimidation, I think of it being more from peers than the professors. I've been in classes where it's been pretty bad. There have been some pretty bad brawls. The problem I have with professors is when someone accepts you're racist or you're sexist or you're oppressive or you're a communist as okay arguments, and I think that it's the professor's job to say, "You need to do more than that." That's why I feel censorship happens. People will, after you're called a communist or racist, say, "I better not talk in that class."

Lee: A lot of times in class instead of saying, let's discuss why you would say "Oh, that person's being a racist," or "What are you talking about?" everyone says, "Let's just not talk about this; we're going to argue about this. If you're arguing, that means there's

something to it that you need to get into deeper. Arguing can lead to better things. Students are the ones who don't want to talk about it, and that drives me crazy.

Creel: Is that unique to an all women's college? In a co-ed environment you're less likely to have the impulse to save people's feelings. I don't mean to stereotype women, but I feel like there's that under the surface. Sometimes it's better to be in an academic environment where there is debate, and if being women gets in the way, that can be a problem.

Lee: A lot of times people say, "Can we not talk about this right now?" because they want to get back to what's going to help them on the exam.

Creel: "Is this going to be on the exam?", and if it's not then, "why are we even talking about it?" Usually it's the stuff that's not going to be on the exam that I like talking about. Maybe grades have induced the climate of us being afraid of free speech. Agnes Scott attracts people who are pretty loud and pretty vocal.

Lee: Or they become that when they get here. A lot of my professors are basing grades all on participation.

Creel: When I get a grade I don't think I deserve, one of my first reactions is, "Did I say something political that they didn't agree with? Or was it just a really bad paper?" More often than not, it's been a really bad paper.

Lee: I never think it's because they didn't agree with my political views. I always tend to think it's because my argument wasn't strong enough. It's more about your ability.

Creel: It's like what Dr. Cochran said a few weeks ago—if you fear that conservatives are not allowed to speak on campus, you're not going to speak on campus.

Lee: Who's a conservative? Just anyone who voted for Bush? And all of a sudden all your opinions are defunct? That doesn't work that way. Same thing with liberals. Somebody who considers herself a liberal can talk to me, and we can still disagree on pretty much everything.



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Eunice Li '07: I've heard that so much. I know a lot of people are afraid to speak out. I feel that people assume just because I go here I have certain opinions or views. That has been an issue. Outside of class I'll have talked with people, and they'll be open to sharing their opinions, but in class they won't say anything. And if someone conservative does speak up, they'll say, "Just to add another perspective . . ." instead of saying, "This is what I think."

Lee: You might also feel that since the professor did write his thesis on this subject, maybe he knows what he's talking about. I can back it up against another student, but I can't back it up against this professor who's written a book on the subject.

Free Speech—Alive but Threatened

by Augustus B. Cochran, Adeline A. Loridans Professor of Political Science

Free speech and liberal-arts education are integrally related in purpose and method. Constitutional scholars identify supporting self governance, truth seeking and individual expression as the purposes guiding the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech.

The liberal-arts tradition seeks to educate by "leading out" minds from the shadows of parochialism and prejudice into the light of liberal learning. Agnes Scott's McCain Library recognizes this liberating mission by displaying the Biblical inscription "The truth shall set you free." Enlightenment frees individuals to live as thinking, reflective persons and equips citizens for self-rule.

What is the state of free expression on campus today? Despite rumors to the contrary, free speech is thriving, although not unthreatened from several directions. The rich mix of students at Agnes Scott is an invaluable educational resource enhancing free speech by expanding the range of viewpoints represented on campus. Another factor contributing to the vibrancy of campus debates is that today's students seem more vocal than previous generations; for better or worse, they air their opinions with less reticence.

Diversity and outspokenness challenge as well as enrich free expression. Diversity necessitates "dialogue across difference." Voicing opinions encounters limits, typically pedagogical rather than political. Practical considerations such as class time and size, relevance and coverage set bounds, as does educational purpose. Liberal education is not simply an exchange of opinions; it seeks the cultivation of judgment and that requires evaluation and critique of opinion. The very notion of "discipline" implies restraint. For example, what counts as a valid political explanation in my Constitutional Law course might not pass muster as legal reasoning.

Students may feel "repressed" when their ideas are subjected to criticism, but clashing ideas are essential to the deliberative dialogue on which political free speech and liberal education rest.

In the classroom, of course, teachers exercise authority and their judgments are even backed by an element of coercion—grades. Students often fear that disagreeing with the instructor's opinions will result in lower grades. Although it is difficult to separate one's own views from the evaluation of students' academic performance, I believe students vastly overestimate this problem. I had the illuminating experience of jointly grading student work with five fellow political scientists and with colleagues in four other disciplines. What is striking is how similar our assessments were, especially among the political scientists, whose grades virtually never varied by more than one-third of a letter grade (and those slight variations were more a matter of different scales than by conflicting evaluations of individual performance).

Teachers should appreciate—and reward with participation grades—expressions of contrary opinions as contributing to the search for truth in the classroom. Professors must remember that free-flowing deliberation is a powerful truth-seeking method, to be balanced with disciplinary methods and expert authority as well as practical constraints, and that an even more exalted purpose of liberal education is developing the ability to make one's own decisions. Rather than pouring definitive truth into empty vessels, our role is to inculcate habits of mind that enable graduates to make discerning judgments as lifelong learners and wise decisions as free citizens.

Many contemporary trends imperil campus free speech. Some conservatives charge that liberal bias is rampant on American college campuses, a complex claim too often stated in simplistic slogans. Regardless of its merits, the charge carries a double-edged threat. Nonconservatives—and the very reductionism of casting all academic and political disputes as liberal-conservative debates is an obstacle to unraveling this issue—may stifle their thoughts

Creel: That's what I feel when we're debating actual texts in a political science or religion class, and we're debating things like Marx, for instance. There's no way I'm on the same level as Marx. There is a humbling aspect to what we read, and it's not that people censor themselves because of their views; they censor themselves because it's Marx versus Jessie Creel. Also, I speak freely and somebody else speaks freely. Because they disagree, doesn't mean that I can't speak. A lot of people see free speech as just the origin of a conversation, and when someone says, "Absolutely not," that's a violation of free speech. It's not. It's just them calling upon their right to free speech.

Lee: People say, "I can't even say anything without anyone arguing with me." That's the whole point. If I'm going to argue with you and you can't come back with something else, then how strong was your argument? I think that's part of the thing with this Karen Hughes situation. How fearful are you of your opinion if you can't let someone who disagrees with you speak?

Creel: But saying, "We don't think she should come," is those people's right to free speech. I can start to see speech codes. There

needs to be some sort of comfort level with people speaking on campus. There needs to be some sort of respect. Maybe it could be a kind of honor code just to get people to learn how to treat each other with respect. Also, there needs to be an attempt for Agnes Scott to say, ok, we need Karen Hughes here, we need Angela Davis here — we need all of these people here. And we need also to teach students that they shouldn't be saying, "Angela Davis shouldn't be allowed here," or they shouldn't be saying "Karen Hughes shouldn't be allowed here." At a liberal arts college you need all sorts of sides represented.

Lee: Part of proactivity is being able to talk about it. It seems when I talk to a lot of "conservatives," they say "the reason we don't like to talk is because you guys are just talking and you're not actually doing anything." But you can't get to where you can do anything unless you can talk about it, and no one can talk about it yet.

*Editor's Note: Last April, Karen Hughes, White House counselor and director of communications for President George W. Bush, spoke about her book *Ten Minutes from Normal*, a program presented on campus in cooperation with the Georgia Center for the Book.*

for fear of being branded partisan, liberal, or, especially after Sept. 11, unpatriotic. Ironically, the campaign against campus liberalism may operate as a self-fulfilling prophesy, warning students to refrain from voicing conservative views to avoid encountering liberal suppression.

From the left looms the sterility of political correctness. Although popularized PC concerns are overly hyped and outdated since their heyday in the early 1990s, discussions of sensitive issues, such as race, gender, sexual orientation or, rarely, class, can appear "PC" when analyzed exclusively as individual or moral failings. Neglecting structural inequalities and social causes of injustice too readily breeds personal acrimony that can inhibit deeper exploration of social wrongs.

Within the academy, the "technification" of education diminishes intellectual dialogue as prestige of large universities, research, "value free" science and professional disciplines increasingly overshadow traditional liberal arts fields, influencing even the self-understanding of those subjects (e.g., political science as a science akin to physics). This trend is exacerbated by students—and as I can attest as a college parent myself, by their parents who are footing the extravagantly high bills for their education—who view college as primarily a track to a vocation. While professional training deserves esteem, it is narrower, more geared to the transmission of technique and information and less dependent on dialogue, than traditional liberal arts, whose aims include building character as well as developing minds capable of leading holistic, self-directed lives.

From without, contemporary culture looms increasingly hostile to the ideals of liberal education. Our society treats us as consumers, not citizens, a trend spilling from the marketplace into politics, civil society, media and education. Consumers make choices and need information, but the selection is offered, and shaped, by others, and the values and assumptions behind those offerings and choices are simply unexamined.

Consumer society is rife with talk, but much of it amounts to mere noise, in effect yelling, that threatens to drown out the quality of deliberation cherished and protected by the first



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amendment—and the liberal arts tradition. Modeling and teaching that kind of reflective dialogue is the core of the liberal arts mission.

To maintain Agnes Scott's vital role in nourishing the kind of talk that supports rather than undermines self-governance, all college constituencies must be dedicated to encouraging free speech on campus. Our very democracy, as well as our educational heritage, depends on it.

*Gus Cochran is Adeline A. Loridans Professor of Political Science and author of *Democracy Heading South: National Politics in the Shadow of Dixie* and *Sexual Harassment and the Law: The Mechelle Vinson Case*.*

The Bakersfield Bunch

In the late '50s, a group of alumnae needed jobs and California needed teachers. The results of this westward migration have been pure gold.

by Kristin Kallaher '04 and Mary Alma Durrett

A century after a wave of forty-niners headed to California to stake their claims, Hazel Ellis '58 and Margaret Woolfolk Webb '58 beat their own path West to find and polish a more valuable treasure—the minds of Bakersfield's youth.

In 1958, Ellis and Webb were recruited to teach in Southern California's San Joaquin River Valley, the destination of the fictitious Joad family immortalized in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Ellis and Webb were followed by four members of the class of 1959. Elizabeth "Betty" Garrad Saba, Leah "Bugs" Mathews Fontaine, Nancy Graves Mull and Frances Elliot Kempen.

Serendipitous circumstances led to their westward adventure. Ellis, a Spanish major from Chesterfield, S.C., and Webb, a psychology major from Columbus, Ga., had attended a meeting in February of their senior year with a recruiter from the Bakersfield school system. At the time, Agnes Scott had no formal teacher-education program and neither one had ever thought of teaching.

"To tell the truth, I found [the recruiter's] lecture uninspiring, so Margaret and I left early," says Ellis.

Within days, both Ellis and Webb received telegrams stipulating job offers with generous salaries—between \$4,700 and \$4,800. Master pranksters, each thought the other had sent the telegram, so they dismissed the offers.

"There was only a two-cent difference in our salaries," Ellis remembers. "I thought, 'somebody has sent this telegram as a joke, and I'm not about to call and make a fool of myself.'"

But one rainy Sunday night in May, Ellis and Webb realized they were about to graduate without jobs.

"I had not ever had the slightest idea of teaching," Ellis says, "but we were desperate. I said, 'Let's call Bakersfield.' That was career planning 101."

Luckily, the offers from Bakersfield—desperate for teachers—were still on the table.

"It was an adventurous thing to do," says Webb, "and Agnes Scott prepared me very well for it."

When the young women journeyed from Georgia, Bakersfield was riding the crest of the post-World War II baby boom, causing swells in school enrollment. But Bakersfield's agricultural base and burgeoning oil industry distinguished it from other cities. Cotton,



tomatoes, grapes, almonds, alfalfa, oranges and olives thrived in the fertile soil of the San Joaquin River Valley, while black gold had bubbled to the surface in north-east Bakersfield in 1899. Within a decade, the nearby Lakeview gusher helped transform the landscape of Kern County into a forest of oil derricks. (Today, Kern County is reportedly the number one oil-producing county in the nation.)

By the 1950s, the Okies and the Arkies who had migrated during the Great Depression were entrenched in San Joaquin's green valley. Subsequent waves of migrant and permanent farm workers flooded the valley to accommodate the growing farm production.

In this environment, Ellis and Webb arrived ready for their first teaching assignments. For Webb, this meant teaching reading at Emerson Junior High School, where she taught seventh- and eighth-graders for nine years.

"I had taken one education class at Agnes Scott that had done me in," Ellis laughs. "So I walked into a class of junior high

students on my first day, not ever having taught in my life. But it was exciting, and I had a really good feeling about it."

She felt a real bonding with the students. "It was exciting to see the light come on when they got a concept."

While Ellis enjoys the challenge of "facing whatever needed to be done at the moment the need arose," she admits being discouraged by recent stresses on the state's education budget, as well as the effects of drugs, alcohol and gang violence in the school populations.

"Teaching in 1958 was very different than teaching in 1999," says Ellis, who left teaching to earn a master's in counseling in 1981. "Many of the students were much less serious about school and less willing to work hard. They seem to have shorter attention spans, which I attribute to television. They felt like they needed to be entertained, which made it more difficult to get them to produce."

Counseling allows Ellis to work with students but in a different capacity. She contends that "seeing a student really succeed" is worth every bit of struggle on her part.

Webb describes her life in Bakersfield and her career in teaching as a "wonderful adventure."

After teaching sixth grade for two years, Webb took off when she had her first child. She moved back into teaching by tutoring and did not return to teaching full time until her youngest son went to college.

"I interviewed with the nearby DiGiorgio school system," says Webb, "and the principal hired me right away. I had to drive 25 miles to get to it,

but I had some wonderful kids, and that made it really fun to teach there."

Webb, who taught second, third, and fourth grade, especially enjoyed her fourth-grade class, which she took on field trips to explore California missions. She retired after 10 years there.

Elizabeth "Betty" Garrad Saba followed Webb and Ellis to Bakersfield in 1959, admitting to "a wild hair that lives in me."

Having taken no education courses and knowing her whole life she was not going to teach, Saba turned to teaching in Bakersfield only because three friends had signed up, and she had entertained no other options.



ALEX HORWATH

Agnes Scott is the first topic of discussion when these members of the Bakersfield Bunch get together. They are, left to right, Margaret Woolfolk Webb '58, Leah "Bugs" Mathews Fontaine '59, Marguerite Kelly Pulley '69 and Hazel Ellis '58.

"On a whim, I made the phone call, and the woman hired me over the phone right then," she says, "not really from any assets of my own, just from the fact that she had three of my friends from Agnes Scott signed up, and Hazel from the year before."

Saba had never been out West, but says she was young enough that she never looked back.

"The move was not difficult. I like to do radical things," she says. "My parents were certain I would return home after one year, that it would be a sightseeing tour, but it didn't turn out that way."

Saba, who met her husband the second day she was in Bakersfield, taught eighth-grade English for two years, before she left for "a very fulfilling life as a homemaker and volunteer in Bakersfield."

"To not have had one thing in terms of preparation, teaching worked out fine," Saba reflects. "The teaching-level back then was very relaxed. I was able to formulate my own lesson plans, and I did just fine."

"The Bakersfield Bunch' is a natural little term," says Saba. "We have our own version of *The Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*."

The group, plus Marguerite Kelly Pulley '69, gets together every four to six weeks for lunch. Ellis and Webb say the women were drawn closer by the death of Frances Elliot Kempen '59, who had taught kindergarten and first grade in Bakersfield.

"As we get older, we realize what a priceless thing we have in the midst of us — our friendship."

"We had all been getting together before the onset of her cancer, but seeing Franny decline, going through that with her and supporting her made us more conscious of our closeness in one another," reflects Ellis. "We found out how important we are to one another."

"As we get older, we realize what a priceless thing we have in the midst of us — our friendship," says Saba.

"The special thing for me is just the long thread that has run through our parallel lives," she adds. "It's a wonderful experience to spend four years of college with certain women and then for the rest of our lives be in a faraway place where it's just you — your little group that's there — so that it becomes a really fulfilling female friendship." She notes Agnes Scott is always the first item of discussion at their get-togethers.

Although none of the women live very close together, their contact with one another is more now than it has ever been. Saba says the group has discussed how important having girlfriends is at this stage of their lives.

"I'm so glad that we've come to a place historically that women's friendships can be appreciated," she says. "They begin at a women's college in just such a very special way. These are the ties that bind."

Kristin Kallaber '04, office of communications intern, is enrolled in the college's master of arts in teaching secondary English program. She is the 2002 and 2004 recipient of the Sara Wilson "Sally" Glendinning Journalism Award and the 2004 recipient of the Louise McKinney Literary Award and the George P. Hayes Fellowship Award for graduate study in English.

Mary Alma Durrett is editor of Loose Canons at Emory University.

The Art of Teaching Today

by Beth Blaney '91, M.A.T. '95



DAVID O'CONNOR

While the ultimate goal remains the same, teaching styles evolve and change to meet the needs of the students. Professors at Agnes Scott find that one of the most effective ways they improve the educational process at the college is to share their own successes and failures with their colleagues.

Lesley Coia, associate professor of education, grows animated as she describes her job.

"People become teachers because they're in love with ideas," she says. The director of teacher education programs at Agnes Scott, Coia projects teaching as an intellectual profession—the intellectual profession.

She muses about nudging her students to become more sophisticated thinkers. Helping students sort out what they believe through writing and discussion—a process she refers to as "struggling through language"—is her charge.

With scholarly enthusiasm, Coia speaks of Lev Vygotsky, an early 20th-century Russian psychologist, who first theorized that learning depends on interaction with others. Indeed, intellectual development requires much more than studying independently.

"Learning is a social endeavor," says Coia.

And at Agnes Scott, that's true for the faculty as well as the students.

"Agnes Scott professors always want to learn more," says Christine Cozzens, professor of English. These days, they're learning a great deal from one another. "There's a lot of thought

and conversation about teaching," she says. Faculty members exchange ideas and experiment with new ones in the classroom.

Changes to the curriculum in recent years have initiated some of the buzz—First-Year Seminars, in particular. Added to the curriculum in 2001, First-Year Seminars are designed to teach students fresh out of high school to think critically by interpreting alternate explanations and sharing informed opinions. Seminars in 2004–2005 range from "The Body Chemical" and "Afterlives and Underworlds" to "Music in Chinese Film" and "Discourses of Fashion."

"Participating in the workshops preparing instructors to teach First-Year Seminars has been the most fun and intellectually stimulating experience I've had in teaching," says Gus Cochran, Adeline A. Loridans Professor of Political Science. He describes the inaugural year of the program as "a totally unexpected surprise," thanks to the insights he gained from colleagues, especially with regard to teaching writing.

"Ironically, teaching is a very lonely profession," says Cochran. "But First-Year Seminars have prompted faculty to open up and discuss teaching. They've provided a forum for sharing ideas."

This discourse fosters better teaching, according to Cozzens. She agrees with Cochran that otherwise professors are isolated.

Sharing of techniques and styles takes place in numerous settings. History professor Michael Lynn says he gets new ideas by speaking with colleagues at conferences. He likes to ask them how they teach, and, in particular, how they assign writing. Peggy Thompson, Ellen Douglass Leyburn Professor of English and director of the Center for Teaching and Learning, says that in addition to informal chats with other professors, she occasionally observes their classes.

"I get new ideas from my colleagues, both here and at other colleges," says Cathy Scott, professor of political science. "Sometimes I stumble upon them myself, after trying something that doesn't quite work but has potential. I also receive material from professional organizations I belong to."

What's more, "teaching and learning" lunch meetings, which began as summertime get-togethers five years ago, are now held at least three times a semester. Organized by classics professor Sally MacEwen, the meetings have covered topics such as teaching writing in nonwriting courses, the use of technology in the classroom and engaging students in higher-level reasoning.

Discussions on teaching and learning have always had a place at Agnes Scott in a variety of contexts, according to mathematics professor Myrtle Lewin. But with the newly established Center for Teaching and Learning, the college has stepped up its commitment to keep these fruitful dialogues going strong.

"The Center for Teaching and Learning will reaffirm what's always been true at Agnes Scott—that teaching and learning are primary," says Thompson, who was recently named as the center's director. "It will provide a locus for conversations, both formal and informal," adds Thompson. Ultimately, the center will supply more structure and value for teaching and learning at the college.

Ever the history professor, Lynn recounts teaching styles past to provide context for understanding paradigm shifts in pedagogy.

Lectio continuo, or continuous talking, dates back to the 12th century when universities began to appear in Europe, he explains. Academics delivered lectures to impart knowledge, and lecture-based classes prevailed for centuries.

Cochran says the dominant model of good teaching when he came to Agnes Scott in 1973 was the lecture. While this method of instruction was honed to a fine point by talented professors, in his opinion, it risked encouraging passivity. Similarly, Lewin remembers employing the old saw "teacher full, student empty," when she lectured large classes at engineering schools where she first taught in the 1960s.

In the second half of the 20th century, academics began *thinking* about pedagogy. Today's teachers steer away from the passive "I talk, you listen" model. MacEwen, who's been on faculty since the early 1980s, says she became more "intentional" about her instruction about 12 years ago as she slowly realized that a huge body of information about teaching and learning exists. She credits Tina Pippin, professor of religious studies, for being active about new techniques. "No one told us about that in graduate school," says MacEwen.

Likewise, Cochran says when he was pursuing his Ph.D., aspiring professors weren't taught how to teach. "A Ph.D. was considered a research degree. People learned to teach by emulating role models, though often it was by trial and error." Cochran observes that teaching now versus then requires significantly more attention and preparation. "I used to think almost exclusively about the material I'd cover in class. Now, I have to think more about class dynamics, exercises, and student involvement. We're much more self-conscious about the art of teaching and student learning," he says.

Having long ago abandoned the lecture model, Lewin now teaches with the belief that she must explore students' minds and understand what they're thinking. She says she learns with her students through discussion and helps them integrate what she's

THE CENTER FOR TEACHING AND LEARNING OPENS

Teaching and learning—two interrelated activities that always have been at the heart of the college—gain a significant resource as the Center for Teaching and Learning opens this fall. The center is at the core of the recently adopted Quality Enhancement Plan, which focuses on intellectual engagement at Agnes Scott.

Framers of the QEP believe this center has the potential to transform the culture of the college. It will help faculty better understand the research relative to enhancing intellectual engagement, especially that having to do with women's colleges, as well as helping faculty address special issues presented for teaching and learning by a student body as diverse as that of this college. The QEP notes that "Achieving real diversity in points of view is perhaps the greatest challenge faced by any learning communication that means to foster and encourage intellectual engagement."

"Overall, the center fosters the art of teaching that enhances the free and civil exchange of ideas characteristic of an intellectually vital college," says Peggy Thompson, director, Ellen Douglass Leyburn Professor of English. "We do this by offering programming and resources that promote dialogue as well as disseminate information."

Some programming targets particular segments of the faculty such as those who teach capstone or Global Awareness courses, but many of the center's activities appeal to the faculty as a whole and thereby encourage cross-disciplinary conversation.

Occasionally, the center will play host to a nationally-known expert, but most of its activities will draw on the expertise of Agnes Scott faculty. Faculty gather, for example, to exchange ideas about broad topics such as philosophies of teaching and more focused issues such as designing and evaluating group projects.

"The center provides structure and opportunity for communal reflection on teaching and learning," says Thompson.

To Learn More:

For information on specific programs and events, look for the Center for Teaching and Learning homepage on the college's Web site, www.agnesscott.edu.



Peggy Thompson

CAROLINE JOE

I teach because I believe it is important to create young women who are capable of doing new things and expanding their thinking. My most outstanding professor at Agnes Scott was **Richard Parry** because he allowed me to see the intrinsic value of obtaining knowledge.

— Erika D. Robinson '02

Philosophy professor **Merle Walker** embodied my idea of a scholar—brilliant, kind, receptive to our ideas, yet demanding. How often she'd proclaim, "I don't know anything about . . ." and then wax eloquent. She was a consummate learner/teacher. I chose the teaching profession because I thought I had something to offer; I thought I could make the elementary classroom a more engaging place than the classrooms I knew as a child. Over the 20 years teaching in elementary schools and 10 years teaching at the university, I have gained a different perspective of why I teach. I am a learner, and the field of education feeds my passion for continuous learning. — Pat Austin '72

Dr. Constance Shaw taught me to look for deeper meaning in everything I read and she gave me an appreciation for poetry.

— Julie Custer Altman '84

Before **Margaret Pepperdene's** class, I didn't understand the point of reading and studying literature. Now, I am a book-reading addict—can't go more than 12 hours without reading something. Going to her class was going to a fascinating adult story time every day.

— Betsy Benning Roche '84

Hands down, **Myrtle Lewin** is my favorite teacher. She devoted endless hours to helping me believe in myself—and a math scholar I'm not. She helped me see more than the torture of calculus, and I laughed along the way. She helped me develop self-confidence. I've grown into a wonderfully determined woman because of my Agnes Scott experience, and Dr. Lewin was an enormous part of that.

— Sally Humphries Barnes '87

Chloe Steel was excellent—a real battle horse; not particularly pleasant to be in the classes that met every day; nowhere to hide from her verbal question attack if you were stupid enough not to finish the 70-page reading assignment that we had every night. As I was teaching Balzac the other day, I remembered her comments about his descriptive prose. — Dorothy Schrader '69

Marion T. Clark was always available to talk with his students about anything and everything beyond just the organic chemistry lessons we were studying. Without his inspiration, I doubt today I would have chosen and stayed with chemistry. I worked in the field of chemistry for many years with some moderate success due in great measure to Marion T. Clark. — Cynthia Carter Bright '67

I was in awe of **Kathryn Glick** from the very beginning of college. I remember most the time she kept me after class to tell me to stop feeling inferior to some of the girls who were more show-offy in class. She really raised my self-esteem and my sense of what women intellectuals—and college teachers—could be in the days when those concepts weren't as well known as they are today. — Susan McCann Butler '68

Dudley Sanders was the one person who inspired me to do better, to dream bigger and to explore opportunities I hadn't considered. Dudley told me I had some natural talent and should try out for a play. I did and I never looked back. In theatre I found my passion, my career path and my lifetime dream. — Shannon Allen '00

Art history professor **Donna Sadler** taught me that the best academic—and life—endeavors are distinguished by a sense of joy and awe.

— Janet S. Rauscher '99

Anyone who graduated from Agnes Scott in the 1990s remembers the tall woman with the fiery red hair who would occasionally eat with us in the dining hall. She was **Barbara Blatchley**, one of the most dynamic professors in Campbell Hall. She made learning fun; even statistics class with Dr. Blatchley was enjoyable. — Amber Henry '88

I am an elementary special education teacher. I teach because I love kids (especially those with special needs!) and crave learning. **Sara Ripy** encouraged learning and had an amazing way of connecting with students via respect and her great sense of humor. She had a great name, too! — Sarah Tarpley '91

Ayse Carden provided an example of the kind of person I wanted to be . . . intelligent, funny, compassionate and elegant. She set standards of excellence for which I continue to strive today. — Ruth Feicht '86

Outside of her knowledge of the subject area, **Miriam Drucker** was quiet and patient, and her calm demeanor conveyed confidence in her students. Despite my cluelessness, she made me really believe I had a purpose in this life and could do almost anything.

— Carol Douglas Kirshner '90

I am a teacher of science teachers. I help others find the "scientist" within themselves and help them to develop inquiry skills to facilitate learning in young children. **Arthur Bowling** combined fact, theory, and a bit of humor to engage us in critical thought.

— Katie Pattillo Fisher '90

George Hayes was a gifted teacher, whether his subject was Victorian poets, Shakespeare comedies, or Greek literature. He made comparisons, such as that of the Greek heroes to professional football players, that opened up our conventional '50s small-town minds to infinite possibilities. He changed the way I look at things, therefore, my life.

— Rebecca Wilson Guberman '60

I model my teaching after **John Tumblin** and show my students how art provides connections among and between all the facets of their lives.

— Martie Moore '74

Kate McKemie cared about my whole person, helped me balance the demands of a new college life and shared her life with me through family stories. She yelled "Mornin' glories" from her office window each morning as my friends and I started the day—sometimes jolting us awake. — Janet Kelly Jobe '78

teaching with what they already know. "Much of their existing knowledge is valid. But when necessary, I try to guide them to admit new ideas by relinquishing problematic preconceived notions—those riddled with logical inconsistencies and other inhibitors to learning. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't," says Lewin. "A student layers what she learns, so her background is important to consider."

Coia agrees that effective teaching requires getting to know your students. Speaking with them is important, she says. Straight lecture doesn't allow room for student-teacher dialogues.

Just as the teaching profession has evolved, so has the way students learn. "Today's students respond to the challenge of active learning," says Cochran. They don't want to be passive in the classroom.

"College students seem to learn best when they're actively involved and responding to books, articles and monographs, and the ideas that flow out of them," says Scott. "The one-hour lecture, for good or ill, is a thing of the past." Scott says she still often begins her classes with every intention of delivering a cliffhanger lecture. "But students invariably raise questions or points, and it turns into a discussion."

Interaction in the Agnes Scott classroom is key. Psychology professor Barbara Blatchley describes her style of teaching as conversational. "Several of the classes I teach cover material that's considered especially difficult—statistics and bio-psychology, in particular. I put a great deal of effort into allaying fears and making the material accessible. I present the difficult bits as a subject of conversation and try to draw the students into joining me in the discussion," says Blatchley.

Classics professor Jim Abbot says he recently used papers called "think pieces" as the main work of his First-Year Seminar on tricksters. Students were required to react in writing to an assigned work. Their written reflections then became the starting point for class discussions. Also, after class, Abbot wrote a thoughtful response to each student's ideas. While it required a lot of effort on his part to go a step beyond correcting grammatical mistakes, he considered these intellectual exchanges between professor and student to be indispensable. Students were surprised and engaged by the in-depth feedback they received, says Abbot.

Breaking a class into small groups also gets students engaged, especially students who tend to say less in larger settings. "Students process content so much better when they're leading a discussion," says Cozzens.

But that's not to say lecture is entirely dead in Agnes Scott classrooms.

"Teaching can't be all group work, debate and discussion," says Cochran. "Teachers still need to deliver some instruction by lecture." He thinks a plurality of approaches works best in the classroom.

Incorporating multiple styles in their teaching clearly suits Agnes Scott professors. "I like to try out different pedagogical techniques as the appropriate situation arises," says Lynn.

The dawn of another academic year finds professors retooling their courses with both minor tweaks and massive overhauls.

Dennis McCann, Wallace M. Alston Professor of Bible and Religion and chair of religious studies, is committed to building a sense of community among students. Last year in his First-Year Seminar, "The Ways of China: Building a Spiritual and Material Civilization," he took his students out—as many professors do—

for a celebratory meal at the end of the course. This year, he'll plan an outing earlier in the semester. It's a small change, but it's sure to have far-reaching benefits on class dynamics, not to mention the insights he'll gain about his students much sooner.

Scott's U.S. foreign policy class will undergo significant changes. She says students will write memos, argue before a mock United Nations and role play as members of the State Department and Defense Department. "The exercises ensure that we'll address multiple points of view," notes Scott.

Experimenting with film in the classroom is increasingly popular at Agnes Scott, and Lynn plans to give it a try. In his "Medieval Civilization" course this year, he'll incorporate a variety of historical films such as *The Seventh Seal*. He plans to treat film like a historical monograph. "An argument is made through film like it is in texts.

Students can't just read the book or view the film, they have to think about it," says Lynn. What's more, his history students must learn the language of cinema to express how they're thinking about film—a language Lynn will also learn prior to teaching the course.

It's important for students to see their professors developing too, says Lewin. "They tend to view us as having stopped learning, as being completely educated in our subjects."

On the contrary, professors at Agnes Scott have an insatiable appetite for growth and change. They're risk-takers. They're not afraid to try something new that might fall flat in the classroom. More important, they're lifelong learners—learning frequently from one another.

When asked where she's headed with her teaching, Thompson replies: "After 19 years, I'm ready to rethink everything I do. I'm very interested in new ideas."

Without a doubt, the new Center for Teaching and Learning will open a world of possibilities for keeping the faculty energized about fine-tuning their craft.

Beth Blaney '91, M.A.T. '95 earned an M.F.A. in creative nonfiction at Columbia University, and teaches a nonfiction writing course at Agnes Scott.



DAVID O'CONNOR



*Homeschooling's lure turns
many alumnae into their children's
K-12 teachers while this increasingly popular
educational trend delivers to the college
students who are ready to go.*

Parents *as* Teachers

by Melanie S. Best '79

For Tracy Bengtson '84, the turning point came about two years ago, after one too many late nights helping her daughter with math homework. "It was always, 'We didn't get to this in class—can you help me?'" recounts Bengtson.

"We'd never considered it," says Bengtson, but the repeated 10 p.m. homework sessions convinced her and husband David homeschooling was the way to regain control of family life.

Watching "the lights come on" as her three children grew propelled Leslie Doyle Brenegar '79 into homeschooling. "It was such a pleasure to observe their 'ah-ha' moments," says Brenegar. "I didn't want to give them over to someone else for eight hours a day." A desire to ground her three children in the Christian faith moved Gretchen Pfeiffer Foley '87 to educate them at home. "I consider it a calling," she says.

Through homeschooling, the family of Megan Morris '05, who has three siblings, found a way to minimize the disruption of frequent relocations. The Puerto Rican parents of Sofia Becerra-Licha '04 decided educating their three children at home would preserve their fluency in Spanish culture and language.

These members of the Agnes Scott community personify different currents of homeschooling. Although its share of the school pie is small, homeschooling may be the largest and most important trend in American education today, signaling a rising demand for greater educational choice and renewed interest in classical education. And as a social movement, homeschooling is expanding the family unit's sphere of responsibility and authority.

As a news-making phenomenon, homeschooling seems to have sprouted and blossomed during the past 30 years, yet homeschoolers have always existed in this country. Public education did not become widespread until the United States industrialized and urbanized. The first law making school attendance compulsory passed in Massachusetts in 1852. But a century later, social reformers began questioning the value of mandatory attendance, and the flickerings of homeschooling in the 1960s and '70s tended to reflect anti-establishment impulses. Some historians believe a change in tax laws in the 1980s, which led numerous Christian schools to close, spurred the boom in faith-driven home education in that decade. Since the 1990s, a new generation of assertive and often well-educated parents, determined to take charge of their children's education, have broadened the movement.

Homeschooling is now legal in every state. Most require teaching parents to have a high school diploma or GED and to register their children with the local school board, but beyond those minimums, regulatory oversight varies.

Statistics are hotly debated because of different reporting requirements across jurisdictions, the disaggregated nature of home-based study and the fact that some homeschooling families choose to fly below the radar screen of state scrutiny. Although competing studies purported numbers as high as 690,000, the Educational Resources Information Center in 1995 calculated about 500,000 children were being educated at home that year—approximately 1 percent of the total school-age population. By 2000, the home-educated population had risen to 1.6 percent to 2 percent of the total—somewhere between 850,000 and 1.2 million by most counts (some say it's closer to 2 million).

This population is unevenly distributed, however. Where networks of homeschoolers coalesce, and are reinforced by a receptive wider community, the numbers grow—in the Southeast, for instance. Georgia counted 32,309 children—2 percent of its school-age population—being educated at home in 2001–2002. The advocacy group North Carolinians for Home Education reported at least 53,000 homeschooled children as of July 2003, about 3.6 percent of North Carolina's school-age children.

And homeschooling's demographics do not mirror the diversity of the U.S. population. A study published in the May 16, 2002, *Education Policy Analysis Archives*, a peer-reviewed scholarly journal, finds such families tend to be non-Hispanic white, with three or more children, headed by a married couple with moderate to high levels of education and income and with one adult out of the labor force.

Given home education's popularity in Southeastern states, the academic rigor of many homeschool curricula and the personalized learning environments of homeschool settings, there would seem to be a natural affinity between homeschooling and the Agnes Scott educational experience. The size and intimacy of a residential liberal-arts college, which lets students make creative choices, renders Agnes Scott an appealing place for homeschooled women, according to Stephanie Balmer, dean of admission and

associate vice president for enrollment.

Yet, Balmer admits, the explosion in homeschooled applicants the college anticipated in the mid-1990s has not materialized. The first homeschool applicant was enrolled in 1995, and while homeschooling overall is gaining some momentum, the ASC homeschooled population remains fairly flat. Consistent with the pattern of recent years, six of the 1,252 applications received for the ASC class of '08 were from homeschoolers.

Aided by greatly enhanced documentation of homeschool coursework, more than 1,000 U.S. colleges and universities, including Ivy League schools, now admit home-educated applicants. Accrediting agencies that issue formal certification to stand in for high-school diplomas have emerged. Admissions officers have devised standards for evaluating homeschooled applicants, and Agnes Scott is typical in requiring them to submit scores from at least three SAT II subject tests.

From an academic standpoint, what most distinguishes homeschooling from traditional public or private education is the widespread adherence to a "classical" curriculum, which organizes study around language and history. Explicitly Christian curricula also abound. An array of textbook publishers and curriculum developers have sprung up to serve homeschoolers, and many families partake of materials from several simultaneously.

Eight o'clock on a weekday morning finds Miranda and Miles Bengtson, sixth- and fourth-graders, respectively, pulling out their Saxon program math books—home educators are advised to start off with math, because it demands the most mental energy—and settling down at the kitchen table or in their rooms. "I'm available, if they need me," says their mother, "but I don't have to teach them."

After an hour, if it's autumn, they shift to grammar, using books from the A Beka series (After Christmas, writing replaces grammar.) Next comes Latin study and recitation, using Latin

A new generation of assertive and often well-educated parents, determined to take charge of their children's education, have broadened the movement.

Christiana books and flashcards, followed by history, usually four days a week, or science on the other days. In October, the Bengtson children were covering thermodynamics; the following semester they would switch to astronomy. For history, they use The Well-Trained Mind curriculum's *Story of the World* storybook.

The Bengtson school day ends with French, guided by the Learnables program. At noon or 12:30, formal class work is finished, leaving afternoons free for piano lessons and art classes, Miranda's dance instruction—she plans to become a professional dancer—and Miles' baseball practice, as well as unstructured play.

Leslie Brenegar also puts history up front. Brenegar, who has sampled different study programs and improvised her own courses during the more than 10 years she's been doing it, says, "They need to read biographies and historical fiction, to learn what

happened before and after and to create a cultural context." Her oldest, Troop, as a high-school senior, chose this year to study Celtic history and selected nine books covering the time of Caesar to the 20th century for his reading list.

The image of homeschooling families as islands of academic self-sufficiency is a distorted one in most cases, given that communities where homeschooling is especially popular have spawned specialty schools, arts centers and tutoring programs targeted to these children. The parallel teaching establishment it has engendered is one of homeschooling's most striking impacts on the educational system.

If homeschooling by its nature manifests families' desire for more educational choices, the market is responding enthusiastically. Looking ahead, homeschooling parent Susan Whitten Padgett '83, whose children are 10, 7 and 5, is eyeing centers in Charlotte, N.C., where home-study students can take a class in any subject that may be too daunting for parent-instructors. "It makes sense for high-school science, or a foreign language you don't know," she says.

Miles and Miranda Bengtson have enrolled in midday classes tailored to homeschoolers at Charlotte's Matthews Playhouse and the North Carolina Shakespeare Theatre. Private art schools and music teachers welcome homeschooling clientele because these students can attend when others are in traditional classrooms.



JIM FRAZIER

Troop Brenegar and younger brother Stewart jumped a premier violin teacher's waiting list because they were free to take lessons on a weekday morning.

Professionals, particularly in medicine and the sciences, moonlight as teachers for small homeschooler groups. Becerra-Licha knows of a high-school science teacher who in off-hours runs a

chemistry class in her well-equipped home laboratory. An obstetrician in Hendersonville, N.C., teaches human anatomy to homeschooled high schoolers on his day off. The mother of Catherine Crompton '06 discovered a "homeschool hangout" in Alpharetta, Ga., where parents sell used textbooks and barter specialty teaching skills.

Standardized curricula and accreditation have muted charges that home education, with teacher-mothers signing off on unverifiable report cards, is not rigorous. But serious criticism remains: that homeschooled children are socially isolated and unexposed to diverse world views, and that homeschool families have withdrawn from the overall educational and civic life of their communities.

Homeschool families can be acutely aware of the stigma school teachers and administrators, friends and neighbors ascribe to homeschooling, and some go out of their way to disprove unfavorable stereotypes. Morris, an English and German major at Agnes Scott, was an exemplar of volunteer service in high school—acting one day a week as a costumed docent at the Atlanta History Center, another day assisting at a therapeutic equestrian program for the handicapped. Padgett claims home-educated youngsters more easily socialize across age lines than those brought up in age-segregated classrooms. "My middle child plays with 3-year-olds as well as 9-year-olds," she notes.

But social isolation, particularly among religious conservatives, is an explicit goal of some homeschool families. And volunteer work, at a food bank or nursing home, is not the same as working through the PTA to effect change in local schools. Nevertheless, the negative branding seems to have dissipated as homeschooling has spread. Becerra-Licha recalls that when people would ask, "What school do you go to?" it felt like a hostile question. Standing up for being different made her stronger, "but it's easier now because more people are likely to have come in contact with homeschooling."

From Agnes Scott's experience, what most distinguishes homeschooled women from their peers once they reach college? According to Balmer, a few cannot adjust to the formalized structure of a residential college. But parents, administrators and students themselves insist most homeschooled students carry into college a great strength: self-directedness. "At the middle and high end, they are such self-starters," says Balmer.

In fact, the autonomy home-educated students take on at an early age can make traditional college classrooms seem like a step backward. "It was odd the first year at Agnes Scott, being in lectures where I felt spoon-fed," recalls Becerra-Licha, a talented singer who hopes to become an ethnomusicologist. "I was used to learning everything myself, so lectures made me feel less"—she pauses, searching for the right word—"responsible."

Regardless of their particular circumstances, homeschooling signifies that families have wrested back from a highly-structured education system precious time and the freedom to use that time as they wish. This achievement is one of their proudest accomplishments. Notes Brenegar, "Every single one of their public school friends says, 'I wish I was homeschooled,' because of the freedom my children have."

Melaine S. Best '79, a freelance journalist living in Hoboken, N.J., specializes in international business and culture.



CAROLINE JOE

BODY

Story

*Realizing she is teaching far more than French,
an Agnes Scott professor feels compelled to risk
sharing with the young women in her classroom —
and with the rest of the world — what she has learned
through her struggle with body image.*

by Julia K. De Pree

It is late August 2001 at Agnes Scott. I am sitting with a group of nervous first-year students and parents. The spare air-conditioned classroom contrasts with the lush green heat outside. John Lucy [then director of personal counseling, now associate dean of students] and I are conducting an orientation session, and he has asked them to articulate their most persistent fear as they begin college.

More often than the fear of meeting high academic standards, the young women cited the fear of gaining weight. Once the first student admitted to this fear, others nodded and repeated it.

As I looked around the room at their faces darkened with worry, my heart sank. I thought of all the mental energy being spent on this preoccupation, grieving the fact that young women continue to be so oppressed by the cultural mandate to be slim. And I remembered my own experience, being 18, confused and anorexic, and being terrified of gaining weight during my first year at Duke University.

I had become anorexic in high school, starting in 1983, and had not received adequate treatment for my anorexia. During this time, my torso was outlined with the straight rows of my visible ribs. My body then was weak and dangerously emaciated—less than 120 pounds on my 5-foot, 10-inch frame—and my menstrual cycle had completely shut down.

To be young and female in contemporary American culture is to confront a relentless and erroneous mind-body equation. The equation proclaims that your personal identity and individual worth are intricately bound up with your weight and body shape. The lower the better, the smaller the better. Some researchers have called the effect of our dieting culture “the invisible girdle.”

By the time 18-year-old women enter their first college

classroom, they have been bombarded by countless images, slogans and ads that systematically erode their potential for self-acceptance. The overriding cultural message to girls and women is: you should take up as little space as possible. In the absence of any resistance to this cultural message, girls internalize it and try to conform to it.

As an educator, I began to notice ways in which this cultural “body story” was affecting my students’ reactions to me. During the space of several years, I learned how to fine-tune my awareness of their curiosity, and I realized that students were often as interested in my personal body story as they were in my intellectual strengths. Once during a French 202 class, I mentioned the fact that I had two daughters as an example illustrating

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT *BODY STORY*



Q: What prompted you to write *Body Story*?

A: *Body Story* began as a chapter in a different manuscript that I was writing on psychoanalytic theory. It then took on a life of its own and became its own book. I have yet to expand the original project on transference and its relation to what I call the “scene of writing.” I may never get back to the manuscript origin of *Body Story*. But I am glad that *Body Story* was the result! Writing generally involves detours such as this. It is an adventure.

Also, my role as a professor at a women’s college revealed to me how many women focus excessively on their weight and image, and I realized how deeply I wanted to share my story.

Q: What was the writing experience like for you?

A: This story more or less poured out of me. I wrote it in the spring of 2002 in the space of about five months. I think this is because it had been queued up, or dammed up, in my mind for many years. My experience in psychoanalysis is what loosened up the log jam and opened me up to write the memoir.

Q: Can you say something about the title of your book?

A: I chose the title in order to encompass all readers. Each and every one of us has a body story that is unique. I have never met any woman who has not suffered in some way due to the absurdly unrealistic body ideal that is set before her. Increasingly, men are afflicted by the same pressures that have oppressed women for decades.

Q: How has writing this book helped you with your recovery?

A: In addition to writing my personal story, I have researched eating disorders fairly extensively. Anorexia nervosa has a relatively poor recovery rate overall. The Harvard Eating Disorders Center cites the following percentages: “About half of those with anorexia or bulimia

have a full recovery, 30 percent have a partial recovery, and 20 percent have no substantial improvement.”

I would not say I have succeeded in a full recovery in the truest sense. I still struggle. For example, the holidays are a difficult time, as they are for everyone! That being said, I am convinced that writing *Body Story* has opened me up to my experience, and laid it on the page, in a very candid way, for the reader. My hope is that my writing might provide insight to readers who are seeking some understanding in their own lives.

Q: What advice can you give to people who are struggling with body image problems, disordered eating or a clinical eating disorder?

A: My advice is to resist the cultural onslaught of images and lies—the extreme makeovers, the red carpet, achieving size zero. Our culture is currently a house of distorted mirrors. The fact that clothing manufacturers even create a size zero tells us a lot. I know that this resistance is easier said than done. I believe that my own means of resistance came about through the writing of my story—putting my experience into crafted language as a means of making some sense out of it, if not completely getting past it. I believe that good writing can redeem us from the distortions of the cultural mirrors.

Also, I encourage anyone struggling with an eating disorder to seek professional help. This is not just an issue about one’s looks or image. Eating disorders are serious and life-threatening illnesses.

Q: How does clinical depression factor into the book?

A: Clinical depression very often accompanies eating disorders in terms of the etiology of both illnesses. They are like intertwined, tangled weeds. In my case, the depression that accompanied my anorexia remained more or less tolerable until I faced the challenges of career and motherhood. At that point I knew I had a huge task ahead of me: to confront both of the afflictions once and for all and to get better. I had to do this for myself, but even more for my two young daughters. I am incredibly grateful for the progress that I have made. I am more open to living now. Writing this book has been a part of that opening up.

a grammatical structure. A student in the back row blurted out, in English, "I can't believe you have two children, you're so tiny." That was a strange teaching moment. There were other questions and comments, particularly during my pregnancy with my second daughter. "You don't even look pregnant," was the reaction I heard most often.

"I wanted to transform my personal experience into something useful for my students, a story for others to read."

Although I did not enjoy the intrusive nature of these personal comments, I do not fault the students for them; having internalized the cultural message about women's bodies, it was natural for them to try to read into my own. Nevertheless, this aspect of my interactions with students continued influencing my thinking about my struggle with anorexia and my painstaking recovery. Their transference was like a grain of sand inside a dark shell, a mild irritant that began to create something new.

I wrote my just-published memoir, *Body Story*, for many reasons, some of which remain opaque to me, like the dark light inside of the closed shell. But the students and the teaching environment at Agnes Scott are important reasons that compelled me to create something new—a pearl, if I am lucky—within writing. I wanted to take up some narrative space, to claim my experience within language and to invite it to be read.

The personal is not only political, but also intellectual. And if it were to be intellectual, then it had to be artistic. I wanted to transform my personal experience into something useful for my students, a story for others to read. I wanted to teach to the whole

person, not just to the intellect, and for that to happen it was natural for me to create a kind of literary self-portrait of myself as a whole person—mind, body, and soul, in sickness and in health.

In her influential book *Writing a Woman's Life*, Carolyn Heilbrun wrote "women of accomplishment, in unconsciously writing their future lived lives, or, more recently, in trying honestly to deal in written form with lived past lives, have had to confront power and control. . . . Power is the ability to take one's place in whatever discourse is essential to action and the right to have one's part matter." In writing the text of my body's story, I wanted to represent the dangerous effects of our culture's powerful influence on girls and women.

Publishing my memoir has felt risky. I have opened up another realm of my life for anyone who cares to read it. This is the realm of the personal, of my physical and emotional struggle with anorexia and with depression. The writing takes up a kind of space that our culture does not openly invite women to inhabit. The risk of taking up that written space has made me understand my life better as a woman and as a teacher. I dedicate that risk and that space to all of the students I have ever taught and to those yet to come.

Julia K. De Pree, associate professor of French, joined the Agnes Scott faculty in 1996. She is also the author of The Ravishment of Persephone: Epistolary Lyric in the Siècle des Lumières

Body Story, published by Ohio University Press, is available at the Agnes Scott College bookstore and other bookstores around the country.

TO LEARN MORE

- Harvard Eating Disorders Center: www.hedc.org/

FACTS AND FINDINGS FROM THE HARVARD EATING DISORDERS CENTER

Facts

- More than 5 million Americans experience eating disorders.
- Anorexia nervosa, bulimia nervosa and binge-eating disorder are diseases that affect the mind and body simultaneously.
- Three percent of adolescent and adult women and 1 percent of men have anorexia nervosa, bulimia nervosa or binge-eating disorder.
- A young woman with anorexia is 12 times more likely to die than other women her age without anorexia.
- Fifteen percent of young women have substantially disordered eating attitudes and behaviors.
- Between 10 percent and 15 percent of those diagnosed with bulimia nervosa are men.
- Forty percent of fourth-graders report that they diet either "very often" or "sometimes."
- About half of those with anorexia or bulimia have a full recovery, 30 percent have a partial recovery and 20 percent have no substantial improvement.

Findings

- In a study of children ages 8 to 10, approximately half of the girls and one third of the boys were dissatisfied with their size. However, most dissatisfied girls wanted to be thinner while about equal numbers of dissatisfied boys wanted to be heavier. Boys wanted to grow into their bodies, whereas girls were more worried about their bodies growing.
- In a study of girls ages 9 to 12, slightly more than half reported exercising to lose weight, slightly less than half reported eating less to lose weight and approximately one out of 20 reported using diet pills or laxatives to lose weight.
- Recent findings indicate that girls who smoke to suppress their appetite are a group of new nicotine addicts.
- Girls participating in elite competitive sports, such as ice-skating, gymnastics, crew and dance, in which body shape and size are a factor in performance, are more at risk for eating disorders than girls who do not compete in such sports. Boys who participate in similar sports, including wrestling, are also at increased risk.

From War to Education

War survivors—an alumna and two students—share intensely personal stories of their journey from war-torn countries to Agnes Scott, as well as insights on the lingering effects of that journey.



GARY MEER

ARJANA MAHMUTOVIC LILIC '99

by Allison Adams '89

Sometimes Arjana Mahmutovic Lilic's stomach still leaps at an unexpected knock on the door.

"During the war," explains the tall, poised woman whose manner is calm and smile is broad, "when somebody knocked, you knew it was the Serbs coming to take you away."

In the tidy serenity of the new Tucker, Ga., townhouse Lilic shares with her husband, Rusmin, and their chow-shepherd mix, Max, it is difficult to imagine the trauma of her life a decade before. In December 1994, Lilic, her parents and her younger sister arrived in the United States as refugees from Bosnia, where ethnic strife had erupted into war. But she won't forget her ordeal, and it has inspired her to leadership in Atlanta's Bosnian community of about 10,000.

Following the 1992 collapse of the Soviet Union, Radovan Karadzic led the Serbian Nationalist militia in an occupation of Bosnia, where a multitude of ethnic and religious groups had long peacefully coexisted. The intent of the Serbian Nationalists was "ethnic cleansing"—to systematically eliminate all non-Serbs, chiefly Muslim Bosnians and Croats. From 1992 until 1995, more than 3 million people lost their homes. Some 175,000 people were wounded, and 275,000 were killed or went missing.

Lilic's family is from Doboj, a small city in northern Bosnia. Her father, a community business leader, was an electrical engineer and her mother a restaurant owner.

"The life was good," says Lilic. "We were considered upper-middle class in the town."

When Karadzic's troops occupied Doboj in May 1992, "it was just like the movies," says Lilic, who was 13. "One morning we woke up and heard the soldiers going around saying everyone

"One night [my mother] just showed up at the door ... with the most beautiful face I have ever seen. That was the happiest day of my life."

should turn themselves in—they had the city surrounded." The family hoped to leave through one of the exits left open from the city for a small time, but they waited too long for their extended family to join them. The others were unable to cross a checkpoint because they were Muslim. Lilic and her family were trapped.

The Mahmutovic family hid in the home of their neighbors, a sympathetic Serbian man and his Muslim wife. "You couldn't live in your house," Lilic explains. "But if you abandoned it, someone would move in and take it over." So Lilic's mother stayed in their house at night. "We thought because she was a woman, no one would do anything to her."

About a month into the siege, however, someone exposed them to the militia. "They pulled my mother out, put a gun to her head and told my father if he didn't come out they would kill his wife," Lilic says. "So of course my father came out. They started beating him right there in the street. I watched from a window."

Her father was taken to a concentration camp, a converted factory in the city. For three months he was beaten and tortured while his wife worked desperately for his release. "She collected anything we had of value in the house to bribe someone," says Lilic. "And she did get him out."

But under Serbian control, Muslims could not work or go to school, bank accounts were frozen, and curfews limited their movement. "Everything was gone," says Lilic. "We had no food. We would cook grass to survive. One day someone found a cow, so we had milk."

"I had never prayed in my life, but my grandfather had taught me how. All I did, especially when my father was taken away, was read books. And when I got tired of reading, I would pray: 'One day we are going to get out.' That was all I could think about."

In September, Lilic's mother arranged for their evacuation to Croatia, but she stayed behind. "There was no room for her," explains Lilic. "And she hoped she could save our property because everyone thought the war would be over soon."

It was not. But a year later, Lilic's mother escaped. She bribed one of Radovan Karadzic's assistants into smuggling her out of Bosnia, through Serbia to Belgrade in Karadzic's car. From Belgrade, she managed to get to Croatia. For seven days the family did not hear from her. "Then one night she just showed up at the door," Lilic recalls. "She was in a coat and hat with the most beautiful face I have ever seen. That was the happiest day of my life."

For two years the family tried to establish citizenship in Croatia, but rising hostilities between Muslims and Croats discouraged them. So they immigrated to the United States. Having requested resettlement in a warm climate and strong economy, they arrived at Hartsfield International Airport on Dec. 5, 1994. After spending two months at a transitional community that helps refugee families adjust to living in the United States, the Mahmutovics moved into an Clarkston apartment for two years while they rebuilt their lives.

Both Lilic, then 16, and her sister worked part-time jobs while attending school, and her parents each held two jobs. They saved enough for a down payment on a house in Stone Mountain. Lilic, who speaks six languages, became the chief negotiator for her family. She also was frequently called upon to help other refugees with matters such as doctor's visits and financial transactions. "It made me more mature before I was ready," she says. "There was pressure to make sure everything was right. But I don't regret it—I'm glad I was able to help."

Lilic enrolled in Georgia State University, but she felt a need for a greater challenge. Through All Saints' Episcopal Church, which had sponsored her family when they first arrived, she met Betty Derrick '68, special assistant to the vice president for student life and community relations and dean of students at Agnes Scott.

"When she visited the college, she fell in love with it immediately," says Derrick. "We held our breath because we needed to figure out how to get her here, but Arjana was ahead of us. She had looked at what she could earn, what she could borrow. She was so mature, pragmatic and grounded, it was very humbling."

With a scholarship, Lilic enrolled as a resident student her junior year and majored in economics. Last December, she completed an M.B.A. at Georgia State. She works as a manager for a telecommunications consulting company.

Establishing economic security for herself, her family and her community is part of what has driven her. "I know what I went through, how tough it was on my family," she says. "It's a Bosnian tradition to own your own house. You want to be independent—not relying on anybody else to help you out."

Lilic is active in several nonprofit organizations, serving often as a translator and a liaison with the Bosnian community. She is on the board of Refugee Resettlement and Immigration Services of Atlanta and volunteers with ArtReach, which is committed to healing children's trauma caused by war or natural disaster, and with the Bosnian-American Society, which sponsors the education of young Bosnian scholars who were orphaned by the war. Her volunteer work has become a sincere passion and a possible future career path.

"Because I'm able to, I want to help as much as possible," she says. "I'm not going to be hungry if I give away my time or my money."

Allison Adams '89 is a writer and editor at Emory University, where she earned her master's degree in English.



AMIRA CERIMOVIC '07 AND KALEH KARIM '07

by Victoria F. Stopp '01

For Amira Cerimovic '07 and Kaleb Karim '07, the route to Agnes Scott was circuitous—and dangerous. Now best friends, they are also refugees.

Cerimovic fled from her home in Zvornik, Bosnia, after Serbian fighters marauded her town, killing civilians. Her father was a victim of Serbian violence, as were other members of her extended family. Karim, who is Kurdish, escaped genocide in northern Iraq in 1986. Both women were children when they fled the violence.

"My father was a mechanical engineer," says Cerimovic. "He had nothing to do with the army. People warned him that we were going to get attacked and that they would only kill men. He left, but couldn't stay away from his family when people were shooting at them. He came back and they [the Serbs] put him in a car and took him. It's been twelve years."

"At the time we left, there was genocide against the Kurds," says Karim. "Five thousand people were killed in one day. One of our houses was bombed, and one we had to leave. We had nothing. We went barefoot and lived in caves for two months, and after that we walked. Our main transportation was a donkey, and we crossed over the mountains and then went to Iran."

War, hardships and politics caused both women's families to move multiple times before reaching the United States. They learned new languages, said goodbye to friends and family and

"We had nothing. We went barefoot and lived in caves for two months. Our main transportation was a donkey, and we crossed over the mountains and then went to Iran."

worked hard to adapt to each country's customs. English is Cerimovic's fourth language, although she only counts it as her third because she says she's forgotten Dutch. Karim speaks different dialects of Kurdish and Urdu plus Persian and English. She learned Spanish in high school and plans to take Arabic at Emory University next year.

"The hardest thing about being a refugee has been leaving, moving a lot, not having stability," says Karim. "You can't have friends. I had to say goodbye, and I didn't have a stable language. We had to leave Iran and go to Pakistan in 1991 because the war between Iran and Iraq started. We were considered Iraqis, not Kurds, because nobody recognized Kurds. We stayed in Pakistan for eight years. We were just looking for a safe place to live."

That safe place was the United States where Karim and her family landed five years ago.

Cerimovic, her mother and younger brother first fled to Slovenia, where they stayed for about three years. They then landed in the Netherlands, then Germany and finally the United States in 1999.

"When we first started, there were a lot of people donating, but after a while people quit donating and we had to move," says Cerimovic. "It's hard not having a complete family. We ran out of food and necessities. The first couple of months were hard, but you adjust," she says. "I liked the Netherlands. I was just a kid, and it was fun. But as a kid you miss out on certain things because it takes a lot to learn the language, and while you're learning the language you cannot learn the curriculum for your age. I was forced to catch up."

Karim and Cerimovic met while working at Refugee Family Services, a Clarkston, Ga., organization that works to improve the lives of local refugees—especially children.

"Not only do I tutor the students, I try to get them used to life here," says Karim. "I try to be a friend they can rely on and talk to when they need something or when they have a problem at school. Usually, when you come to a different country, parents have a harder time adjusting to the culture as opposed to the kids. I try to be there to give them advice."

Although Cerimovic no longer works at Refugee Family

Services, she works in the nursery of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, does filing for a cardiologist at DeKalb Medical Center and plays a strong role in her family such as going to parents' meetings at her 13-year-old brother's school because their mother speaks little English. Karim, who lives in Clarkston with her parents and two younger sisters, also handles a tight schedule, working at the Agnes Scott post office and as a tutor and mentor at Refugee Family Services.

"I'm involved in the Muslim Student Association and I am the co-president of Habitat for Humanity. I'm in Tri Beta, and the handiwork club also," says Karim of her Agnes Scott activities.

Both women think they have found a permanent home in the United States, despite sometimes dealing with prejudice.

"I was really looking forward to the United States," says Cerimovic. "It's very different from Europe. When I first got here, I had a feeling that everyone was welcome, but after Sept. 11, I realized it's not as easy to be accepted. Most people working at Refugee Services are of different colors and religions, and they were affected by it," she says. "A lot of people are afraid to be different. You have to show them that it's all right to be different."

Karim agrees.

"People are not as willing to understand your differences," says Karim. "I think that's most difficult, not just for refugees but for any foreigner."

Although they discovered Agnes Scott in different ways—Karim because she served on a post-September 11 panel at the school dealing with the effects of terrorism on the lives of refugees, and Cerimovic while chaperoning refugee children to the campus to give them a taste of college—both women were impressed with the college and decided to apply.

"The people are so friendly here," says Karim. "I feel at home. I just love it here, and I want to thank all the people who have been so welcoming and so understanding. Dr. Gibson is awesome. He's so willing to talk, so open and has made me feel comfortable."

"Agnes Scott is very nice, and I can stay at home [in Stone Mountain]," says Cerimovic. "The people are really nice, and they make it affordable. I like being able to go to professors to ask questions, and it's easy to get from class to class."

Cerimovic has not returned to Bosnia, but hopes to spend her junior year in Germany with a week set aside to visit her former home country. Although some of her extended family lives in the United States, she still has family in Bosnia, and most don't want to leave.

Karim, who is contemplating a major in molecular or cell biology with a pre-med focus, hopes to return to Kurdistan once the war in Iraq is over. She aspires to become a doctor and serve refugees wherever there is need.

"I want to help refugee children," says Karim. "No matter what the reason for a war is, children end up getting hurt. I've been a refugee as far as I can remember, ever since I was three, and I want to help refugee children if I become a doctor."

After all they've been through, their goals don't seem out of reach for two women who aren't yet out of their teens—especially because they have the support of each other.

"We're best friends," says Karim. "We understand each other completely because we come from such similar backgrounds."

Victoria F. Stopp '01, a former office of communications intern, is pursuing a master of fine arts in creative nonfiction at Goucher College in Baltimore.

*"My mother [Cornelia "Neenie" Taylor Stubbs '31]
was so funny. I think she got to heaven and said,
'God, I think Katherine is going to need something to focus on!'
That "something" includes five children and a
little black dog named Shadow.*

Life's Little Turns

by Celeste Pennington

It's Monday night out.

The "Basement Guy," Andrew Page, along with Edgar Lopez, 15, and his brother Diego Ramirez, 12, are crowded with Kathey Stubbs '67 around the table in a neighborhood Mexican restaurant. In Spanish, Edgar has just ordered enchiladas—*green* enchiladas.

Good-natured banter flits around the table. Then Andrew, a second-year medical student at Emory University School of Medicine, asks Edgar point blank: "Did you tell Kathey about our *vibrato* argument?" Green eyes gleam as Edgar shakes his head and laughs a little. Earlier Edgar had critiqued Andrew's violin-playing technique only to learn from his Sutton Middle School teacher that playing vibrato is the *aim*. Diego laughs. Edgar grins. "I was so embarrassed!"

It's all in fun, with the spotlight on Edgar, who is dressed in a starched white shirt and black tie—and flush from performing with his school's mariachi ensemble for the Spanish Club dinner at Emory University. The ensemble, Stubbs notes, received a standing ovation.

Their conversation jumps from Andrew's winning a Ben & Jerry's ice cream-eating contest, to Stubbs' Agnes Scott Alumnae Weekend visitors, to what Edgar and Diego gave up for Lent—hot salsa, television and videos—and back to Andrew who had just returned from California, where he participated in a national conference on sickle-cell anemia.

After the meal, they all drive to the dignified home that has been in Stubbs family since 1931. Andrew boards in the basement. At the beginning of each week, Edgar and Diego live upstairs with Stubbs and their little dog Shadow.

Stubbs is a cat person. "God definitely pulled this group together," she laughs.

Her association with the kids started at Garden Hills Elementary where she's a fifth-grade teacher.

Marie Andujar, the mother of a Garden Hills student, had befriended Edgar, Diego and their three sisters, Jennifer, now 14, Maira, 9, and Mirian, 8, who were her neighbors. When the children's mother ran into legal problems, Andujar and her husband, Bruce, offered to help. Stubbs remembers the call from Bruce. "Now, K.C.," he told her, "I had just been praying—asking God to expand my horizon and extend my boundaries—and I got this call from my wife, 'How would you feel about having a family of five move in with us?'"

That same week, on the pages of her journal, Stubbs had been pondering questions about life and death and what she might do next. After a decade of caring for her mother, she was grieving the loss of 93-year-old Cornelia "Neenie" Taylor Stubbs '31.

Counter-clockwise from lower left: Maira, Jennifer, Mirian, Andrew, Diego, Shadow, Edgar; Kathey Stubbs '67 is in the center.



Lively Neenie, a former fifth-grade teacher at Kirkwood Elementary School, and brilliant Trawick, a Harvard-educated public health/mental health physician, were parents who had opened their hearts and home to others. Stubbs' care for her mother throughout the long illness built on that family legacy. Yet, she insists, "I am not 'Dolly Do-Good.' It was just a joy being with Neenie all those years. For me, her death was like the sunshine being turned off. I didn't have any idea how I would deal with the grief."

Barely two weeks after Neenie's death came Bruce's phone call. Stubbs agreed to assist with the five children for a few months to help them finish out the school year.

Since her Agnes Scott days, Stubbs has seen her life as a series of "side projects." While she describes her friends at college as "scholars and brilliant people" dutifully focused on study, "I was always *on my way* to the library!"

She would later earn a master's and an Ed.D., from the University of California-Los Angeles, yet her real loves at Agnes Scott included field hockey and volunteer work with the Christian Association. Compassionate and competitive, in these fields she made lifelong and life-changing friendships.

On the hockey field, Stubbs was a center forward playing against center forward Gué Hudson '68, now vice president for student life and community relations and dean of students at the college. Their friendly rivalry, from sports to politics, changed to admiration after Stubbs included Hudson in a senior psychology experiment testing an individual's tendency to conform. "Of all the individuals I tested, Gué was the one who couldn't be swayed by the group," recalls Stubbs.

Year after year these "old Agnes Scott jocks," as they refer to themselves, have run together in the Peachtree Road Race and now are hiking the Appalachian Trail, one section at a time. Over time they've turned to each other for humor and advice. "Cautiously, I reared three children," says Hudson. "She helped me through that."

Stubbs made the "Mary Brown Connection" through the Christian Association where Mary Brown Bullock '66, now president of the college, served as her inspiration and mentor. Bullock encouraged Stubbs to undertake a service project in New York one summer. After graduation, Stubbs was puzzling over joining the Peace Corps. "The day I got the invitation to go to Korea, Mary flew into town. I had wanted to go to Africa or India. Those places sounded more like Peace Corps to me. Mary, whose parents were missionaries in South Korea, said, 'Of course you are going!'"

In a southern province, Stubbs worked with a physician to train women in maternal and child health, tuberculosis control and family planning.

Next to erudite titles on Stubbs' home bookshelves are the Lemony Snicket series about the unfortunate events of the three Baudelaire orphans and *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein. Recently Diego was at Stubbs' house poring over an application for the six-week Reach for Excellence summer program at Marist School. Even Shadow, a pure-bred miniature pinscher and the kids' family pet for years, has taken up full-time residence in Stubbs' heart.

More than a year ago, the children's mother faced deportation to Mexico. Backed by long-term commitments from the Andujars, Stubbs and another teacher, all five kids decided to remain together in Atlanta.

The Andujars serve as these children's base of operation, a mother and father meeting day-to-day needs. After her Bible study on Sunday night through Wednesday morning the boys are with Stubbs. She is the grandmotherly grammar patrol who oversees homework, encourages their interaction with young adults like Andrew and uses her considerable professional resources to orchestrate formative experiences for the kids.

Right now, she is looking into a performing arts program for Edgar.

Last summer, she took Edgar and Jennifer with the youth group at Trinity United Methodist Church on a mission trip to her old haunt, New York City, and to Washington, D.C. "You don't get to know teenagers by chatting over a nice

meal; you get to know them by going places," is her theory. Their side trips included a Broadway play, a visit to the World Trade Center site in New York and to the U.S. Supreme Court and National Cathedral in Washington, D.C.

At the Andujar home, the children go full steam ahead. In Stubbs' home, they can find a quiet nook by the fireplace to read or practice music or play with Shadow. Sometimes they recite poems aloud or joke and talk with Stubbs and Andrew. At bedtime, they may sleep in a bedroom or pull out a hide-a-bed from the peach sofa in the living room with its squared-off satin cornices and long, narrow, shuttered windows.

From Diego's perspective, his brother and sisters made a wise choice to remain in Atlanta. In Mexico, explains Edgar, "I might have been working. Here we get an education that's better." Yet, when Maira talks about her mom, "Sometimes she gets emotional, I hug her, and sometimes I tell about how things were when the whole family was in Atlanta." Edgar also misses his mother. "She calls me 'O, José Gato,' because I have green eyes (like a cat's)."

Fairly eloquently, both brothers express their appreciation for Stubbs and the Andujars. "I got these lines from Shakespeare," says Diego. "'Two households, both are alike in dignity.' Both are respectful."

Stubbs also expresses her thankfulness for the unexpected turn her life has taken.

"God has led me into an experience that capitalizes on my own strengths and enables me to enjoy life more," she concludes. "Lemony Snicket is right up my alley! I love these kids."

And the dog? "Shadow embodies the Greek aesthetic of beauty. When I take him for a walk, people notice. The other day, these two hunky college guys saw him and just stopped. Shadow is a gorgeous little dog."

"God definitely pulled this group together."



CAROLINE JOE

Celeste Pennington, a Georgia-based freelance writer, manages several publications.



Life in SAVOONGA

Helping students reach their potential and "raise the scores" of their school creates one kind of challenge. Doing this in Alaska presents an even greater challenge for an Agnes Scott student who now knows there is a reason she is a native of the South.

Story and photos by Jessie Yarbrough '05

On an approved leave from Agnes Scott College, Jessie Yarbrough '05 was selected by her employer—a position she found through the college's office of career planning—to join a team working with an underachieving school. The following glimpse at part of her e-mail journal to friends and family reveals what she learned in the process.

AUGUST 18, 2003

The ocean is right beside the school. This village is coastal—a tiny city sitting on a small piece of land that juts out into the water. The buildings are mangy wooden structures connected by a series of wooden "bridges." Many planks are broken or missing, so a simple trip to the store is a perilous adventure. If you fall off the wood, you can easily end up in a foot of standing bog water, surrounded by trash. Apparently, if it snows 10 months out of the year, trash disposal is not a major concern. If you follow the shore about 100 yards, you'll hit the cliffs. The cliffs and the area behind them are full of wild animal species (puffins! . . . and thousands of lemmings!). St. Lawrence Island was a volcanic island at one point.

The people (Siberian Yupik Eskimos . . . but don't use the word Eskimo because it's derogatory) have been here for more than 1,500 years. They speak St. Lawrence Island Yupik. No one else in the world speaks this language. It's even different from the other village on this island. It's a guttural language that I will never be able to master. I can barely even (accurately) repeat what the children have tried to teach me. Their English is called 'village English' because it does not always match grammatically what you and I would say. About 600 people live here, and there are 170 students in grades K–12.



The beach is black (volcanic rock) with white speckles (broken shells). The water changes from deep shades of blue to light greens depending on the weather. The sky is often cloudy, but the sunsets and sunrises are phenomenal. They last for hours, and they fill up half of the horizon. Enormous white whale bones are scattered across certain areas of the shore, and apparently they will soon be bringing in whales that are more than 40 feet in length. Non-natives are not allowed to take anything from the island (i.e. rocks, artifacts, etc). We even have to buy a pass if we want to hike out of a three-mile radius. The natives own the island, and they consider everything on it to belong to their people.

My bedroom/office has no windows. I am basically living and working in a supply closet. It's a potentially depressing situation, but I'm doing my best to liven it up a little bit.

The general store is about as general as it gets. The prices are so high that it's hard to purchase anything without wanting to cry. I bought a bottle of Febreze for \$9, and I have a small tub of butter that cost \$5. The tuna fish is almost \$2 a can, and canned soups/veggies are close to \$3 each. Oddly enough, they have a moderate selection of foods, but I haven't seen bread for days.

Everyone is related here. I have absolutely no privacy and every move I make is carefully observed and scrutinized by my friendly coworkers. Some of them are nice, but many are just crazy. I guess it's the ill effects of living out here for so long. Fortunately, the villagers are absolutely incredible—offering four-wheeler rides, always waving, stopping to introduce themselves and invite me to dinner—and that is what really matters to me. The children are just too adorable. They are surprisingly bold and appropriately confident. I cherish my conversations with them because they neutralize the idiocy that surrounds me at “work.”

The villagers are absolutely incredible — offering four-wheeler rides, always waving, stopping to introduce themselves and invite me to dinner.

AUGUST 29, 2003

Adaptation truly is the key to survival, and I'm starting to get used to village life. There are good and bad things about this island. Here are a few of them:

Good: Lemmings—As a lifelong hamster lover, I am constantly entertained by these tiny, furry rodents. They're everywhere! They dig complicated networks of holes underground, but they are constantly running across and around the surface.

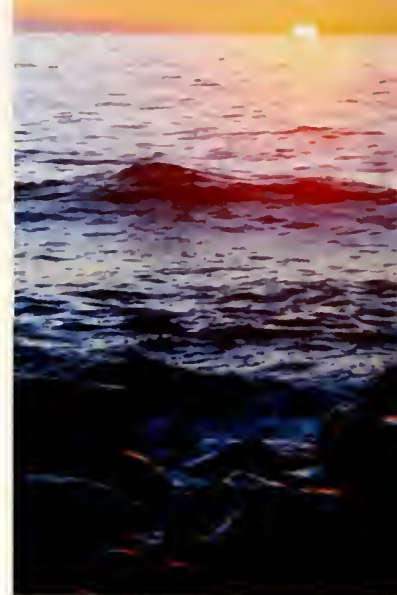
Bad: Animal remains—There are dead whales, seals, walruses, birds, etc. all over the place, and they stink. They are primarily rotting on certain parts of the shoreline, but you can catch a whiff of them from the dirt road that runs about 100 yards back from the coast. The natives should be catching three to five whales—averaging 40 feet long—this season. I nervously await the stench of that endeavor.

Good: The cliffs—When the weather is nice, I like to hike up to these cliffs that lie about a mile eastward from the village. There are dozens of bird species that inhabit the rocks up there, and I enjoy sitting still and catching close up photos of them and the lemmings. My favorite things about the cliffs are the view and the puffins.

Bad: Trash—Again, I say, trash is quite an issue on this island. They must carry all the waste (by four-wheeler) over to some unseen area and, therefore, some people find it easier to just drop it where they create it. The area around my school is ridden with “pop” cans and myriad discarded items—window screens, decomposing boxes, candy wrappers, cigarette butts. Yesterday, I went outside with gloves and trash bags to pick up around the school. Within 10 minutes, I had almost a dozen kids helping (voluntarily!), but we barely brushed the surface.

School started Thursday, and Jaynelle and I have spent our time testing, scoring, and placing the 10th-, 11th- and 12th-graders. The students are remarkably bright, polite and cooperative.

Last night, as I was standing on the shoreline, a bird actually landed on my head. One of the natives—an elder—was noticeably disturbed by the whole situation. He said that he had lived there all his life and never seen a wild bird make voluntary contact with a human being.



Two seagulls were lying dead on the ground, shot by 7-year-old boys with guns, I'm sure. No joke ... all the kids have guns. I had the displeasure of watching two little girls rip their wing feathers off and stomp them to bloody pulps. Maybe it's my weak stomach, but the kids here are just a little more apt to kill than I'm used to back home. Again, just another part of subsistence existence that I will have to accept.

Friday night we ended up at the "coffeehouse," actually a two room shack serving black coffee for 50 cents, but that was just a bad idea all along. Apparently, it's sort of the place to be if you are a teenager, so you can imagine our embarrassment when we burst in and crashed the party. It's hard to maintain a professional demeanor when you're hanging out at the same spots as your students—not to mention we were followed by a troupe of kids (ages 4–14)—so that certainly didn't add any cool points. It's rare for me to be able to walk anywhere without a trail of kids following my every move.

SEPTEMBER 6, 2003

Sixteen months ago I left the mundane and largely unrewarding world of camping equipment to work for Lindamood-Bell Learning Processes. Its primary focus concerns the cognitive processes that influence the art of learning—reading, spelling and comprehension—and it offers intensive, remedial, one-to-one treatment for kids and adults. At the Atlanta center I am a clinician, and the majority of my time is spent working with students under the direction of consultants and the clinic director. The consultants test, diagnose and pace the students, while the clinicians conduct the majority of the one-to-one treatment. I worked for them full time last summer and part time during my junior year and into this past summer. Five weeks ago, I got the news I had been selected to participate in the Center in a School project in Bering Strait, Alaska. The goal of each project is to integrate the LBLP techniques into struggling school systems to provide a tangible foundation for general education. My job here requires the duties of both a consultant and a clinician, but without the direct support network of a regular clinic. It's challenging, but I feel lucky to be able to take advantage of this.

So, now I'm here on an island in the middle of the Bering Sea, living among the natives in a village of 600 people, 200 dogs and 10,000 lemmings.

It's true! Weekends are only truly appreciated when you work full-time Monday through Friday. Highlights and lowlights of my week:

Good—I just walked into my room to find an unexpected piece of notebook paper on my "bed" (just a sad, deflated air mattress with a pillow on top). On the paper was a pencil drawing of me with an enormous head, a half sun and four clouds in the background. Scribbled on the bottom was: "To: Jessi, From: Mandy Iworrigan ... September 5, 2003 ... What time is at ... 4:00 p.m." I have no idea who this person is, but my best guess is that she is younger than 6 and attending classes down the hall.

Good—Care packages. Oh the joy of opening a box that includes items I haven't seen in weeks! It's comforting to see the handwriting of my friends and family. I've always been pretty easy to please, but I never thought a can of Pringles would bring a tear to my eye.

Bad—Alcoholism and gambling are slowly destroying many lives here. Last night, two women were beat up by their drunken male family members. And I thought the South was a patriarchal mess! Though many of the villagers have fairly modern conceptions of reality, there are still a few elders who continue the "head-of-household" traditions.

My students decided today that I officially deserve a Yupik name. After an intense discussion (of which I, of course, could not understand a word), they decided on "Peetsaghaq," which means rose in English. It sounds sort of like Pizza-hawk.

A little Savoonga history: In 1879, 1,600 natives lived on this island. Two years later, only 300. In 1881, a ship docked and introduced hard liquor and foreign disease. Half the village of Gambell died, and a village that lay three miles east of what is now Savoonga was wiped out entirely. In the early 20th century, five families set up a permanent camp in Savoonga to take advantage of the reindeer herds that prefer more eastern areas of St. Lawrence Island. Though it was a nice, fresh start, the roots of this community are slowly being uprooted by some of the same things that destroyed so many of their ancestors.



SEPTEMBER 15, 2003

The sunrises are just as breathtaking as the sunsets here, and they are both closing in on one another as the days roll along. I think we lose something like seven minutes off of each sunset every day. I was told that by the end of this semester, the sun should be rising around 10 a.m. and setting just four or five hours later.

**I can stand outside
without gloves or
thermals only when the
wind dies down.
Otherwise, my legs lose
feeling, and my hands
begin to ache.**

I entered was dark and cramped, but they made the best of it with a huge mattress/palette strewn across the floor of the main room. All of the kids were piled on it watching cartoons, and the older people sat in chairs surrounding the mattress. Though most of the villagers are more than friendly here, it's always uncomfortable when I go into their houses and see their personal spaces firsthand. It is here that I tend to meet the people who don't come out during the day, and they are not as accepting as their counterparts. No one is openly mean here, but that is because it is custom to simply ignore your enemies and/or the people you just don't have the time or energy to get to know.

Last night, I watched some hunting videos that Richard, the bicultural teacher, let me borrow. I saw rare footage of the Bering Sea hunting expeditions that take place after the ice breaks up. The most amazing parts included a polar bear chase across broken ice and freezing water. It was just unbelievable. Polar bears are neither adorable nor friendly. They are intelligent, man-eating

I visited Lisa's family one night after gym, and it was quite an eye-opener. The families are not only close, but they are huge and all-encompassing. Many of the kids are adopted by close relatives, and very young children will often use the phrase "biological mom" (or dad) when describing their families to me. The house I

through, the island looks, smells and feels like a different place. The water reflects a navy blue, and the white waves crash in contrast to the dark water and black shoreline. It's getting colder here, and it's hard to believe I wore sandals outside just a few weeks ago. I can stand outside without gloves or thermals only when the wind dies down. Otherwise, my legs lose feeling, and my hands begin to ache. I've begun a love-hate relationship with the wind because while it chills the air it also keeps the waves going. When those die down an eerie silence falls over the village, and I've never been a fan of eerie silence.

Last Tuesday, I saw my first aurora show just after midnight. It's hard to describe. It's always unbelievable to see things you've never seen before, especially when they fill up the sky you thought you knew so well. You can also see satellites blinking across the horizon, and falling stars are not as rare.

Rob, a special-education teacher, brought me two salmon, each a couple feet long. I shoved them into the freezer in the kitchen, but I'll get the wrath of the lunch ladies on Monday. They're a little territorial, but I don't blame them because it is their workspace. They are quite friendly, especially considering the fact that I'm basically squatting in their kitchen. I live in the closet that used to store extra food, and I use their wonderful yellow bowls when they aren't looking.

On the other hand, Shirley likes to start her laundry in the morning just before I begin class, and I end up fighting to be heard over the roar of an industrial strength washing machine. She even came in one day last week and folded a load while I was trying to teach—my classroom is also the laundry room. I assumed that it would be obvious that people shouldn't do laundry while I'm teaching, but I guess I'm going to have to put up a sign or something. My room is evolving quite nicely into a dorm-like palace. The walls are paper thin, so I can still hear conversations going on

beasts, and I will do everything in my power to not see one up close. The only polar bears I may see will be the ones that cross the frozen sea in search of food this winter. I've been told that they have as many as 60 come through the Savoonga area each season, but they kill them as soon as they are found.

SEPTEMBER 23, 2003

Today was a beautiful day in Savoonga. When the clouds part and the sun shines



down the hall. I am awakened each morning by the sound of those huge, brown paper towel dispensers that are in every school bathroom in the nation. One hangs on the other side of the wall in the kitchen just inches from my head as I sleep. I don't quite have the nerve to say, "Shirley, could you please use a softer hand when dispensing paper towels, and, while you're at it, could you not fold your underwear while I'm teaching." I guess I'll start being that direct at the same time I decide to ask the teachers to quit commenting on the mundane details of my daily existence.

There's just not an easy way to ask a person to stop being rude when they are doing so unintentionally. For example, I just put a cake in the oven, and two teachers passing by extended their comments. It doesn't sound that bad, but imagine those comments being the same ones everyday, and imagine them being applied to every move you make. In my worst moments here, I feel like I've been shipped off to a hell designed just for me. That being said, plenty of joys come with daily life here, and I try to concentrate on them to maintain my sanity.

OCTOBER 10, 2003

I went through a period where I was going out every night, but that has begun to taper off over the last few days. It's considered the ultimate insult to the natives if I disappear for even one night, so I have to make regular appearances to keep up a good rapport. There had been talk about me turning into a recluse until Thursday of the week before last. Two of my students finally convinced me to go to gym with them that night, and I reluctantly decided that it was time to make another public appearance. I find it nearly impossible to accurately describe what the process of "going to gym" entails. The younger kids all surround me and fight over who gets to play with my hair. I come out of there with corn rows and French braiding more nights than not. They can't get over the fact that my hair is naturally light in color and "so long." Hair is a big deal here, and I've never seen such creative cuts and

coloring in my life. A group of girls shaved their heads a few weeks ago, and that is now the official cool thing to do.

In the gym, everyone basically just sits around drinking "pop," fighting over the ball, and, of course, gossiping. Soft

drinks and gum are like gold in Savoonga. They chug Pepsi in the hall before class, bragging over who finished a "six pack" that morning.

When the gym closes about 10 or 11, everyone heads to Eugenie's, the coffee shop. The most horrible pop music blares out of the stereo the entire time, and if I hear another Christina Aguilera song, I'm going to pull my hair out. For the next few hours, everyone gets wired on black coffee and more pop, in order to prepare for the endless Honda riding that goes on until the wee hours of the morning. I usually slip away before that begins.

A 15-year-old boy killed himself in Gambell last weekend, a fairly regular occurrence in these villages. It was still pretty depressing. His girlfriend had just told him that she was pregnant. A good friend of his tried to hang himself the same night, but they saved him. A few of my students went over for the funeral, and everyone was nervous that it would happen in Savoonga as well. Though most of the suicides and murders are alcohol related, teenagers often kill themselves out of desperation and isolation from the larger world. Everyone I know has a relative and/or a good friend who has committed suicide, and they talk about it on a regular basis.

I have a new friend here — Sonny Boy. He's a 16-year-old school dropout with dreams of becoming a mechanic, marrying at 22 and having two children. The first time we spoke, he told me about his rough childhood, specifically because of the teasing he received for being "white trash." It led to

him dropping out of school, and he is earning his GED. His dad is from Oregon, but his mother is a Savoonga native. Children who have a white parent are subject to constant torment from their classmates, especially in elementary school. He certainly doesn't look "white," and there is no specific look here in Savoonga anyway. When I visited Gambell, most of the natives had a similar facial structure and body type, but Savoonga natives vary dramatically in appearance. Sonny has an impressive sense of humor, and he is able to communicate on a level that many of the natives lack. He lived in Anchorage for a few years, so he has a

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It was blackish-blue and
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little more world experience than most. I was taken by the fact that he feels comfortable enough to discuss his problems with me, but I suppose it makes sense considering I am one of the few people who can offer an objective point of view. He told me about the times he's tried to kill himself, specifically one [time] three years ago when he had the gun pointed under his chin and his finger on the trigger. He sat like that for 15 minutes until he finally talked himself out of it. He laughed and said, "I thought I was weak for doing that" (not pulling the trigger).

NOVEMBER 3, 2003

Ahhh...another day in Savoonga—I'm bored to the point of sheer craziness. I've started to enjoy—and reap great satisfaction from—the sound of my own voice. Sometimes I just laugh out loud . . . all by myself . . . sitting in my tiny room. It's one of those laughs that teeters on the edge of a good cry. My most exciting moments revolve around making dinner and checking e-mail.

Last weekend I tried whale for the first time—not the meat, but the skin. It was blackish-blue in color and had solid white blubber attached to the side. Anyone who knows my feelings about raw animal fat should understand how hard this was for me. I'm standing in my friend Tisha's kitchen, and the entire family is staring at me as I slowly raise it to my lips. I chew . . . and smile . . . and chew and smile some more. It was like eating a marinated chunk of tire. I discreetly tossed it in the trash can. Perhaps I won't be delving into the Yupik delicacies as I had planned! They also coerced me into trying the infamous sea peaches. No one could explain to me what exactly they were, despite the fact that we were sitting at a table with dozens of them lying in front of us. They were bright orange, had the texture of ham, and, most of all, they were salty. Very salty. More chewing, more smiling and more tossing into the trash can. To top the night off, her dad brings in a cardboard box full of, what else, reindeer legs! I keep reminding myself that this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, but that will never be enough to convince me to eat the pickled baby walrus that I keep hearing about.

Weekend before last was the Anchorage trip, and was that a fleeting series of moments. When I got off the plane back in Savoonga, I turned around and watched it fly away with tears



streaming down my face. Fortunately, I was met by a caravan of teenagers, claiming that Savoonga was "soooo boring" without me. I really don't know what I do that adds excitement, but they were all relieved to see me get back. I think it has more to do with their fear of abandonment from teachers in the past. For example, one teacher went to Anchorage recently to get a root canal and never returned.

The weather here has become quite a battle for me. When it's a nice day in Savoonga, the sheer beauty of it can blow you away. When it's any other day in Savoonga, I want to run through the soggy tundra and jump off the nearest cliff. I was born in the South for a reason, and that is because I am a huge wimp in the face of cold weather.

On Halloween, I spent over four hours painting faces at the carnival in the gym. This is big stuff for Savoonga, and everyone was there. It was an utterly exhausting experience, but I had a really good time. My full-face butterflies were quite a hit, but perhaps not so much as the half yellow/half blue look (the school colors of the Savoonga Huskies). There was a long line at my booth the entire night, and the teachers bathed me in envious stares. I get a lot of slack from the staff for being popular in the village. All you have to do is talk to them, and they will love you forever, but some people just don't like to leave their tidy teacher housing. I'm starting to realize that teaching must wear on your patience until you have no more because I am utterly appalled at the way some teachers treat students.

I'm not sure how this happened, but my room has recently become the hangout for a gang of fifth-grade girls who think I am the coolest thing to hit Savoonga since 50 Cent and Eminem. It all started with a simple request to play a CD in my room after school. From there it turned into a rowdy girlfest that lasted until 10 o'clock that first night. I wasn't sure what was happening until I opened my door to see five 10-year-old girls lounging in my room like they owned the place.

DECEMBER 17, 2003

As I stood on the frozen sea, hundreds of feet of twisted ice and snow between my shivering body and the shoreline, my thoughts were with the half-eaten bag of Fritos dangling from my pocket. It's funny how your mind works when it flips into emergency



mode. I tend to take a mental inventory of the amount of food on me, and when it might run out.

After a long day of school, I stood in my classroom talking to a few students when Albert, a former student, rushed in to ask if I wanted to go boating with him — now. I threw on my ski pants, boots and jacket, and we were on our way to pick up our friend, Derek, a current student of mine. We headed west to a spot about a half-mile from town, and Albert pointed to these tiny black dots of people about 300 yards from the shore. That was our destination, and we were going to walk there.

At the edge of what used to be the water was an 8-foot drop that I basically just fell down. Looking back, I began to calculate my chances of making it back up, but I shrugged it off to tackle the task at hand. We began making our way through the jagged jungle of ice chunks larger than me. We stopped at one point while Albert poked a hole in the ice with his handy seal hook/ice poker (a wooden contraption about 6 feet long with metal on both ends). The hole in the ice just added to my growing worries concerning the vast expanse of cold, deep water than lay just below my feet. I slowly turned to get a good look in all directions because this was definitely a place I'd never been before. Like many times in Savoonga, I took a moment to reflect the sheer ridiculous nature of my situation. I'm standing on the Bering Sea in the middle of December — fishing. We caught a little bottom-dweller, and, as expected, it looked like something out of a science-fiction movie. A man from the group farther out yells they need help hauling in a walrus. It was cold, and the sky was beginning to darken, so I told the guys that I would meet them back on the shore. I wanted to watch this scene unfold more than I wanted to participate. I made my way back, trying to follow the rough trail of footprints, when I realized that I had lost the path, and now it was just me and the elements. I cautiously crossed a few dozen yards until I reached a patch of suspiciously smooth ice where I decided to stop and wait for Albert and Derek — by now, two tiny black dots on the northern horizon.

This brings us back where we started, as I contemplated the rationing of my Fritos. I sat there, trying to act natural, until the seal-toting caravan of hunters finally came meandering my way. I've never been so happy to see burly men with dead animals in my life. I followed their trail of fresh seal guts (all the while getting a close-up view of adorable seal faces bouncing over the ice). One of the older men helped me up the steep embankment, and I tried not to look as helpless as I definitely was at this point. When I got home, my cheeks and hands glowed a deep red for more than an hour.

Last Friday, none of my students were at school because the entire village had been cutting up whale until the wee hours of the morning. A 53-foot Bowhead had been snagged on Thursday evening, and it was a mad dash to remove the meat before it froze. It took four tractors to pull it up on shore, and there were at least a half dozen boats involved in toting it up to that point. It's really amazing to see the natives come together to harvest a whale. People of all ages come along, and you can really feel the excitement of the whole group.

Tonight is officially my last night in Savoonga. After much deliberation, I decided I will not be returning next semester, so these last few days have been pretty sad. I knew it would be hard to tell everyone; it brought a few people to tears, and I'm a sucker for crying.

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middle of December —
fishing.**

This evening was a wonderful way to end my adventure. I went to Linda's house — her daughter, Nicole, is my "honorary little sister." We ate a traditional dinner, and I was impressed by it all. The whale meat was delicious, and the Shake-n-Bake muktuk was edible (despite the blubber dangling off the side). Linda let me select a number of items from her collection of Russian dishes and knickknacks. Everyone's been pouring gifts on me, and I feel as if I have nothing to give in return. I gave away a lot of my things because it just wasn't worth it to pay for the shipping. It's been nice to see little kids running around in my clothes all week; made it easier to let go of the

things that I thought I needed.

As much as I want to get back home, I'm going to miss the people here so much. I can't wait to see if our students get to graduate. I know that five of them have passed their high-school exit exams since they've been working with us, and their post-test results were amazing. There's still a lot of work to do, though, and I'm sad that I will not longer be a part of it directly.

Editor's Note: After Yarbrough left Alaska, she was part of a similar program in Bermuda this summer. A studio art and sociology and anthropology major, Yarbrough is back at Agnes Scott and is a private tutor as well as an Atlanta Food Bank intern.

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Agnes Scott

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An alumna — single, no children, no dog — invites five children and their dog into her home and heart. See page 32.

Agnes Scott



The Magazine

SPRING 2005

Religion on Campus

... ADD TO YOUR FAITH VIRTUE; AND TO VIRTUE KNOWLEDGE ... II PETER 1:5

Religion at Agnes Scott

It may surprise many that religion and religious studies are thriving at Agnes Scott in the 21st century. Elective courses in religious studies have never been more popular with topics ranging from the Historical Jesus to Comparative Religion to the Hebrew Bible.

A healthy number of students continue to major in religious studies, and in the last few years, many have combined this major with majors such as chemistry, studio art, history, psychology, English literature—creative writing and classical anthropology. Students continue their theological inquiry in graduate school. Recent graduates attend seminary at such places as Princeton Theological Seminary, Candler School of Theology, Philips Theological Seminary and Trinity Evangelical Divinity School.

What is different these days is that fewer students come with traditional mainstream Protestant backgrounds. We see students of almost every faith tradition attending Agnes Scott. How does the college handle this diversity? How do we relate to the students' spiritual quests as well as their pursuit of knowledge?

Based on my six years teaching here, my impression is that religious faith and practice are probably as vibrant and pervasive as ever. The chaplain's office, under the impressive leadership of the Rev. Sylvia Wilson, has made enormous strides with limited resources to serve students' needs. But think for a moment just how different our students are from those of yesteryear. Of students who have indicated religious preference, Roman Catholics are the largest identifiable Christian group, followed closely by

Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and other Protestants.

Our community also is graced by the presence of practicing Jews and faithful Muslims, as well as devout Hindus, Buddhists and followers of other forms of Eastern spirituality, all of whom seek not only recognition and respect but also ways of growing in their understandings of the

**With its roots firmly planted
in Presbyterian soil, religious
study and practice historically
have figured prominently
in the life of this college.**

**Persons of diverse faiths and
religions now make up the
student body on a campus that
fosters spiritual inquiry.**

religions of the world. The diversity is not simply ethnic or traditional, but also intellectual, as students already regard their own faiths in ways that are exclusivist, inclusivist and pluralist.

Faculty and students engage in lively debate on how and when to acknowledge the religious and cultural diversity in various academic settings. While these concerns may be marginal to the study of mathematics, they surface throughout the

humanities and are inescapable in religious studies. There, on a daily basis, my colleagues and I struggle to find ways to help our students rise above the polarization and mutual misunderstanding that seem to characterize public discussions of religion in our society. We believe innovative pedagogies designed to facilitate the exploration of personal experiences in a supportive intellectual community really do contribute to what our students can reasonably be expected to achieve in a liberal arts curriculum. The rewards to be gained far exceed the risks involved in deliberately moving beyond conventional academic approaches to the study of religion.

The study and practice of religion at Agnes Scott now may be more of a personal choice than ever. What is impressive is just how often and how intensively our students freely make that choice.

Dennis McCann



Dennis McCann is the Wallace M. Alston Professor of Bible and Religion. As a recipient of a Fulbright Fellowship for the 2005–2006 academic

year, McCann will be scholar in residence at the Hong Kong America Centre at the Chinese University of Hong Kong

Agnes Scott

The Magazine

SPRING 2005 | VOLUME 81 | NUMBER 2

OUR MISSION

Agnes Scott College educates women to think deeply, live honorably and engage the intellectual and social challenges of their times.

ACTING VICE PRESIDENT FOR INSTITUTIONAL ADVANCEMENT AND DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS

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Amanda Furness '08

We encourage you to share views and opinions. Please send them to: Editor, *Agnes Scott The Magazine*, Agnes Scott College, Rebekah Annex, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030 or e-mail to: publication@agnesscott.edu.

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Cover: Artist's rendering of the nine-panel, jewel-colored window given to the college by the class of 1952 in honor of Wallace M. Alston. Illustration by Christopher Hickey.



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BY AMANDA FURNESS '08

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From praise of professors and the alumnae magazine to connections and "setting the record straight" to deep concern about the college's direction, readers create interest and provoke thought.

Teacher Tributes

This issue of the Agnes Scott magazine was a delight! Thank you for honoring excellent teaching at Agnes Scott. While many of my most memorable professors were listed, I must add a few names who should be individually recognized—Walter Posey, Michael Brown and Catherine Sims Boman were part of an inspiring history department and convinced me to major in this subject. Geraldine Meroney, then new to the department, mentored and guided my independent study on Ireland and encouraged my interest in intellectual history. Mike Brown continues to teach alumnae and others through captivating lectures and travel groups. I still ponder questions first raised by Professor Kwai Chang in Bible class. He is a gentle, wise master of the art of teaching. Dean C. Benton Kline taught me that serious scholars don't always have to be serious. His wry smile and indulgent good humor were a lesson in how to balance the examined life. All of my professors, regardless of subject, required excellent writing—I remain grateful to this day.

I am glad to be at Agnes Scott once more and see that excellent teaching by dedicated scholars continues.

—Betty Derrick '68

When Catherine Sims Boman died on Sept. 15, Agnes Scott alumnae lost what was surely the most influential teacher for many generations of students. Always adhering to the highest scholastic standards herself and inspiring others to strive to meet them, she will be remembered for her elegance, eloquence and kindness, as well as for her erudition and wisdom.

Most of us were unaware at the time of her civic activities that won her two "Woman of the Year" awards in Atlanta, but I had personal experience of working with her in the world beyond college and

of the unparalleled esteem—indeed, awe—she inspired among the national Phi Beta Kappa Society officers and staff during her presidency there. She simply got things done, tactfully and efficiently, with a grace that made all those famous-named colleagues eager to work together. There's never been another leader like her there.

Agnes Scott—which, I believe, was her favorite among the educational institutions at which she worked, including Sweet Briar and the American College for Girls in Istanbul—owes her a debt for enriching the lives of its students for so many years

—Priscilla S. Taylor '53

Stellar Job

After reading the last four or five editions of *Agnes Scott The Magazine*, I felt compelled to write a big "THANK YOU" note to the publication's staff for doing a stellar job. The articles I find in this magazine have been interesting, informative and very much worth reading before I get to my *Time* or *Newsweek* or *Wall Street Journal* that come in on a weekly basis. I put off everything else until I've finished *Agnes Scott The Magazine* from front to back. Keep up the good work. It keeps me connected to you from afar in Sacramento, Calif. I do notice a great improvement in the design quality from about two years ago to now. The illustrations on the cover and color graphics used are much better as well. Keep up the good work!

—Regina Greco Tochtermann '92

Old House Ties

I read with interest the article "This Old House." I have been there several times and have met Catherine Fleming Bruce, but did not know she was an Agnes Scott graduate. I really look forward to going back to the house and talking to her about Agnes Scott. My family has a tie to the house. My daughter, Louise, is married to



Ellen Modjeska Monteith, resting in her father's arms, is the latest Agnes Scott connection to the Modjeska Monteith Simkins house.

Charles Monteith. His great-aunt is Modjeska Monteith Simkins, and they named their daughter Ellen Modjeska Monteith. Ellen Modjeska's great-grandmother—and my mother—Mary Ellen Whetsell Timmons, graduated from Agnes Scott in 1939.

We have all been to the house. Catherine has done an excellent job of collaboration to see that the house was restored and in preserving a piece of civil rights history, and, especially, Modjeska's influence in the Civil Rights Movement. Thanks for the article and sharing a little of the life of Modjeska Monteith Simkins.

—Sarah Timmons Gladden '65

Legacy of Words

I very much enjoyed Professor Linda Hubert's article on the "Affable Familiar" Ghosts of Agnes Scott." Dr. Hubert (as I will always think of her) herself remains for me one of the "persistent essences" of my Agnes Scott experience.

I was particularly touched by Dr. Hubert's discussion of Ellen Douglass Leyburn's vast vocabulary and her pride in carrying on Miss Leyburn's legacy. In my student days, Dr. Hubert's vocabulary was indeed legendary; I recall many times sharing a knowing glance with another of my English classmates as we dutifully wrote the day's new and unfamiliar word (or, more often, words) in the upper right hand corner of our note pages. We, too, looked the words up later rather than confess to our ignorance on the spot. It became a sort of game for us, listening to the likes of "plethora" or "corporeal." I was fascinated by Dr. Hubert's command of the English language, and not a little awestruck—but also giddy with the possibilities.

Now an assistant professor of English myself, I attempt to carry on this legacy of learned words in my own classroom. Students are not always as receptive to it as I was; once a student chided me for "using big words." But somewhere in the room I imagine there is a student quietly making note of those "big words" in the margins. And more often than not, someone just asks: "Dr. McGlaun, what does that word mean?" Students nowadays are a bit bolder than I was, lo, those not-so-many years ago in Buttrick Hall.

I will never forget the day Dr. Hubert threw an eraser out the window to get the attention of the man blowing leaves right under our classroom window during class; the memory of her boldness inspired me a few years later to demand a halt to the noisy chipping up of a felled oak outside my own classroom window while students were giving presentations. Though I was unable to contribute to Dr. Hubert's retirement scrapbook due to some personal challenges I was facing at the time of its compilation, I hope this letter will in some measure thank her, and all my former Agnes Scott professors, for having "inspirited" me with their passionate and erudite (another good Dr. Hubert word) teaching.

—Sande K. McGlaun '92

Black Cat Secret

After reading Sallie Rowe Roberts' letter regarding the class of 1983 successfully keeping their class mascot a secret from the sophomores at Black Cat, I felt I needed add that my class—1988—also kept our mascot under wraps until the bonfire. Because of some cleverly worded hints, the

sophomore class guessed "The Aristocats," but we were, in fact, the Pilots. To this day, I have my pilot hat and aviator scarf! So please add the class of 1988 Pilots to the list of those who have kept their mascot a secret at Black Cat.

—Betb Brubaker Cornelison '88

Word Travels

Thank you for allowing us to reprint this article ["From 'At Risk' to 'At College,'" featuring Rebecca Baum '02, spring 2004 ASTM.] I know our employees enjoyed reading about Rebecca and also gained some perspective into what the Educational Talent Search program is about. The grant-funded programs at Polk Community College tend to be widely misunderstood by employees, and I think this article gave a quick overview of why this program is important at PCC.

I have to also let you know I really enjoyed reading the magazine's other articles. All the pieces I read were very warm and inviting, demonstrating the family environment that Agnes Scott has created. Keep up the good work!

—Marianne George
Coordinator of Development

Deeply Concerned

The spring 2004 issue of *Agnes Scott The Magazine* regarding the changing family completely jarred me out of my complacency. I had assumed that my beloved college was adhering to one of its basic foundation goals of assisting students to grow spiritually into Christlike young women. Instead, after reading and rereading the magazine in disbelief, I found the college seemingly condoning all sorts of perverted lifestyles acknowledging them to be "the changing family." The destruction of the home and traditional marriage (one man and one woman joined together in a lifetime commitment in Holy Matrimony) are all we need to finish us off as a nation. As one of my classmates stated, "One by one we're going down the spiraling road to perdition."

I feel I should be candid about the state of the college and speak boldly.

When I entered Agnes Scott in 1947 as a young, vulnerable student, I looked up to all my professors as Christian role models. I "hung onto" every word spoken in the classroom. Christian values and principles permeated every aspect of each and every subject taught. It appears that since that

time these timeless values have been gradually cast aside and the high moral principles that once existed lowered. Homosexual unions, cohabitation, feminism, so-called domestic partners or significant others are accepted as a normal way of living—even to the extent of assenting to the employment of professors with these odd lifestyles. AND young, vulnerable women thinking they are attending a Christian college are thrust into the atmosphere!

I would certainly want to know the lifestyle of each and every professor on the college campus before I would consider sending my granddaughters to Agnes Scott.

The college has become a worldly college. It has sunk into a secular humanistic view. Truth has become a matter of taste. Morality has been replaced by individual preference. The individual is in control of moral matters, not God. It is man or me centered, not God centered.

Our young people today are confused about what truth is. Eternal God is the source of all Truth. He is the Absolute Truth. From Him emanates all that is perfect, pure, good, lovely and right. He is the absolute standard from which our morals of right and wrong originate. These good and perfect standards are timeless. In the Bible God makes clear what He means by Holy living. Our goal is to seek what we can to please God, not ourselves. The Christian life begins with obedience, depends on obedience and results in obedience. The standards by which we live can be found only in the Bible. It is our duty as Christians to see that God's standards of righteousness are upheld and taught.

I am writing these comments because I am deeply concerned about the direction the college is taking. I know this letter is very straightforward in its criticism, but I felt compelled to express my concerns. I care about the future of Agnes Scott, and I care about the hearts and minds of the young women enrolled in the college.

—Winifred "Winnie" Horton Martin '51

Correction

The last paragraph of the Reader's Voice letter from Anne Morrison Carter '60 in the fall 2004 issue of ASTM was misplaced and was actually the last paragraph of the letter from Kim Pbillips Sasso '98x. We apologize for the error.

A full and active spring semester encompasses the serious and scholarly tempered with the fun and unusual.



GARY MECK

President Mary Brown Bullock '66 Is On the Ball

So says the Women's National Basketball Association, who chose Bullock as one of several female leaders honored in the league's "Who's On The Ball" campaign. Bullock is featured on the WNBA Web site with athletes Jamenda Whitehead '08, Evan Joslin '08, Whitney Morgan '08, Ashley Cohoon '08 and intermural athlete Sara Scherer '06. The campaign was created by the WNBA as an avenue with which to recognize the outstanding leadership of women in the United States. To learn more: www.wnba.com/draft_index.html

AGNES SCOTT BENEFITS REGIONAL ECONOMY

Agnes Scott pumped approximately \$64.8 million into the metropolitan Atlanta economy in fiscal year 2003, according to an economic impact study recently released by the Georgia Foundation of Independent Colleges Board of Trustees.

CHEMISTRY MEETS MAKEUP

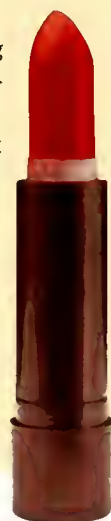
Scholar-athlete Charlisa Daniels '05, recipient of a renewable scholarship from the American Chemical Society, was recognized in the winter 2005 issue of *Chemistry*, the society's journal, along with its executive director and students from five other schools for their participation in the national conference. Her love affair with chemistry began with an appreciation for science as a whole, but became more specified as she saw how chemistry encompasses life in general.

"There are all types of science," Daniels says. "But chemistry has something to do with everything around us. The living, the dead, all those things that surround us on a daily basis."

Daniels has interned with Mary Kay Cosmetics' research development department for the past two years. Upon graduation, she's hoping to attend graduate school and later join the company's product development force so she can assist in the effort to create more "wearable" makeup for women.

Her experience with athletics — she's an ASC volleyball player and an accomplished dancer — led Daniels to appreciate the need for cosmetics that can accommodate the busy lifestyle of today's working woman.

"It's important for active women to be able to look good, too," she says. "Appearance is something we all pay attention to, whether we admit it or not."



PICTUREQUEST

Franklin Encourages ASC Women to "Find Their Voice"

During the college's annual Martin Luther King Jr. Convocation, Atlanta Mayor Shirley Franklin aspired to motivate students to embrace King's legacy and called them to examine their commitment to social betterment.

"You are the future leadership of our country," said Franklin in her speech, "as it will be realized through women. I hope my service as mayor will open doors, so that there will be no question about women's abilities."

She expressed concern about the lack of involvement among young women.

"We don't hear from young women," she said. "We need to hear from you. We are planning your future every single day in the halls of Congress, in the halls of city hall. If you don't tell us what you want and need to succeed and what your dreams are,

we may miss the opportunity to serve you better."

Franklin reflected on the sacrifices and contributions King made, as well as the importance of student involvement in the civil rights struggle. "When we find an issue to be passionate about, we must work to see it achieved and realized," Franklin added. "Dr. King raised up all those who labored, so that they might uplift humanity and dignity. His life teaches us that with faith and struggle, we can achieve what has been deemed impossible."

"There comes a time when silence is betrayal. Throughout our history in America, there have been atrocities. One of the reasons those atrocities continued was that people sat on the sidelines and were quiet. You cannot be silent; instead, you have to find your voice."

Beach Party Kicks Off New Summer School Program

Early April found students enjoying a party at Evans Beach — an enticement to get them interested and informed about the college's first undergraduate, coed summer school. Enrollment for all summer school programs is 139 with the undergraduate program at 90.



CAROLINE JOE



CAROLINE JOE



CAROLINE JOE



Smart Women Sweat

An athletic-recruitment campaign is turning more than a few heads throughout the region, says Joeleen Akin, athletic director. The recruiting effort consists of posters featuring photos of scholar-athletes and the slogan "Smart Women Sweat."

"I love them," Akin says of the posters, which are strung throughout the Woodruff Physical Activities Building and are being sent in tubes to prospective recruits. "They target what our student-athletes are — smart women who sweat."

Agnes Scott is being talked about throughout the conference. "I don't know of any other Division III school doing anything like this," says Akin, who is also the basketball coach. "It shows that we're thinking outside the box and being aggressive. For me, it means that we're starting to make progress and that the college is beginning to really see how important the athletic department can be for enrollment."

It's tough, she adds, to balance academics with athletics, and that's one reason that she targets students who have been athletes in high school. The athletic director maintains study hall for her players four days a week for up to two hours each day.

"We recruit student-athletes who can be great ambassadors for the school," Akin says. "My vision for the athletic department is to reflect the academic reputation of Agnes Scott. This campaign can get the ball rolling. It gives us an edge."

Sharing their tricks of the trade and offering insights into their personal writing lives, two authors make their mark in the college's rich literary tradition.

by Jennifer Bryon Owen

FROM EYES TO BRAIN TO FINGERS

A National Book Award winner reveals how an art degree contributes to her life as a writer.

You might not want to stand too close to me," author Julia Glass told her audience at Agnes Scott last fall. "Perhaps it is because I was a visual artist—I am endlessly collecting mental snapshots, images both grand and trivial. I can't help working on specific notions of where they might fit into my writing one day."

one of her last radiation treatments for breast cancer, heading to meet the man she loves."

Another image was collected early one morning when a man was bicycling down Glass' street, sitting very erect, one arm steering, the other one clamping against his body a massive bundle, which when he passed, revealed itself as a virtual bush of lilacs wrapped in a newspaper.

"That one I haven't used yet, but I know exactly where it is if and when I need it," she says. Another ordinary picture did find its place in *Three Junes*.

bruise. I held onto that image a long time, until it found its place in *Three Junes*, at a moment when the hero is stunned by the disappearance of his lover."

In *Three Junes*, Glass admits she was probably creating a parallel drama to her own life. The book deals with how people survive incurable heartache, and Glass found solace in creating it.

"I had been through a very, very hard period in my life—in very rapid succession, a divorce, a diagnosis of breast cancer and the suicide of my sister, my oldest sibling who I loved very much.

"Literary fiction writers are not just people who feel compelled to tell stories but people who need to answer the important questions about life. It's cathartic. It's almost like you hope you can cure your own heart through curing someone else's heart."

Three Junes uses her love of New York, eating, cooking and her mother's love of dogs as well as her own fantasy of owning a bookshop. "I used the things I never meant to learn when I worked for an organization that helped gay men with AIDS take care of their pets," says Glass. "Your growth as a writer would be stunted if you don't do the work necessary to write what you want to know."

A slow reader, Glass couldn't imagine reading the required book a week to earn an English major from Yale University, so she chose art. She graduated summa cum laude in 1978—and proceeded to support herself through editing and freelance writing.

"As a kid, I loved to do two things more than anything—go to my room and draw



Julia Glass (second from left) discusses *Three Junes*, her novel read by all first-year students, with (left to right) Halley Kuhlmann '08, Jessica Cooley '08 and Laura Grass '08.

Glass was on campus to discuss her novel, *Three Junes*, winner of the 2002 National Book Award for Fiction and required reading of first-year students.

"On a cold, windy day, I passed a woman whose black coat flew open for just a moment to reveal a ruffled white blouse," says Glass. "Years later, I used it in a short story when a woman leaves a hospital after

"I once lived on a street planted with several Rose of Sharon trees. They have the most beautiful sort of tulip-like, trumpet like, purple and pink flowers," explains Glass. "When the flowers wilted and fell to the sidewalk, they look like such peculiar, sad objects, shaped like crushed cigars. They had turned from gay magenta to a brownish purple, exactly the color of a

pictures or write stories," explains Glass. "There came a point in my early 30s when I thought that as much as I loved painting and drawing and sculpting, there's nothing that moves me more than a great work of fiction. I continued to be a freelance editor and writing magazine articles—mostly about pets. I started writing short stories and then, eventually not meeting a great deal of success that way, I obviously took the plunge to write a novel. After that, the

"As a kid, I loved to do two things more than anything — go to my room and draw pictures or write stories."

stars really aligned for me. For those who are envious that my first novel got so much recognition, I remind them it wasn't published until I was 45 years old. It's a lot of life experience kind of saved up there."

Glass received the 2000 New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship in fiction and has won several prizes for her short stories, including the Nelson Algren Award and the Tobias Wolf Award. "Collies," the first part of *Three Junes*, received the 1999 Pirates Alley Faulkner Society Medal for Best Novella.

Acknowledging the criticism that nothing much happens in her fiction, Glass says she writes about character more than plot. "I consider myself to be a scholar of human emotions. So if I'm writing about a very emotional moment for a character, and if I'm really seeing through the character's eyes, some image will pop into my head. I can just rely on my brain to bring back something to me."

In her endless collecting of images, she takes notice of different sidewalks in different neighborhoods, people's verbal tics and aversions, signs and bumper stickers and song lyrics.

"I collect odd professions," says Glass. "I hear people who do all of these things, and I keep them in a special closet like party dresses or uniforms, just waiting for the right character to come along and put them on. A few months ago, I met a woman who runs a bookshop dealing entirely with old cookbooks, but has a curious volunteer job for New York City. She rides around Central Park on horseback and gives tickets to dog walkers flout-

ing the leash law. Now imagine the private life of a character who has chosen that mix of occupations—what a metaphorical gold mine!"

Her favorite subjects come from ordinary life in its most intimate, revelatory moments: the moment of falling in love, the moment of giving birth, the moment of realizing a spouse is having an affair. "It's those common but momentous experiences that happen for different people in countless different ways, and have never happened for each of us personally as we have spent hours of our life imagining they might have," says Glass. "Those are the best things we writers collect. I can never hear enough stories about labor and birth, proposals, weddings and funerals."

Her current work stemmed from music. "I was listening to a Shawn Colvin tape and suddenly a line I'd heard many times just popped in relief: 'May we all find salvation in professions that heal.' It's given me a thematic anchor in my new novel where the principal characters have occupations aimed at directly making people happy," says Glass.

Her writing philosophy? "I've decided to always look at the world very closely."

Book for First-Year Students, Class of 2009:

Bee Season
by Myla Goldberg



WHEN PENCIL MEETS PAPER

Having one of her creations selected for Oprah's Book Club may have opened the reading world to a new author, but it changed the world of the author very little. Each time Anita Shreve puts pencil to paper, her goals remain pretty much the same.

There's a point where I walk in to my husband and say, 'I can't be stopped.'"

This is when author Anita Shreve knows she has her next book, knows the ideas she has been exploring and knows the words that bring them to life are workable.

Shreve read from her latest endeavor, *Light on Snow*, last fall at Agnes Scott through a program with the Georgia Center for the Book, which is housed at the Decatur Public Library.

In *Light on Snow*, a girl and her widowed father find a baby abandoned in the snow. Some have asked if Shreve is making a statement about women abandoning babies, but she declares she writes with no agenda and doesn't write to discuss "women's issues." She won't allow herself to be considered an expert on issues that may creep into her books.

"I quickly get out of that. I only know what's in the book," says Shreve. "In this book, I was writing about what finding the infant does to this father and this daughter."

Her writing addresses her own anxieties. "The fact that I've dealt with the death of children two or three times is my way of working it off. If I write about it, if I appease the gods by writing this anxiety out ... I don't examine it too closely because I'm getting too close to the well."

She admits one goal—wanting to write a simple, spare novel. "I've always had that agenda," says Shreve. "At the beginning of every notebook, at the top in block letters, I write 'Keep it simple.' I've never achieved it. All of my novels are multilayered and complex and going back in time. On this one I was determined I was going to write a simple novel. Unrelated to that, I had this powerful image of a father and a daughter walking in the snow."

Believing various threads weave together to create the story, Shreve says that, in addition to this scene, the threads of this book are the writing, the language, the desire to explore the relationship between the rigid, baffled-by-grief man and this 12-year-old, feisty, desperate-to-rejoin-the-world girl; how that tension would play out; and how they would re-emerge into the world.

She has no preconceived ideas about what readers should take away from her books. "I've said this before, and I think it is absolutely the truth—writing is a very selfish act. When you write, you cannot think about your family, your editor or your readers. I write entirely for myself. That said, my hope is that my books will be received as telling something about the human heart."

Writing, for Shreve, is "pure total engagement. I can't say it's always pure

pleasure because there are moments of true fear, problem solving, anxiety. But the pleasure shouldn't be understated. That's why I do it. I'm drawn to it. I love crafting sentences. I love that sensation when I sit down at my desk, look up and it's 10 minutes to 12, and I'm stunned. Being completely, completely absorbed—there are few things in life I do that are like that. But this one produces a living."

also taught me how to shape a story to fit 90 lines or 400 words or whatever."

Shreve disagrees with the title domestic sensualist, as some have called her because she uses household items as images in her writing. Detail is important.

"I'm very much in the school of realism," says Shreve. "I hate it when I read a book and the flowers start to talk. I love reality. It's important as a novelist to create

probably spend half the time allotted to a novel on the first 50 pages."

The possibility of what can happen on those pages provides the fire for Shreve. "Putting that big fat pencil on the paper and what might happen—that's exciting," says Shreve.

When Shreve visited Agnes Scott, she was looking for the point in her next project at which there was no stopping. But



Anita Shreve



"I'm very much in the school of realism. I hate it when I read a book and the flowers start to talk. I love reality. It's important as a novelist to create layer upon layer of reality so that when your character takes that extraordinary leap, your reader is willing to go with her because the reader trusts you."

Living became easier after Oprah Winfrey selected *The Pilot's Wife* for her book club, but Shreve believes sudden notoriety hasn't changed her. "I have many more readers, and I sell a lot more books, and those things are terrific," says Shreve. "We have five children, and I used to panic about how we're going to educate them. I worry less about that now."

"If you took a slice of my life in 1994 and again in 2004, you would see very little difference except that I've aged. I write in my bathrobe. I sit at my desk. When it's done, I have my shower. I do my chores. I wait for my kids to come home. The day is actually very, very similar to what it used to be."

Shreve's work approach evolved from her 15 years as a journalist in Nairobi, Kenya, and New York. She knows it is time to write because the clock says 5 after 8, a schedule established when her children were small and she had only four hours for writing.

"Journalism was really helpful. It was a lot of years of good practice as a writer. It made me not afraid of research, which has been important in a number of books. It

layer upon layer of reality so that when your character takes that extraordinary leap, your reader is willing to go with her because the reader trusts you. If it's resistant 1943 Belgium, World War II, you need to know if it would be a lace tablecloth or an oil tablecloth on the table. The tiny details make a reader feel he or she is actually there."

Because her creativity stems from deprivation and too much stimulation inhibits creativity, Shreve's ideal writing situation is in a bare room at a bare desk. "If there's clutter, my impulse is to spend my time tidying up, so I'm better off if I walk into a space where there are no chores."

During her one-year stint as a visiting writer at Amherst College, Shreve saw her role as one of encourager. She dreamed up "a lot of little exercises" designed to help her students achieve one perfectly crafted page. In finding that page, she says a writer has a sense of when to move on; of when the writer has achieved what she or he hoped to achieve. "I don't go forward until what I have is what I want," explains Shreve. "I'm not one who writes a whole novel [and then goes back to rewrite]. I

she would not talk about it. "It takes the fizz out of the bottle," says Shreve.

BOOKS BY ANITA SHREVE

Nonfiction

Remaking Motherhood: How Working Mothers Are Shaping Our Children's Future, 1987
Women Together, Women Alone, 1989

Fiction

Eden Close, 1989
Strange Fits of Passion, 1991
Where or When, 1993
Resistance, 1995
The Weight of Water, 1997
The Pilot's Wife, 1998
Fortune's Rocks, 2000
The Last Time They Met, 2001
Sea Glass, 2002
All He Ever Wanted, 2003
Light on Snow, 2004

Jennifer Bryon Owen is director of creative services and editor of Agnes Scott The Magazine.

Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton Addresses Class of 2005

Receiving what one reporter called a "tumultuous welcome," this year's commencement speaker called for graduates to commit themselves to spreading higher education around the world and to make opportunities available to all women and girls.

Thank you so very much. I am delighted to be here this morning.

I have such a high regard for this college, its extraordinary record of educating women and its commitment to carry on that legacy into the future.

I am so impressed with the enthusiasm and energy I see on this campus.

In fact, the first time I came—it took awhile to sort through both the memories I had and the records that I could find. And the college was a great help—because all I could remember was that sometime in the late '80s or early '90s I came to this college on a beautiful summer evening and went to Rebekah Scott Hall and had dinner with a group of Agnes Scott faculty and students and representatives of other colleges and high schools from around the South, who were looking for new ways to encourage and provide support for young people from all walks of life whose families may not have had the privilege of a college education to be on the path themselves to attend and graduate from college.

There was something about this campus and that night that stayed with me. I often just reflect—because of my strong

commitment to women's colleges—on what a wonderful job was being done right here at Agnes Scott. So when I was asked if I would make this commencement address, I thought about it, and I realized it might be the perfect opportunity to apply for a Fifth Year free.

You know, I think every once in awhile, we all need a break; to sort of take stock of who we are and where we're headed and what we intend to do with our lives. The idea of a Fifth Year free is just so smart.

And it reminded me of perhaps the shortest commencement speech I have ever heard. I can't even remember who delivered it, but it seemed so appropriate for today. The speaker stood on a beautiful day like today on a campus like this and looked around silently for about a minute, and then addressed the graduates by saying, "Why leave?"

But of course, for most of you, leaving is part of the journey. It is a commencement for a reason. Because there has been so much in your lives leading you to this point. But it is also a beginning, and in this audience today are family members and friends and supporters and advocates and cheerleaders who helped you along

the way. They share the pride and satisfaction of knowing you have made this step on your life's journey.

As you walk across the stage a short time from now and receive your diploma, there will be a thousand pictures flashing through the minds of all the people who love you as they watch you.

I remember so well watching my daughter receive her diploma. I had to keep blinking my eyes because it was hard to imagine that this young woman was the same child with whom we had read to and gone on adventures with. Bill and I used to, when she was very young, take turns picking out a night of the week where we would have an adventure.

Each of us would get to choose. The adventure might



GARY MEER

PRESIDENT BULLOCK INTRODUCES SENATOR CLINTON

The vice president of the United States, the president of the World Bank, the former first lady of Egypt and a Jordanian princess all have been speakers at Agnes Scott College. Yet, I am quite certain that none has created such a buzz and sense of anticipation than today's commencement speaker, Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton. Welcome to Agnes Scott College.

Sen. Clinton, our paths first crossed 12 years ago in Washington, D.C., when our daughters were on the same junior high softball team. The weather was cold and windy for the annual parent/daughter game and not all parents showed up. You had just become first lady, but arrived without fanfare carrying two bags of hot-dog buns in plastic grocery bags and asked me where to take them. You played on the parent team—my daughter remembers putting you out at first base—and mingled easily with parents and daughters. I remember thinking then: She is already a great parent and is on her way to becoming a great first lady.

Our paths crossed again, several years ago, at the 25th anniversary of the Women's College Coalition, an occasion that celebrated the history and future of 60 plus women's colleges. By then you had become the senator from New York, and your presence and advocacy of the continuing importance of women's colleges was the highlight of that occasion.

And now, today, it is my privilege to welcome you back to Agnes Scott College. You were here in the early 1990s, serving as keynote speaker for a conference on preparing the underprivileged for a college education. That commitment has only widened over the years as exemplified by your sponsorship this year of the "Non-Traditional Student Success Act" in the U.S. Senate. In your words, "this bill is designed to address the challenges facing nontraditional students, and to help them stay in school until graduation ... students such as the mother of a 2-year-old, someone who works full-time and finds herself with child care for a semester." I know that you will be pleased to know that today Agnes Scott graduates 10 Woodruff Scholars, just the kind of strong, nontraditional graduates this country needs.

Although you received your law degree from Yale University, it is as a most distinguished graduate of Wellesley College, our sister women's college, that our seniors greet you today. One sentence in your autobiography, *Living History*, resonates with their feelings today. "What I valued most about Wellesley were the lifelong friends I made and the opportunity that a women's college offered us to stretch our wings and minds in the ongoing journey toward self-definition and identity."

Sen. Clinton, we know you could be at any commencement in the country today. You honor our graduates, their families and this college with your presence. Ladies and gentlemen, please join me in welcoming The Honorable Hillary Rodham Clinton, former first lady and now United States senator from the state of New York.

It was, I would venture to guess, the first time this little girl, who could not have been more than 4, realized that these parents of hers were not all powerful. You know, that is one of those lessons you absorb along life's way.

So, today is a day of beginnings, but it is also a time to look at your friends and the faculty members and others with gratitude. There is something else though at work today that I wanted to spend just a few minutes addressing.

There has never been a time in human history where it has been better to be a young woman alive than today in America. There has never been any generation of young women with so many choices and so many opportunities to live up to their own God-given potentials.

Now with that extended opportunity comes new responsibilities.

Those of you who have traveled abroad during your college years may have seen firsthand some of the tension that exists very obviously in other societies, but still persists below the surface even in our own.

What do women want? How will we determine what is best for ourselves, for our families, for our futures? How do we balance the various demands in our lives? How do we chart our own course, but do so in a way that is sensitive to and understanding of the needs of those who care most about it? How do we build an individual identity, but maintain and nurture relationships?

The old rules were pretty clear, and the lack of opportunities made choices difficult. But today, here in this country, and increasingly around the world, women are assuming their rightful places in every walk of life. I'm very pleased about that. I can remember not so long ago when I was your age, there were still schools that didn't choose to be all women or all men any longer, but still there were barriers for people attending or having certain scholarships or being admitted in certain programs.

A lot of the external barriers have been eliminated. Now it is up to each of us to decide what we want to do and how we will contribute.

Ten years ago, I was privileged to speak at the Beijing Conference on Women. In that speech, as the representative of our government, I tried to explain clearly, for the world to hear, that there could no longer be women's rights and human rights as though they were not one in the same. That what we had to do, and what was important to the United States to do, was to stand for women's rights. To work with governments and societies to open doors to health care and education and to the full participation in society.

In those last 10 years, we have made a lot of progress, but we still have work to do. And it is my hope that more young women in America will not only demonstrate here in our country how they are putting together lives of meaning and purpose, but also contribute to that great struggle abroad.

There are so many stories that we have seen in our own media over the last several years that clearly argue for the importance of women's full participation—not just because it's the right thing to do, but because our belief in democracy and freedom really demand that it occur.

I've been to Iraq and Afghanistan twice as a member of the [Senate] Armed Services Committee. I've met with women in both of those countries who have seen so much hope, but are aware of the continuing dangers to them as they go to school, as they try to practice a profession, as they show up to vote, as they

be to go to a movie, or the adventure might be to throw the ball in the back yard. One time, Chelsea's choice of adventure was to buy a coconut and crack it open. Now, probably between Bill and me, we have decades of higher education, but nothing prepared us for a coconut that would not crack. Hammers, throwing it onto the driveway.

run for office. I'm very proud of our country for standing with these women, as they have struggled against great odds to fulfill their own hopes and aspirations.

In other parts of the world, we see tremendous change happening in women's lives. And I don't believe that change can necessarily last unless we in America provide support—publicly and privately.

And there is no more important job than educating women.

I'm very happy that I went to an all women's college. People ask me today, "Is there still a role for women's colleges?" And I answer immediately, "Absolutely!"

There is not only a role, there is a necessity for places like Wellesley and Agnes Scott—places where for just a few short years, you can concentrate on your studies, on developing your mind, on understanding the opportunities for leadership that come from a place such as this. What I hope we can do is spread women's education around the world. It could be one of America's greatest legacies.

There are so many young women denied the right to higher education, often denied the right to secondary and primary education. Yet, we in our country know that we could not have achieved all that has been accomplished without the unique system of higher education that has made it possible. Here at home, I worry that in many parts of our country, the doors to higher education are getting harder to push open for many families. I'm very impressed that Agnes Scott makes it possible for so

because of financial pressures than it was 25 years ago. At the state and federal level, we are backing off from keeping up with the financial pressures that increasing costs have placed on students and families.

So, I would just hope that we would do two things simultaneously:

Reassert our commitment to higher education in our own country, to the diversity of higher education, to seeking out students who would otherwise not be able to afford to go to college and graduate and do everything we can to make that possible again.

Secondly, that we would take the model of American higher education and seed it throughout the world. Provide the chance for even more girls and women to have the education that I enjoyed and that you have had here at Agnes Scott. This is not just some luxury or nice thing to do. I think it is absolutely essential to our national security and to the furtherance of peace and freedom and democracy around the world.

You cannot have a democracy if half the people are shut out. You cannot have freedom if half the people are told at birth they are inferior. You cannot have peace where half the people can authoritatively decide how the other half lives.

It is imperative that we stand—not just rhetorically—for peace and freedom and democracy, but that we work to help educate young women to take their places in free, democratic societies that will be friends and allies of the United States for years to come.

So, I end where I started—in congratulating you; in welcoming you to the so-called adult world; in hoping that as you commence from this place, you remember the lessons and all of the hard work that you did to reach this point; and that you go forth intent upon integrating your own life and looking for the ways that are uniquely yours to combine your deepest feelings and values, family responsibilities, work and public involvement.

Because there is no one else like you. There is no blueprint. And it is unlikely that you will live a life that is totally ordained. That sitting here today, you know where you'll be when you're 30, when you're 40, when you're 50 and you're 60, and you'll live on average so much longer than women have ever lived. You will have different stages of life to fulfill some of your deepest journeys and hopes. As you construct that life of yours, you will be touching so many other lives.

Go through your life with kindness. Give it wherever you can, even if you don't expect it in return. Show compassion for those who are not as fortunate or as lucky.

Understand that many of us have blessings that we had nothing to do with. They're a gift from our creator; they were in our genes, and we didn't pick our parents.

As you make this journey, consider ways you can help other young women along. Mentor someone. Tutor someone. Think about how you can teach, whether it be formally in a classroom or in some other setting, and broaden that horizon that is now ours to look far beyond our own shores.

Work toward creating opportunities so that other young girls and women who will never know our names, could one day be sitting in place like this in charge of their own lives looking toward their own futures and making contributions to the kind of world that we want for all of you.

Congratulations Class of 2005! And God bless you on your life's journey.



GARY MEER

People ask me today, "Is there still a role for women's colleges?" And I answer immediately, "Absolutely!"

many students to attend such a fine college and takes care of their financial needs. But there are not enough Agnes Scott Colleges.

There are not enough places that seek out students and provide the financial incentives and resources that their families require. It is now harder for a student who comes from a family of modest economic means to attend and graduate from college

"The Birthright of our Tradition:"¹

The Presbyterian Mission to Higher Education

by Mary Brown Bullock '66

A religious and spiritual revival is under way on the campuses of American colleges and universities. It is propelled by students searching for meaning in their lives, by the growing religious pluralism in American society and, perhaps surprisingly, by the post-modern movement itself. No campus is free from its influence, but only a few have recognized its power. To the extent that we Presbyterians understand our higher educational mission as a mission to promote Presbyterianism, we may achieve a sectarian goal but miss being a part of this extraordinary movement.

We must begin with respect for the contributions of intellectual inquiry to faith and spirituality, with recognition of the difference between colleges and churches and with gratitude for the dynamic presence of God in even our most secular universities. We must avoid typologies of colleges and universities as being more or less Presbyterian, more or less faithful but rather seek to understand the differing ways in which their Presbyterian roots inform their ongoing educational ministry. Only then will our minds be open to respond to the current spiritual context of young America and the enormous religious potential of all colleges and universities.

THE REFORMED TRADITION

I am proud to be president of a Presbyterian-related college because the Presbyterian tradition has contributed so much to American and global higher education. It is time to reclaim the great intellectual heritage of the Reformed tradition, not to bemoan its defeat by secular learning. The Presbyterian and Reformed tradition shaped the nature of American higher education in the 19th century, especially the culture and mission of liberal arts colleges, and its values still shape those university and college values today.

The place it began, and the place to which we return, is Princeton University. John Witherspoon (1723–1794) is credited with bringing the tenets of the Scottish Reformed educational tradition to Princeton and from thence to the rest of the country. Central to those values were the importance of the encounter between faith and knowledge, the creation of a college as a moral community, a belief in a Christian sense of vocation and the preparation of students for service to the wider world. These precepts informed the many institutions that were begun by Presbyterians and patterned after Princeton, especially Presbyterian liberal arts colleges.

What became distinct, and is still distinct, about the American liberal arts college is its emphasis on educating for a life beyond self, beyond pure knowledge and its emphasis on character and on

the full human potentiality of all persons. These values persist to this day.

Many are not familiar with the origins of this educational model. In restating the historical framework for Agnes Scott in 2002, we decided we wanted to say something *with pride* about this Presbyterian tradition:

While their (our founders') leadership extended into the South the Presbyterian educational movement that began with Princeton, Agnes Scott was established with a new mission, to educate women... The Reformed tradition in which the college was created helped shape the intellectual, spiritual and ethical values affirmed to this day: individual inquiry, commitment to the common good, the importance of character formation and engagement with the world. These are reflected in its motto from 11 Peter 1:5, "Now add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge."

And what happened to faith and knowledge at Princeton University? It is common to trace the growing demise of the Presbyterian-affiliated college to Princeton's decision to sever its ties with the Presbyterian Church, but a closer look at Princeton University today reveals that the importance of Princeton is not that it was once Presbyterian and has "lapsed." It is that it still embodies some of the strongest aspects of the Reformed educational tradition, public service and, yes, the encounter between faith and knowledge. The structure is no longer via an institutional affiliation with the church, but in the multiple ways in which faith and learning continue to intersect at Princeton.

A thriving Presbyterian church has pride of place on Nassau Street, a strong and creative Westminster Fellowship ministers to sons and daughters of Presbyterian families that seek a strong intellectual education—and continuing touchstones for their faith. A vigorous religious-studies faculty contributes different perspectives on the Bible, Christianity, ethics and world religions. I watched my son, Graham, navigate these perspectives: the encounter between faith and learning was very much a part of his college experience. Wallace Alston Jr. (whose father Wallace Alston was president of Agnes Scott when I was a student!) was minister at Nassau Presbyterian during my son's college years, and

there Graham encountered a searching intellect with a powerful faith that communicated both to this university community. A class with Professor Elaine Pagels on the historical Jesus raised questions he had not previously addressed about the social and intellectual context of the Holy Land during the time of Jesus. Yes, this course challenged some of his beliefs, but it also sent him back to the Bible for a closer textual reading. Leadership on the interfaith council provided him the opportunity to organize a seminar series on science and religion, inviting professors to address topics such as the big bang, evolution and genetic engineering from both a scientific and religious perspective. And Mark Orten, the Westminster chaplain, organized Friday night fellowship, food and nurture for a group of students who had shared Montreat youth conferences and church involvement as high school students. What more could a Presbyterian parent want?

Princeton is not alone in being a "secular" institution where religion still plays a role in the life of the institution. Harvard's Jewish president, Lawrence Summers, chose the Tuesday prayer meeting at Harvard to express his concern about recent anti-Semitic protests. Harvard prayer meeting? Yes, Harvard University, as an institution, has sponsored a daily gathering for Christian prayers since its inception. Harvard's Memorial Church also occupies pride of place in the middle of Harvard Yard, and it too has not been turned into a museum, but is a living, active, vigorous church. I have worshipped there on a number of occasions, including Palm Sunday, and have always been impressed by the full pews, dignified Protestant service and feeling of a spiritual community.

As Presbyterians we begin our ministry to higher education by renewing our understanding of John Calvin's fearless emphasis on the necessity of inquiry to faith and by recognizing anew that no Presbyterian need fear the "secular" university or the apparently

surged in recent years."

- "The rise of post-modern, post-positivist, feminist and minority-group scholarship has called into question the ideals of objectivity and value-free scholarship."
- "A new religious pluralism is transforming student life."

While it is too soon to predict the future of this movement, we can make several observations. The first is that students today are far more "religious" than their respective faculties at almost any institution. The second is that Christian fundamentalists and the parachurch movement are often more visible on college campuses than mainline Protestant denominations or Roman Catholics. The third is that the increasing numbers of Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists, as well as Christians from Asia, Africa and Latin America on American college and university campuses are exposing students to the religions of the world beyond Christianity and Judaism daily, and often for the first time. The fourth is that there is a growing spirituality movement that cuts across all faiths and is attractive to young Americans. The fifth is the passion of this generation for service, for volunteer activity. And finally, that the Enlightenment epistemological canon of rational objective knowledge has been challenged by post-modernism and related movements, opening the door within the academy to a more open-ended view of knowledge, one that includes subjective as well as transcendental possibilities.

It may at first seem heretical, but a few further comments on spirituality, religious pluralism and post-modernism may contribute to a deeper understanding of why these movements can be seen to be opening new doors for Presbyterian ministries to higher education.

Several years ago Wellesley College sponsored a national conference on "Education as Transformation: Religious Pluralism, Spirituality and Higher Education." More than 1,000 participants

Presbyterian-affiliated colleges have a mission to support the faith journeys of all of their students and at whatever points along that journey.

secular college. Only when we embrace this concept can we begin the complex task of imaging new forms of ministry to students at our largest, most secular and most prestigious institutions, as well as liberal arts colleges throughout the country.

STUDENTS TODAY

What are today's students really like? An entire issue of the Association of American Colleges and Universities monthly magazine *Liberal Education* was recently devoted to religion on campus, the first time it has ever done so. Titles of articles tell part of the story: "Growing Spirituality During the College Years," "Religion: A Comeback on Campus," "The Future of Religious Colleges," "Out of the closet and into the classroom, the yard, and the dining halls: Notes on Religion at Harvard." Highlighted passages tell more:

- "We have reached a moment in higher education where our students are now more likely to ask, "Where do I meet God?" than to ponder the question "Does God exist?"
- "Never completely banished from campus life, voluntary religious activity

came, including college and university presidents and representatives of boards of trustees. Presbyterian colleges represented included the College of Wooster, Davidson and Agnes Scott. Most of us came as delegations, including faculty and trustees. Recognition that spirituality was a legitimate topic in an academic context was a radical new idea that has not been around since perhaps the early part of this century. Recognition that education—higher education—can be seen as spiritually transformative challenged rationality at its very core.

Some of the emphasis on spirituality has come from greater familiarity with religions such as Buddhism and Hinduism where meditation leads to enlightenment or salvation. But religious pluralism, a feature of American society that is especially pronounced in many college and university settings, also brings new awareness of the faith practices and rituals associated with different religious groups. For many, such as Muslims, daily prayer rituals are practiced *de rigueur* and periods of fasting honored far from home. Exposure to these different traditions rarely makes Christians want to become Muslim: it does awaken in them a greater curiosity about

their own religious traditions, many of which have always been taken for granted or honored in the breach. It awakens in them a new curiosity about inherited belief systems, encouraging deeper study and often more active participation with their own church families. At Agnes Scott, we find our religion courses—whether biblical or about world religions—are full and overflowing.

To treasure the communion of faith and learning in education is the focal birthright of our tradition.

It has become common to chastise post-modernism for its denial of any objective truth or knowledge and its rejection of traditional forms of literary or historical or religious authority. But post-modernism, at its core, represents a new way of looking at knowledge. It opens the classroom door to subjective, personal experiential knowledge instead of enshrining only objective scientific knowledge. And in recognizing the power of experiential knowledge it opens the epistemological door to faith.

Today's students are exposed to all of these movements and more. In their search for personal meaning and in their extraordinary commitment to service, they are bringing their own transformative power to college and university campuses around the country. An effective Presbyterian college ministry must be conscious of this milieu, must be ready to reinvent itself in order to be present in the interstices of student life—whether it be in times of quiet spiritual meditation, interfaith dialogue, restrained Protestant worship, exuberant African-American song or robust Christian fundamentalism.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGES—A VARIED, EXPANSIVE MISSION

To be sure, the range of these movements and of these different population groups vary from region to region and from college to college. Every college and university has a distinct constituency and a distinct mission, including those affiliated with the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.). This is why we should be careful about our typologies of Presbyterian-affiliated colleges and universities.

As I have come to know my sister institutions, I have been impressed with the attention given to what it means to be Presbyterian, especially how we can assist in training a new generation of church leaders. Recent funding from the Pew Foundation enabled many of our institutions to institute new programs on exploring Christian vocation. Douglas Oldenburg, former moderator of our church, visited Agnes Scott, among other institutions, meeting with potential ministerial candidates. Our collective focus on service complements and reinforces the mission of the church. And our many encounters with different faith groups further the Presbyterian emphasis on interfaith dialogue.

But a college is not a church, and there can be a tendency among church circles to transfer criteria relevant for church membership to college and university communities, to think primarily of a college advancing the mission of our specific church, the task

of expanding the Presbyterian constituency. This is asking both too much and too little. Too much because it is difficult for colleges to be successful at a task that has proved elusive to church and family, as Presbyterian numbers continue to decline. Too little because an effective and innovative Presbyterian ministry in colleges and universities could position the Presbyterian Church to once again be an expanding, national and even world leader in the all-important continuing dialogue between faith and learning. The church often regrets the decline of its institutions into "secularism" without examining what the engagement with the secular, intellectual forces of our times requires.

Such an engagement means first and foremost reclaiming John Calvin's confidence in the necessity of the intersection between faith and learning, and that requires renewed respect from church people for intellectual inquiry. My favorite Calvin quote is from the *Institutes*, and I often use it at Agnes Scott College: "Indeed people who have either quaffed or even tasted the liberal arts penetrate with their aid into the secrets of divine wisdom." Such an engagement also recognizes that the location of such engagement can be anywhere, anytime and with anyone. Presbyterian-affiliated colleges have a mission to support the faith journeys of all of their students and at whatever points along that journey. Presbyterian chaplains at research universities should contribute to the university's ethical, humanistic debates about science or the struggles over diversity, as well as to the regular members of the Westminster Fellowship groups. There is no single model and no one has a monopoly on the best ideas for how this is done.

Several years ago, the Association of Presbyterian Colleges and Universities held its annual meeting in Edinburgh, Scotland, revisiting the roots of Presbyterian higher education. John Kuykendall, former president of Davidson College and one of the speakers, reflected an appreciation of the breadth of Presbyterian higher education by noting his concern with the "poorly camouflaged conviction—or must we say bias—that only this or that particular model will suffice as a *proper* paradigm or template for what it means to be an institution that really intends to maintain the relationship between faith and learning." He went on to challenge the many Presbyterian college presidents assembled in Scotland to continue to pay attention to the communion between faith and learning:

Here, I believe, is a distinctive feature of our particular heirloom: Our tradition simply will not be put into that sort of strait-jacket. We have before us a remarkable opportunity to express and exercise faithful insights in different ways pertinent to different settings and environments. To treasure the communion of faith and learning in education is the focal birthright of our tradition.

This conference concluded with Sunday morning worship at St. Giles Cathedral, the home of John Knox and the Scottish Presbyterian movement. The many Presbyterian college presidents who attended from around the world returned to their home institutions with a deeper appreciation of the intellectual and spiritual power of the Reformed tradition, renewed in our separate, distinct, and yet united educational mission.

Mary Brown Bullock '66 is president of Agnes Scott College. This article is reprinted by permission from The Presbyterian Outlook, Oct. 29, 2002, Vol. 18, No. 36.

1 John W. Kuykendall "Doctor Witherspoon's Bequest," an address to the annual meeting of the Association of Presbyterian Colleges and Universities, June 23, 2001, p. 19.

2 Mission of Agnes Scott College, Foundations, August 2002.

3 Association of American Colleges and Universities, *Liberal Education*, Vol. 87, No. 4 (Fall, 2001).

“Got Honor Code?”

While recent studies praise the strength of longstanding honor codes such as the one at Agnes Scott, the college realizes—and expects—that its almost 100-year-old Honor System is not perfect and neither are those who sign it. Yet, the ever-evolving system works.

by Beth A. Blaney '91, M.A.T. '95

To the Agnes Scott community—long steeped in the values that support the college's legacy of honor—recent findings about cheating trends come as no surprise.

In a study titled “Got Honor Code?” graduate-level statisticians at Georgia State University set out to determine if students at local schools with formal honor codes (Agnes Scott, Mercer University and Brenau College) are less likely to cheat than students at schools with more informal policies concerning academic honesty (Georgia State, Georgia Tech and The University of Georgia).

Of the students surveyed at the Georgia schools without formal honor codes, 31 percent admitted to cheating on exams, while 37 percent admitted to cheating on written work. At the honor-code schools, 15 percent admitted to cheating on exams and 13 percent admitted to cheating on written work. Cheating rates at Agnes Scott were considerably lower than at the other five schools surveyed.

In a similar study conducted at more than 20 colleges and universities nationwide, Donald McCabe of the Center for Academic Integrity based at Duke University found that cheating usually occurs one-third to one-half less often on campuses with honor codes than on campuses without them.

Since 1906, when Agnes Scott instituted its Honor Code, the college has sustained a culture in which students strive to gain knowledge honestly.

“Our Honor System is the cornerstone of campus life,” says Gué Hudson '68, vice president for student life and community



DAVID WITBECK

relations and dean of students. “You must understand that to understand the importance of integrity at Agnes Scott.”

“There’s a certain level of trust that exists at Agnes Scott,” says Phil Gibson, associate professor of biology and director of the environmental studies program. Gibson approaches teaching here “with an assumption of a higher level of academic integrity,” thanks to the Honor System.

“The Honor System was one of the reasons I chose to come to Agnes Scott,” says senior Cora Harrington '05. “I wanted to attend a school where students live and learn honorably.”

First-year student Jessie Harmsen '08 also credits the Honor System as an integral part of her decision to come to school here. “Students accept [the Honor Code] as their ‘way of life,’ and you can really sense that on campus.”

Nonetheless, news of colleges and universities rife with cheating abounds. While Agnes

Scott students are far less likely to cheat than students from many other institutions, honor-code infractions occur every semester.

“During my first couple of years at Agnes Scott, I found the Honor System to be very effective. Students seemed to treasure it,” says Harrington. “Sadly, now it seems that fewer students are adopting the Honor Code as a way of life academically (with regard to cheating) or personally (as concerns dorm-room theft and vandalism). I don’t understand why people come to a school with an honor code when they have no intention of following it.”

When asked how the administration handles campus expectations of the Honor System—and the disenchantment that sometimes arises—Hudson asserts that “a violation is not an

indictment of the system. The assumption exists that we sometimes make mistakes," she says. "The Honor System gives you a chance to assume personal responsibility and admit your mistakes; violations are a normal part of a healthy process."

She thinks "the system works because students at Agnes Scott—when they sign the Honor Code—take it to be their personal code of honor. It works because the students who believe in it are willing to join a community that carries that kind of responsibility." Hudson attributes the Honor System's long-term success to students who have supported and nurtured it, particularly the women of the Honor Court.

As for the role of the administration: "We have to orient students. While the system works because the students believe in it, the institution has an obligation to be sure the Honor Code has the right kind of institutional importance. We must continue to evaluate the Honor Code and support it," says Hudson.

Honor Court President Michelle Currica '06 said that as of March, she had seen approximately 25 violations this school year; she expected a total of 30 by the end of spring semester.

Betty Derrick '68, special assistant to the vice president for student life and community relations, observes how few cases exist based on the student population. "Less than 3 percent of students at Agnes Scott are involved in Honor Court cases."

"The honor system was one of the reasons I chose to come to Agnes Scott. I wanted to attend a school where students live and learn honorably."

CORA HARRINGTON '05

Even so, certain types of abuse are on the rise.

"I think Internet plagiarism has caused a huge problem. It's becoming more common," says Gibson. To discourage it, Agnes Scott professors attempt to explain issues related to Internet plagiarism more thoroughly in their course syllabi and discuss the matter with students. In addition, the college subscribes to an online resource called TurnItIn.com, which helps professors identify papers containing unoriginal material.

Also, some students have taken advantage of the self-scheduled final-examination process.

This year, the college implemented major policy changes to the end-of-semester examination process. No books or notes of any kind can be taken into Buttrick Hall during exam week, unless students are using them for an open-book/open-note examination. In addition, students can no longer take in personal items such as backpacks or purses.

"I think this is one of the toughest restrictions we've had to deal with as students," says Currica. "I'm one of those students who like to sit in line [prior to picking up my exam] reading and studying up to the last minute."

The new exam restrictions should stop those few students who are tempted to neglect end-of-semester protocol, and, for example, complete a self-scheduled exam under the guise of taking an open-book/open-note test, when they are not permitted to do so.

Naturally, members of Agnes Scott are offended and disappointed when breaches of conduct, such as academic dishonesty, take place.



MARILYN SURANI

"Agnes Scott is part of a community that says honor is a central part of our lives. Abuse undermines the community trust," says Tracey Laird, assistant professor of music. "You'll recover from a poor grade, but it takes a long time to rebuild your integrity."

Gibson argues that if a person doesn't have integrity to begin with, "signing the Honor Code pledge doesn't make a difference in that person's behavior."

According to Hudson, having an honor code does not mean that the college consists only of faultless students. "It means that we have students who are committed and bound by the oath to live honorably in a community where honor is the pinnacle of daily life."

"Agnes Scott offers students the experience of living in an honorable community, not a perfect community," adds Derrick. "It's part of the holistic educational process that prepares students for their lives beyond college."

To raise awareness and deter would-be violators, the Agnes Scott Honor Court has become more conspicuous on campus. Members host Honor Week at least once a year, which includes mock trials and plagiarism workshops. Popular films dealing with a particular aspect of honor also are shown.

As a result of Honor Court's increased visibility, Currica says more people are paying closer attention to the Honor Code. However, because Honor Court cases are handled privately and the outcomes usually aren't evident, the system remains elusive to many members of the campus community.

Gibson views this level of secrecy as problematic. "An issue I've had difficulty with since coming to Agnes Scott 10 years ago is that nobody knows what's going on with the Honor Court. I get this feeling sometimes that there's this secret court making decisions that no one knows about, and everybody's scared. As a result, there's too much fear in the system and not enough understanding."

But Hudson says the way most colleges handle judicial violations is to respect the privacy of the individuals involved. "It's a challenge to determine how much information we can share without humiliating the person accused," she says. Honor Court alerts faculty of the sanctions given in any cases they turn in. In addition, she notes that Honor Court is trying to share with students more factual information about the cases it hears.

For instance, based on a recommendation that came out of the honor-system taskforce review headed by Sandra Bowden, Charles A. Dana Professor of Biology, in the mid-'90s, Agnes Scott's student newspaper, *The Profile*, has published annually a list

of all Honor Court cases, along with sanctions, for the last five years. To respect privacy, the names of all students involved are withheld.

Bowden's review team also recommended a stronger introduction to the Honor System for incoming students, faculty and staff, as well as "open, cross-constituency dialogue" about the Honor System, among other suggestions. "We found that many staff people didn't know exactly how the system worked, but wanted to support it. [Honor] feels more like a community value if all know about it, all support it and all regard it strongly," says Bowden. Since the taskforce made its recommendations last decade, numerous changes to the Honor System have been implemented.

"The Honor System gives you a chance to assume personal responsibility and admit your mistakes; violations are a normal part of a healthy process."

GUÉ HUDSON '68,

VICE PRESIDENT FOR STUDENT LIFE AND
COMMUNITY RELATIONS AND DEAN OF STUDENTS

Honor Court now offers four- to six-week sessions for first-year students at the beginning of the school year to explain how Honor Court and the Judicial Board function. Currica says she's seen particular success with new students and the Honor System, thanks to these informative sessions and the clarifications on procedures they provide.

This year, the advocate program has been instituted by Honor Court. Each student who must go before Honor Court for a violation is assigned an advocate (a member of the Honor Court) to walk her through the process. The student's advocate provides explanation and assistance throughout the entire case and accompanies the student while she awaits the ruling on her case.

Kathryn Smith '06 says she turned in a student for academic dishonesty this year and was thoroughly impressed with the proceedings. "My recent encounter showed me just how important the administration views the Honor Code as well as the level of dedication of the Honor Court members. They went out of their way to see that everyone involved in the case got a fair run of things. I was well-educated and informed of the steps during the entire process and fully supported by the Honor Court and the administration."

The advocate program has made the Honor System more successful, says Currica. Students gain a greater understanding of how the Honor Code is upheld—and word spreads. Knowledge bolsters adherence.

Currica also says she's seen more success with "dual responsibility," which makes her proud. "When students come to Agnes Scott and sign the Honor Pledge, they commit to being responsible for their own actions as well as to being their sister's keeper."

If a student witnesses someone behaving dishonorably, she's obligated to confront that person and encourage her to turn herself in; sometimes the witness must make the tough decision to turn in a student who refuses to assume personal responsibility for a mistake. "It's very hard to turn in one of your peers," says Currica.

Currica has also seen more students turning themselves in, for

plagiarism, for example, after realizing they didn't follow procedures properly while writing a paper.

"When people say the Honor System here doesn't work, it's often because they aren't taking the steps necessary to uphold it," says Currica.

When asked about the biggest challenge the college faces in sustaining academic integrity, Hudson says "the easy answer, in some ways, is to say plagiarism and the Internet." She grows pensive and then shifts her focus to the conceptual idea of honor. "I think [the greatest challenge is] continuing to educate people about what it means to live in an honorable community and having them agree that that's a value they want to accept."

"There's a difference between the Honor Court and all its mechanics, and the sense of an honorable community and the Honor System," says Derrick. "I think we sometimes get bogged down in how the cases go forward, rather than focusing on what I see as a real miracle at Agnes Scott—that there's an honorable community here." It's in keeping with the mission of the college to teach people how to live honorably, so that when they get out into the world [honor is] part of their intentions, she says.

Despite its flaws, having an honor system is a good way to say, "We have a certain standard of conduct that we're going to accept and expect here, and we're all going to live by that," says Gibson. "We need to give careful consideration to what the code means and how it can be used most effectively to enhance the academic experience and quality of our institution." In his opinion, a code of honor is most effective when it focuses on academics alone.

Based on surveys previously administered by the taskforce, however, alumnae, students, faculty and staff strongly support an honor system that covers both academic and social aspects of campus life, notes Bowden.

Laird finds the Honor System at Agnes Scott liberating and character-building. "The Honor Code is a reference point," she says.

"Honor is a daily struggle; it's not something you achieve and move on. Getting there is what really matters."

TRACEY LAIRD,

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

"One thing I can do [as a role model for my students] is live honorably myself," adds Laird. To do so, "I say what I mean, and mean what I say." She explains that she sets high standards for her students, communicates them and maintains them. Laird tries to interact with students as individuals who come from different backgrounds. She assumes they're putting forth their best effort and always helps them in their academic pursuits.

"Honor is a daily struggle; it's not something you achieve and move on. Getting there is what really matters," says Laird.

"I've seen students make some tremendous mistakes, but still handle them in an honorable way," says Hudson. "I believe in our process."

Beth Blaney '91, M.A.T. '95 earned an M.F.A. in creative nonfiction at Columbia University and has taught nonfiction writing at Agnes Scott

Members of a newly created church, pastored by an Agnes Scott alumna, put feet to their praise and worship of God by focusing on doing good for those in need.

By Victoria F. Stopp '01

Worship with *Feet* to It



After hearing concerns from several people who wanted to create a church that focuses on worship, care and outreach, the Rev. Elinor Perkins "Perky" Daniel '74 did just that. An ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), she is the founding pastor of the Genesis Community Congregation, a diverse group of worshipers ranging in age from 12 to 93. The congregation meets in Daniel's home across from Agnes Scott.

"We committed to meeting in borrowed spaces, using our 'building funds' for Habitat for Humanity houses," says Daniel. "Instead of a praise singing time, we spend the first 30 minutes of alternating weeks doing an act of praise and gratitude to God by making 300 sandwiches for the hungry folks on the streets here. We experienced God's call to create a needs-based ministry, with much more focus on moving outward and living our vocations 24/7, rather than being busy within the church trying to create programs to pull people in. Our primary scriptural mandates come from the Great Commission, the Great Commandment, fruit of the spirit and Micah 6:6-8 ['doing justice, acting with loving kindness, walking humbly with the Lord']."

Daniel's church has grown from six members to between 60 and 70. This year, members may need to move to another space or divide into two or more congregations.

"We're experiencing an amazing inspiration of the Spirit in prompting many who have had little or no previous faith experience, or previously had abusive experiences in the church, to trust us and become actively involved in worshiping, studying scripture, praying, giving of themselves and their resources," says Daniel.

The church's litanies of accomplishments are testament to its effectiveness. From making nearly 21,000 sandwiches for the hungry to supporting the Atlanta Food Bank to collecting funds for tsunami relief, congregants have touched the lives of countless people. Habitat houses, camp scholarships for inner-city youth and assisting with stocking the Oakhurst Presbyterian clothes closet are a few projects the church has undertaken.

"From year-end 2001 through year-end 2004, we have done more than \$100,000 of mission/outreach," says Daniel.

The congregation functions with nearly paperless communication, focusing on technology as an efficient means to reach one another. Its prayer list connects from Georgia to California.

"Each week I send e-notes with a prayer list, care news, our Biblical text for the week and schedule," says Daniel. "When a prayer need arises or there's news to share, anyone in the group can send an e-mail to all."

Daniel and her congregation wrote a new communion liturgy that has strong ethical implications and stays within Reformed theology. Sunday-evening services are multifaceted acts of fellowship and faith and consist of contributions from Daniel and church members, including youth. They serve sparkling red grape juice and homemade bread made according to Calvin's grain specifications and begin gatherings with a kiss on each cheek to signify members' dedication to peace, fellowship and the objective of their efforts.

With a congregational focus on others, Elinor Perkins "Perky" Daniel '74 (standing under the house numbers) and the Genesis Community Congregation celebrate the completion of a "Habitat" house.

"In earlier times a kiss of greeting indicated the pecking order of society," says Daniel. "However, ours reminds us that there is 'neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free, neither

male nor female, but all are one in Christ'."

A wife and mother, Daniel carefully balances family life with her responsibilities as a church leader. If a congregant has an emergency, she welcomes a call at any hour, but also dedicates a time for just her family.

"I try to seize moments or days here and there to be with family if I've been working more, or to catch up on work when I've recently been more focused on family," said Daniel. "Several mornings a week, I get up at 5 or 5:30 to study and write while the house and world are quieter. At night, we have family devotional time with at least prayers of thanksgiving for the gifts of the day plus various requests for the well-being of friends, family and the world, often also reading from the Bible."



"We committed to meeting in borrowed spaces, using our 'building funds' for Habitat for Humanity houses."

Twenty-two years ago, Daniel was called as a pastor by the congregation in which she completed a 10-week internship during her second year of seminary, but her interest in religion began even earlier in life.

"During high school and college, churches gave me an opportunity to serve in music ministry," says Daniel. "From those experiences, I grew into music and youth ministry, which led me into seminary for growth in understanding."

A music major at Agnes Scott, Daniel later graduated from Columbia Theological Seminary in 1986 with a master of divinity degree and then from Georgia State University in 1994 with a Ph.D. in English. She savors her memories of student life at Agnes Scott, including Glee Club concerts, a candlelight Mortar Board ceremony and the cohesion of the community during a major ice storm.

"Agnes Scott reinforced my family's values of faith, integrity and lifelong learning and affirmed and enhanced my understanding of my calling in ministry," says Daniel. "Friendships and connections made during my college years continue to mean much and bring joy and fresh perspectives to me even now, thirty years after graduation."

Victoria F. Stopp '01, a former office of communications intern, is a candidate for the master of fine arts in creative nonfiction from Goucher College.

A Seeker of Truth

by Melanie S. Best '79

Leaving people—easy. People leaving me—hard. Leaving has been the minor key that has made this whole adventure a little sad sometimes . . . I'm blessed in that I bloom where I am planted and don't tend to get homesick . . . but I do have fears about leaving my old life behind

So wrote Joy Payton '98 in a December 2003 installment of her online blog, *Convent Files*. These days, she posts her blog from a convent in Haverford, Pa. Payton, who just two years ago was a computer programmer rising through the ranks at an Atlanta-based travel services company, is becoming a Catholic nun.

In the process, she hopes to educate and inspire others.

"There are lots of misconceptions about religious life. I hope the *Convent Files* help allay them," says Payton. "Also, other women are being called to the religious life but may feel they're not holy enough or special enough to do it. Through my blog, I can say, 'I'm an ordinary human being, but God picked me anyway.'"

Being picked led her to a life as a sister in the international Catholic congregation, Handmaids of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After a Pentecostal-oriented childhood and several years as a Presbyterian, she converted to Catholicism in 2001 and was active in her Atlanta parish, Immaculate Heart of Mary. Even so, turning away from a likely future of professional advancement, and possibly marriage and children, marked a sharp redirection.

Disclosing her choice on a blog was much easier than face to face with loved ones.

"My mother started sobbing—this was in a restaurant, which I chose deliberately, hoping she wouldn't freak out," Payton recalls. "Fortunately, they were tears of joy."

Her dad, divorced from her mother, gave nonchalant approval, but the news stunned one sister and troubled the other, who worried Payton's decision was an act of sacrifice and self-denial.

To Payton's surprise, Catholic friends reacted most negatively. "You're sure about this? Convents are filled with old women," was the typical response. In contrast, the Agnes Scott community extended the greatest support. "Even nonreligious and politically

liberal friends were thrilled for me."

Payton, an extroverted 5'3", believes her path to the Handmaids reflects Agnes Scott.

"When I arrived at college I was really struggling," she says. Payton calls her Tennessee upbringing "not dysfunctional, exactly," but admits that in the 12 months before arriving in Decatur she was alternately homeless and in foster care.

"I went to Agnes Scott and blew it. I flunked four classes and was doing what it took to survive."

Payton says she cheated in some courses that first year. As part of her confession of wrongs to those she had hurt, Payton returned to campus in 2003 to disclose her violation of the Honor Code in a public forum sponsored by Mortar Board.

Payton told the audience that she did not take the Honor Code seriously. Calling herself a "fraudulent alumna," Payton said she received her diploma at the cost of her self-respect and honor.

"Now is the time to do the right thing," she confessed.

Payton turned into an A-student and respected campus leader. "Some people—my professors, Dean [Gué] Hudson ['68], Mollie Merrick ['57]—cared enough about me not to let me fall through the cracks."

She spent those years trying on various identities. "I desperately wanted to fit in. With one group I would be one way, with another, I'd be someone else."

Fittingly, for a searcher, Payton majored in philosophy. She poured activist energy into the Pro-Choice Movement, establishing the campus chapter of the Georgia Abortion Rights Action League. She joined the Newman Club, the Roman Catholic student group. By graduation, she'd rejected the pro-choice position—though not her friends who held it.

"Agnes Scott took a real risk on me, and formed me into an adult, a person of responsibility who can appreciate differences."

"When I first felt the nudge toward religious life, I thought I was crazy," Payton recalls. For months in 2001, she seemed to be receiving—or seeking—messages from all over. She read a book



Leaving behind the fast-track, high-tech world for a more focused, contemplative and serving life, one alumna chooses a journey off the beaten path.

whose main character becomes a nun. She would surf the Internet and land on homepages of nuns. On a job interview in London, she picked up a local Catholic diocesan newspaper and ended up at the "nun ads" in the back pages.

"I'm bossy and loud. I like to go to parties. I had a career and a boyfriend. It was nuts to think of becoming a nun!"

But the nudge was persistent, so she made what she called a bargain with God: to indulge her longstanding desire to live and work overseas, she would find work in Europe, try it for a year, then reassess her calling.

In September 2001, Payton was preparing to fly to Switzerland to start a job with SwissAir. She'd given notice to her Atlanta employer, Worldspan, and disposed of her household goods.

Sept. 11 shredded her game plan. Swiss authorities, hoping to preserve endangered airline jobs for locals, rejected her work-visa request, and a few weeks later SwissAir went out of business.

"Worldspan let me 'un-resign'. But otherwise, Sept. 11 took away my every presumption of safety," said Payton. "Sitting in my empty apartment, it came to me: I can do the religious life. Since I know it will make me happy, why pass it up? Having given away most of my possessions made it easier."

That October, she attended a mass for those considering a religious vocation and for the first time admitted life as a nun might be her destiny. "Once I said it out loud, my fears melted away."

After a monthlong application process and year of being a postulant, Payton relocated to Pennsylvania in January to start a two-year term as a novice. A postulant is a "mini-nun"—one remains a free agent, with her own money and the ability to travel. Payton lived in the Handmaids' Miami convent for her postulant period and spent some of that time in El Salvador helping impoverished children.

For a novice, however, the outside world recedes. Days are devoted to prayer and education in the doctrines of the church and the Handmaids congregation. In this first year, Payton must remain fairly isolated—not cloistered but neither encouraged to

visit family or experience a social life unconnected to the church. The thing she misses most in her new life? Shopping!

Days begin at 6 a.m. Prayer and mass fill mornings. Several afternoons a week she attends a support group for male and female novices. Late in the day she may check e-mail and compose an addition to the Convent Files.

"After dinner, if there's time, we gather around the TV to watch the national news," Payton said. "As sisters, it's crucial for us to know what goes on the world, to be plugged in." Eight sisters and a young applicant from Vietnam live in the St. Raphaela retreat center with Payton.

In the evening following prayers, she may study for her Christology course or review the Handmaids' constitution. She also drills on Spanish verbs, anticipating the possibility of returning overseas to work with the poor. Payton's in bed by 9:45.

Ahead lies another year and a half of novitiate life, followed by the taking of the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. For Handmaids, these vows are considered temporary for six years. Then Payton will commit to vows forever and return to her convent or be dispatched on a mission in one of the 24 countries where the congregation is active.

"I have friends who think my beliefs are a crock but respect me as person," Payton said. "Agnes Scott fostered that. My love for truth comes out of my Agnes Scott education. There is truth out there, and we exist to find and follow it."

Melanie S. Best '79, a freelance journalist living in Hoboken, N.J., specializes in international business and culture.

TO LEARN MORE

- To read Payton's "Convent Files," go to <http://www.acjusa.org/conventfiles.htm>

He Taught Students to *Think*

By Kristin M. Kallaher '04, M.A.T. '06

He moved through the life of the college quickly, but made huge — and significant — waves as he did so. Many alumnae credit Arthur Raper with having a life-changing impact on their lives.

He was such a short man, but we looked up to him," says Elsie West Duval '38 of part-time sociology professor Arthur E. Raper, who taught at Agnes Scott from 1932 to 1939. "He made me believe the unbelievable."

Raper, a social-science analyst, rural sociologist and civil rights activist, has been acknowledged as both visionary and gifted by many—including historians, sociologists and former students—who describe him as a man before his time and as a professor who taught students to think for themselves.

"Although prejudice was not consciously taught at home, 'white supremacy' was the norm for most students' families," says Duval. "Until we met Dr. Raper in our classroom, we'd never confronted issues of legal or racial discrimination, yet he opened our young minds and hearts in a challenging way. He taught us to fight injustices in our cities, states and nation as much as possible. He broke down barriers decades before his time."

Mildred Davis Harding '38 was an English major who only took one of Raper's sociology courses.

"Awed and shy, I sat in the back row, hoping to be invisible," wrote Harding in a letter to Duval. "From the moment he entered the classroom, a man of medium height and build, a shock of brown hair on one side of his forehead, his blue eyes alight with intelligence and enthusiasm, the air was charged with his energy. He lectured and led discussions vigorously, walking around in front of the class, sometimes gesticulating or asking questions."

In 1938, the *Silhouette* was dedicated to him. Describing Raper as a man "who lives by practical theories rather than as an advocate of theoretical practices," he was called a man "who as a student leader relates the problems of the world and its peoples to those of its future citizens, whom he stimulates to genuine thought regardless of whether it agrees with his views" and "a teacher whose classes are



Raper, 1935



Agnes Scott students of the 1930s see first hand the environmental ravages at Copper Hill, Tenn.

continually increasing because of his reputation for sincerity and honesty and enthusiasm in presenting his subject."

If Raper's teaching methods were unorthodox, so was his arrangement with Agnes Scott, says Cliff Kuhn, associate professor of history at Georgia State University and director of the Georgia Government Documentation Project. Kuhn is writing a biography of Raper and during the spring semester was invited by Mellow Teaching Fellow Ellen Spears to talk about Raper in her History of the "New" South class.

"During his time as part-time instructor at the college, Raper also served as research secretary for the Commission on Interracial Cooperation," says Kuhn. "Raper never had a conventional contract with Agnes Scott. Rather, the college paid his salary directly to the interracial commission. The reason for this arrangement was two-fold: to award Raper a measure of independence as he pursued his work with the interracial commission and later with various New Deal agencies; and to protect Agnes Scott from criticism and interference concerning its hiring policies and Raper's activities and views in particular, although the college still came under fire several times during Raper's tenure."



Field trips constituted a central part of Raper's teaching, says Kuhn. "He took students to an exhibit at the Southeastern Fair, and *The Agnostic*, the college's weekly newspaper, reported that this trip was for the purpose of studying the American Indian village and its relationship to the early stages of family life. His social pathology class visited the New Deal's resettlement program at Pine Mountain, Ga., to teach students 'such important modern problems as soil conservation by tenancy, up-to-date housing of farmers and the practical applications of the latest farming methods to the mass of Southern farmlands.'"

Duvall recalls the field trip Raper led to observe the environmental devastation caused by the smelters at Copper Hill, Tenn. "New trails were blazed by that trip, where we went to view the tragic soil erosion at a period in my life when even the word 'Ecology' was unfamiliar."

In late 1934, according to Kuhn, Raper took two students to an interracial conference at historically black Paine College in Augusta, Ga. He also arranged numerous informal meetings between Agnes Scott and Spelman College students in particular, and informed his Scott students that their counterparts were

studying the same things they were.

Kuhn notes that Raper invited several prominent African Americans to speak on campus. One was Atlanta University Center President John Hope, who in 1935 delivered a speech titled "Peace" at the campus YWCA's chapel program. On another occasion, he brought James Weldon Johnson, author of *God's Trombones* and a leader in the national NAACP, who spoke in chapel in the morning and had a tea in his honor in the afternoon.

"In between these two events," says Kuhn, "occurred an episode that reveals how Raper, and by extension his students, often transgressed prevailing racial mores. After Johnson's morning presentation, he, Raper and two students—one of whom was Winifred Kellersburger, a leader in the campus "Y" who later authored a book on the Bantu language in America—had lunch at a café on Auburn Avenue, the heart of black Atlanta, an activity that was strictly taboo. That evening, the students and Johnson dined together again at the Rapers' house."

Kuhn explains Raper did not go to the college administration for permission, but Raper later recalled, "There was no way of doing this except to just do it."

ARTHUR RAPER'S PLACE IN HISTORY

by Clifford M. Kuhn

No Southerner mirrored the South's problems and promise more than sociologist Arthur Raper. Born on a North Carolina farm, Raper attended the University of North Carolina, where he studied with sociologist Howard Odum. In 1926, Raper went to work for the Commission on Interracial Cooperation in Atlanta, the region's leading liberal organization. As research secretary for the commission, Raper monitored race relations throughout the South, described the impact of the agricultural depression of the 1920s and 1930s, and worked closely with various New Deal agencies.

Perhaps Raper's most influential work was *The Tragedy of Lynching*, published in 1933. A study of every community where a lynching had occurred during 1930, *The Tragedy of Lynching* was widely reviewed, made an important contribution to the anti-lynching campaign and is still one of the foremost works on the subject more than 70 years after its publication. In addition, Raper wrote three books on the rural South, which are also considered classics from the period: *Preface to Peasantry* (1936), an attack on the plantation system in Georgia's Greene and Macon counties; *Sharecroppers All* (1941), coauthored with African-American sociologist Ira Reid, which portrayed the culture of

dependency throughout the region; and *Tenants of the Almighty* (1943), describing Greene County's Unified Farm Program.

Raper's research was intertwined with his activism. He worked closely with the Farm Security Administration and other New Deal agencies that sought to provide relief for farmers and lift them out of tenancy. As much as any white Southerner of the day, Raper also regularly challenged prevailing racial mores in his publications and actions. His transgressions of regional racial codes often



drew criticism, as in Greene County in 1941, where he was brought before a grand jury for using polite titles for African Americans. He was an original member of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare.

In 1939, Raper went to work for the Carnegie-Myrdal study on race in America, which led to the acclaimed publication *An American Dilemma*. His report was considered

by project director Gunnar Myrdal to be one of the most valuable in the study. In 1940, Raper began a two-year stint as a participant-observer of Greene County's Unified Farm Program, before moving to Washington, D.C., with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Agricultural Economics. After World War II, Raper turned to international rural development, writing books on Japan, Taiwan and East Pakistan and explicitly linking his efforts in land reform and community development to his earlier work in the South.

While Raper has often been mentioned by historians of Southern liberalism, what is not well-known is the fact that at the peak of his career, from 1932 to 1939, he also worked as a part-time professor of sociology at Agnes Scott. Indeed, at his numerous speaking engagements and appearances throughout the 1930s, he often was identified as being with Agnes Scott instead of the Interracial Commission. He was an active member of the college community and a very popular teacher. Although his work at Agnes Scott has been overlooked by historians and the public, he left an indelible impression on numerous Scott students.

Clifford M. Kuhn, associate professor of history at Georgia State University, is writing a biography of Arthur Raper.

"The students," says Kuhn, "were well aware of the possible reaction should their actions become publicized, and they were discrete about it. In Raper's words, 'They elected not to gab it.'"

Kuhn says perhaps the biggest furor took place in late April 1935 when Arthur and Martha Raper, along with professor Katherine Omwake, escorted nearly 40 students from his Introduction to Sociology and Race Relations classes on an overnight trip to historically black Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

"They were received by Tuskegee President Robert R. Moton and his wife, met the famous George Washington Carver and visited the library, the gym, the science building and other departments as well as the Negro veterans hospital," says Kuhn. "They also posed for a picture with a class of Tuskegee sociology students in front of the Booker T. Washington monument, and while every student who went on that trip had a copy of the photograph taken with these Tuskegee students, I haven't been able to discover anyone who still has her photo."

They spent the night at the guesthouse, according to Kuhn, where Raper made sure they looked in the guest book and saw the signatures of people like Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Ford.

"Word of the Tuskegee trip soon got out," says Kuhn, "and in its wake, President [James Ross] McCain received numerous letters calling for Raper's resignation. The next time Raper planned

an out-of-town trip—the one to Pine Mountain—he made sure to ask permission at the faculty meeting for his students to go. On that trip, no fewer than eight female faculty members went along as chaperones."

While Raper's methods alienated many, his then-radical teachings formed the heart of what endeared his students to him, even seven decades later in Duval's case. She remembers how Sunday-evening cookouts at the Rapers' Decatur home provided her with the opportunity to talk about issues never discussed at her home with her parents.

"As a product of comfortably complacent Virginia aristocracy, I entered college at 16 with what is sometimes known as tunnel vision," wrote Duval, who served as director of The Voluntary Action Center for 21 years, in a 1979 letter to Raper in which she told him of his tremendous influence on her life. "Because of your courageously unorthodox teachings, I finally broke out of the mold and learned to make my own considered judgments on matters of pride or principle. It is largely to your credit that I have been able to stand firm whenever I hold an unpopular view."

Raper's influence led Harding to begin what she calls her "double life."

"He made me see the injustices and sufferings in the Depression

world around me—the miserable, trapped lives of the tenant farmers; the bitter racial conflict; rapes; Ku Klux Klan lynchings; abject rural and urban poverty; as well as the hypocrisy, prejudice and greed that caused and perpetuated those evils. Early in the course, I thought, 'With all that misery around me, how can I bask in the delights of Agnes Scott College and do nothing to help?'"

She joined the social-service committee of the college YWCA, and when McCain told her students at Columbia Theological Seminary would like a few Agnes Scott girls to accompany them in their work in Atlanta's "Syrian Mission," she immediately gathered a few and they "plunged in."

"Throughout my sophomore and junior years, I led that double life—my thrilling life at Agnes Scott and a strenuous, eye-opening one as amateur social worker in Atlanta's slums on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings."

Harding earned a master's and a doctorate in English literature from Columbia University and became a college professor, but she never forgot the values Raper instilled in her. In the mid-1950s, when Harding and her social anthropologist husband, were teaching at a women's college in Baghdad, Iraq, Raper fortuitously reappeared in her life. Harding met an American woman whose husband was working for the U.S. government in Iraq and learned Raper, who was also working in the Middle East, was visiting the couple that weekend. The woman insisted Harding come to tea to visit Raper, and Harding conversed "intensely" with him for two hours.

"I told him how influential he had been in my life and how, at a crucial time, he had represented 'the road not taken,'" says Harding.

"You know, Mildred," he added, 'the whole time I was at Agnes Scott the Ku Klux Klan and the FBI were after me. The FBI has a file on me this thick,' he indicated with his fingers a space of about three inches. 'They thought I was a communist. Once the local newspaper announced "Communist Professor at Agnes Scott!" Conviction of communism, even accusations of it, meant professional death in those days, you know. But Dr. McCain always supported me. So did the girls. When FBI "investigators" asked them, "Did Dr. Raper ever take you to black schools or churches? Did you ever have a meal with black students?" They all covered for me. They answered evasively—sometimes they even lied. Imagine! Agnes Scott girls lying!"

After the 1938–1939 year, Raper left Agnes Scott. "Given the persistent attacks on Raper and the pressures on the Agnes Scott administration, many in Atlanta's liberal community were convinced, even decades later, that he had either been fired or asked to resign," says Kuhn. "The truth of Raper's departure was somewhat more complicated. According to Raper, because of a change in the way the college was arranging its workload, President McCain offered him a full-time position, which he did not want."

Kuhn notes a letter Raper wrote to the noted author Lillian Smith in which he said, "I did not lose my job at Agnes Scott, so much as I elected out rather than stay in. So long as I was there as a part-time visiting professor, I was not under the control of the board.

Raper later recalled in conversation with Kuhn, "So rather than go under its control, I took my leave. I wasn't going to teach there and be told what to teach. I wasn't going to do it."

In addition, says Kuhn, Raper, who had a maverick, restless streak, had received overtures to work with Swedish social scien-

tist Gunnar Myrdal on the Carnegie Commission's Study of the Negro in America, the findings of which would be presented in the classic work, *An American Dilemma*.

The collection of Raper's life's work, to which Duval's letter was contributed, is housed in the Southern Historical Collection of the library at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where Raper earned his bachelor of arts and his doctorate in sociology and rural economics. He also earned his master of arts in sociology and political science from Vanderbilt University.

Born in November 1899, Raper grew up in North Carolina on his family's tobacco farm. His father worked hard to send his son to college, and Raper distinguished himself there by his excellent grades and commitment to community service.

When, after earning his doctorate, Raper was offered the opportunity to study sociology firsthand in Georgia by Will Alexander, executive secretary of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, he eagerly accepted. Arriving in Atlanta in 1926, Raper worked with local committees to help prevent lynchings and promote positive race relations.

After Raper left Agnes Scott, he embarked on a post-World War II career as a social scientist, studying conditions in Japan and Taiwan, as well as countries in Asia, North Africa and the Middle East. He remained a steadfast advocate for resolving issues of rural development, becoming senior adviser to the Pakistan Academy of Rural Development in 1962. Two years later, he returned to America, serving as a visiting professor at Michigan State University before retiring in 1967. Until his death in 1979, he continued his mission as a social activist to end economic, political and social injustices.

"Arthur Raper was a dynamo, an iconoclast, a courageous, lovable force for good," wrote Mildred Davis Harding '38. "Though I never heard him mention God or Jesus except in the title of his book, *Tenants of the Almighty*, as I look back I see Arthur Raper, with his passion for truth and justice, as a kind of Old Testament prophet, but a prophet with a warm heart and, on occasion, a humorous twinkle in his eye."

"I felt he had flung open windows in my mind, which gave me for the first time in my life a chance to think for myself," says Duval. "Until then, I only thought as my parents had influenced me to think. I wrote to thank him."

In that letter, Duval said to Raper, "It was you who introduced me for the first time to black people who had risen above domesticity... From my simplistic understandings, lynchings never happened in reality. Georgia's chain gangs were purely fictional. You made me believe the unbelievable. We were invited to your home to sit around a campfire and discuss issues we never talked about in our homes. I found this new awakening of the mind a stimulating personal experience."

Duval's letter to Raper arrived shortly after his death. It was included with his papers at the University of North Carolina, which "makes me feel that he got my message."

"Everything I've done in my life has been spun out of this influence of Dr. Raper," concludes Duval.

Kristin Kallaber '04 completes her Master of Arts in Teaching Secondary English at Agnes Scott in July and will teach English and be yearbook adviser at Stone Mountain High School in Georgia.



A LIGHT

Caught in the turmoil of parenting a wayward teen, an Agnes Scott alumna turns to writing, and those words are providing hope and inspiration for countless other parents.

By Dawn Sloan Downes '92

Kitti Smith Murray '78 walks into the café, and it seems as if a light has come on. Her warmth and genuine friendliness exude the same grace and sense of hope that fill her first book, *A Long Way Off: Hope and Healing for Parents of Prodigals*.

Originally written as journal entries and articles for her sons' school newsletter as Murray and husband, Bill, struggled to deal with oldest son Matt's rebellion and drug use, the book has become a handbook on faith for parents of prodigal children.

"There were lots of books on how to 'fix' your troubled child," says Murray. "I didn't want to write another of those because the same solution won't work for every family. I wanted to write a book for parents in the thick of it, that would help maintain their faith."

A Long Way Off reflects a faith refined in the furnace of a mother's broken heart and an intense compassion for parents who grieve the loss of relationship with their children and who fear the outcome of the paths walked by those children.

"When Bill and I were dealing with Matt's problems, the other parents at our Christian school would avoid us. There was no network of support available to us. We went to the administration and said we'd like to establish a parent-support team to help parents like ourselves. Then I began writing on the issue for the newsletter, both to help other parents and myself."

In addition to writing, Murray says that to survive she and Bill made a commitment to be honest with themselves, God and

FOR DARK TIMES

others. They also focused on never blaming each other and on loving their son unconditionally—even when they had to be tough. The most important thing they did, she says, was to pray almost constantly. “We just cried out to the Lord and listened.”

Murray e-mailed the articles to her parents, who saved every one. Her dad took them to a friend who was an acquisition research editor for Broadman and Holman Publishers. The editor soon asked for more. Murray was asked to write a book proposal, and soon she had an advance and a contract to write a book.

To get the job done, however, Murray had to abandon the flexibility for which she worked as a wife and mother and re-establish a structured routine.

“I have been a writer since college. [Professor] Bo Ball told me I should wait tables and write. I wrote some poetry and short stories after college and had some published here and there. But then Bill became pastor of his first church, we had five sons, and life edged writing out,” says Murray.

“Now I write in the early morning. I take my laptop and move from room to room, writing. I also keep a notebook where I jot down book or story ideas, character names, etc.,” she adds.

Murray envisions her journaling and prayer time as the seeds of *A Long Way Off*. “The book was written in two stages: the crucible of our experience and then crafting that into something that could help other parents. It is about my spiritual journey through the process of raising my kids through difficult times.”

While many families might want to avoid sharing their personal trials, Murray’s has been encouraging. “Bill is just a great cheerleader, totally supportive of whatever I want to do.”

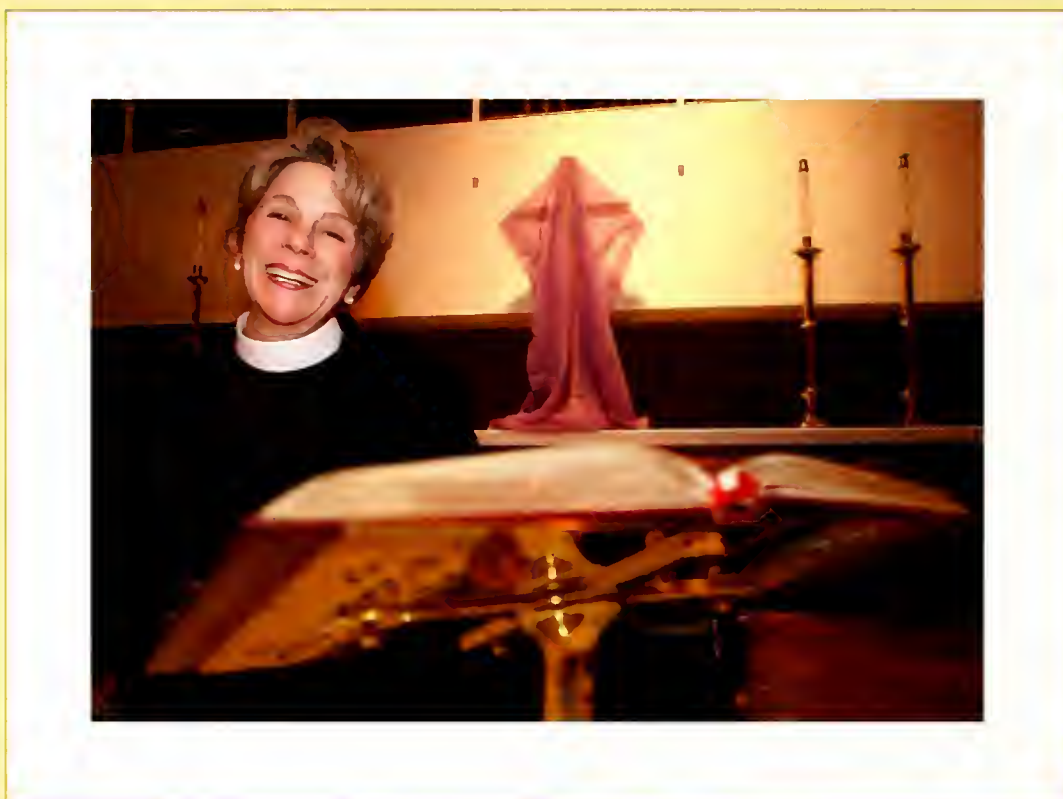
Matt, now 23, lives and works in Savannah. He gave his blessing to the work as well, telling Murray “that if other parents could be blessed by our struggle then I should go for it. One of our other sons told me, ‘Mom, even good kids pose challenges,’ so I felt like they understood the need for this book.”

According to Murray, a tremendous need for healing exists among the parents of troubled teens and young adults, whether the problems involve extreme issues or more simple ones. Several family therapists throughout Atlanta routinely give Murray’s book to their patients, although she says she is uncertain how they became aware of the book. “Broadman and Holman releases 11 or 12 books per month, and though the publisher markets each one, much of the marketing falls to the author. Much of the book’s success has been due to word of mouth.”

Murray and Karen Norris, a teacher at Atlanta’s Wesleyan School, are cowriting a book targeting the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of young women entering college. It will be called *The Freshman Fifteen*.

Dawn Sloan Downes '92 is a freelance writer living in Tucker, Ga.

To Everything, There is a Season



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*Thwarted from the priesthood, this alumna
remained faithful to her calling by simply taking
the next step that would lead her
along her own true path.*

by Amanda Furness '08

**“Since 9/11 we’ve begun to realize that
what a person believes makes a difference;
America had forgotten that what you believe
about eternal verities drives your life.”**

The life of Jean McCurdy Mead '64 has been defined by honor.

This Episcopal priest became aware of the concept at an early age as she sought to accommodate the desire to serve others that stirred within her soul. Throughout her formative years in San Antonio, Mead shaped her existence around the need to uphold that calling. She became involved in various ministries and immersed herself in Bible study.

It wasn't until she arrived at Agnes Scott, however, that the word "honor" took on literal and definitive meaning.

A self-professed "goof-off" in her early years, Mead says she initially took offense at the many rules imposed on students. To her surprise, she soon discovered she felt committed to the Honor Code she'd signed upon her admission.

"It was the first time in my life I realized your word is your bond," Mead reminisces. "If you don't mean something, don't say it."

As a teenager, she'd been entrusted with freedom, responsibility and personal accountability, and embracing those ideals bolstered her interest in maintaining them on a personal level.

"Being an honest person was more important than drinking beer," she says. "It was a revelation."

A breakdown of Mead's education journey reads like a handbook for today's working and goal-minded woman. At 16, she became the fourth of five girls in her family to attend Agnes Scott. She graduated four years later with a bachelor's degree in English and moved on to Duke University, where she received her M.A.T. and met the man she would come to love and marry. Involvement in her church community, teaching stints at the high school and college level and four children soon followed.

In all of this, Mead felt a pull toward the church that seemed stronger than that of many of her counterparts. She felt destined for the priesthood and possessed the service record to merit acceptance as a full-time student at the University of Notre Dame, becoming the seminary's first non-Catholic graduate. Ordination was not an option; the Episcopal Church, of which Mead was a member, did not ordain women as priests. When the church did start talking about ordaining women, friends and associates convinced her to seek the priesthood. "It wasn't just a personal calling anymore. The church, the people and God were now calling me," she says.

Mead pursued ordination, but was denied by a diocese that had yet to open its own heart and mind to women as spiritual leaders.

"It was crushing," she says, "but I knew God could get me through it. Maybe I wasn't going to get ordained, but I could still lead God's people."

Ever determined to honor herself and her purpose, Mead

decided she could get the religious education she desired, and that realization led her to study religion at Oxford University. Then her first husband, from whom she was divorced, drowned.

Forced to step away from her studies, Mead was called to expend the bulk of her energy in walking the couple's children through their grief and in settling her ex-husband's estate. Her duties afforded little time for introspection and scholarly activity, and in retrospect, she's glad she didn't have the responsibilities of a priest at that point.

"I have many friends who are Catholic priests," she says, "so I know what the inner life of the priesthood is like. Being a priest is in many ways like being a mother. You can talk about it, you can read about it, but until you actually hold that child in your arms, until you are actually entrusted with that sacred trust, you can't really understand it."

The job, she says, is demanding. "You have to prepare spiritually for it. There is this huge sense of responsibility before God when you give the Eucharist, and it doesn't allow for being distracted in any way. You have to be fully present and fully prepared."

As the chaos in her life subsided, Mead applied for and received a fellowship to Tulane University. Supported by her children and her second husband, an attorney who is her parish's chancellor, she earned her Ph.D. in philosophy in her late 50s.

In 2002, Mead's commitment resulted in her ordination into the Episcopal priesthood. "It was an amazing feeling," she says. "In God's time, all these things really do come to pass."

Mead has found serving as a priest to be far more fulfilling than she had thought it would be—thanks in part to the experiences she's had as a student, wife and mother. She devotes her time counseling parishioners, organizing Bible instruction for adults and children, working to preserve her church—a historic parish built in the 1850s—and, in general, cradling the community she has long desired to lead.

Throughout her struggles, Mead learned invaluable lessons. The need for individuals to embrace a sense of universalism in their spiritual beliefs is one to which she clings tightly.

"Since 9/11," Mead says, "we've begun to realize that what a person believes makes a difference; America had forgotten that what you believe about eternal verities drives your life."

For Mead, those beliefs have determined a quality of life that has meant family, scholarship and truth seeking; the seasons of that life have culminated in the priesthood—and a sense of obligation to self and community that has its roots in ASC soil.

Amanda Furness '08 is a Woodruff Scholar and an office of communications intern. She recently received the college's Karen Green Human Relations Award.

Gathering of Souls

Students of a variety of faiths and religious preferences find support for their journey while at Agnes Scott.

by Amanda Furness '08

Firmly grounded in the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), Agnes Scott shelters a student body with growing diversity in its religious composition. Increasing numbers of students from varied backgrounds, traditions and faiths create opportunities for the college to meet a variety of spiritual needs.

"Religious life on this campus is as healthy and vibrant as it is in any institution of this size," says Sylvia Wilson, Acting Julia Thompson Smith Chaplain. As head of the office of religious life, she is responsible for providing for all students an array of services that relate to caring for one's spirit—helping students identify a house of faith, organizing prayer meetings and Bible studies, and assisting in planning the spiritual aspect of campus events.

The Presbyterian and Christian religious heritage is fostered through regular worship and service opportunities as well as inter-faith dialogue. A weekly Christian ecumenical service is held on Sunday evenings, and other special religious services mark the traditional Christian celebrations of Christmas, Ash Wednesday and Holy Week.

Student groups such as the New Westminster Fellowship, Canterbury Club, Baptist Student Union, Wesley Fellowship and Newman Club have regular activities. Faith Works, a Christian faith-based service experience, is coordinated through the offices of the dean of students, experiential learning and chaplain and the department of religious studies. Participation is open to students of all faiths. In 2004, Faith Works participants went to Cuba, and in 2005, the group spent spring break at Koinonia Farms in Americus, Ga.

The chaplain's office coordinates the annual James Ross McCain Faith and Learning Lecture, which brings religious leaders to campus. In 2004, Kathleen Norris, a Presbyterian and best-selling author of *The Cloister Walk* and other books, spoke on exploring the spiritual life. The 2006 speaker is the Rev. Peter Gomes, an American Baptist minister and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University. John Esposito, director of the Center for Muslim-Christian Understanding at Georgetown University, spoke this year.

"The community as a whole welcomes and celebrates a diversity of faith and traditions," says Wilson. "But, there's continual

need for us to learn ways to support and acknowledge people of all faiths." This year, in an effort to foster such understanding and to explore ways to further meet students' needs for spiritual expression, Wilson formed the chaplain's advisory team with a membership that includes a Presbyterian minister, representatives of several Protestant denominations, a Catholic priest and a rabbi. An Imam is being invited to join.

"I believe my Christian faith and that of students is enhanced by learning about other religions and faith traditions," says Gué Hudson, vice president for student life and community relations and dean of students. "Our students will live and work in a global world, which grows smaller each day. An important part of the college's educational mission is to support not only a student's personal faith but to provide opportunities to understand world religions."

Agnes Scott College strives to be a just and inclusive community that expects honorable behavior, encourages spiritual inquiry and promotes respectful dialogue across differences.

FROM THE MISSION OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE,
OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY THE AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
BOARD OF TRUSTEES, AUGUST 2002

As part of its role in assisting students with their religious practices, the chaplain's office structured opportunities for Muslim students to interact with other students as well as provided them with a prayer room. Trustee Jim Philips donated prayer rugs for Salat, the five daily prayers of Islam.

Muslim student Salma Stoman '07, says she hasn't experienced discrimination on campus. Rather, she finds students from other faiths are curious about Islam, especially as it pertains to women. Her scarf, a modernized version of the veil worn in some Muslim countries, is a big topic of interest. Stoman's life doesn't center on maintaining traditional "Islamic" female roles, but religion is primary in her daily schedule. Usually, she fits prayer in between

classes. "I'll grab a corner at work or go to my room if I have time," Stoman says. A member of the Muslim Students Association, she also attends its weekly Quran class.

Eunice Li '07, is a member of the student-led Campus Crusade for Christ and a discipleship group leader for its sub-group, New Life. Discipleship groups meet for Bible study and fellowship at least once a week and sponsor worship nights and prayer meetings. For Li, these meetings are a source of strength. "Officially, Agnes Scott is very welcoming to students being open about their opinions and beliefs," says Li. "However, there is a culture of underlying fear that comes from not wanting to be politically incorrect or offensive. This fear causes people to not be as open about what they believe, because they do not want to offend anyone."

"Sometimes," Li continues, "I wonder what campus life would be like if people were as open with what they believed as they felt inside. This is not a result of anything the school has or has not done, but rather a culture that has persisted."

Wilson, an ordained Presbyterian minister — noting that being open to other faiths and traditions is part of the Presbyterian heritage — says most students are considerate of each other's beliefs.

"In general, they have a tolerance if not a respect for other religions. Sometimes, a student might come in carrying zeal without wisdom and knowledge, but after four years, their zeal becomes tempered with faith," says Wilson. "During their time here students of various religions find ways to relate to others while maintaining their own opinions."

Julie Ceigler '07 is president of the Jewish Students Association on campus and attends weekly Hillel meetings at Emory University. Next year, she hopes Agnes Scott JSA will have teach-ins so students from other backgrounds can learn more about Judaism. For her, such bridge building is a component of the spiritual development she holds dear; in respecting others and in sharing of herself, the student feels that ethical standards have become much easier to uphold.

"A sense of ethics is very important in Judaism," she adds. "Members of the Jewish Student Association differ in their religious observance, but all of them feel ethics is highly important to being a Jew. Tikkun Olam — the act of making the world a better place — is central to JSA life on campus."

Mathematics professor Myrtle Lewin, faculty adviser, wants the Jewish Student Association to be a community for any student who feels some Jewish identification. A Jewish identity is not based exclusively on one's religious practice, Lewin stresses.

"Being Jewish is much broader than that," she says. "Being Jewish for any one individual may be predominantly cultural or historical or ethical or a sense of identification with a people — a group. Yet, there are Jews for whom the religious (spiritual) dimension is very important."

This year, the Jewish Students Association held two on-campus celebrations — one for Hanukkah, the other for Passover, both of which Lewin describes as wonderful experiences.

A new group formed this year through the multicultural affairs office is the Daughters of Gaia. Dominique Khan '08 and Rebecca Simmons '08 decided to put the group together after they and others discovered a shared interest in Wicca and earth-based religions. "I was really nervous at first," says Khan. "But people have been really excited about it. I think a lot of them appreciate diversity on campus. Lots of people ask 'What is that?' but they're in no way negative."

Members of other religious groups have expressed interest in the group's practices, if only on an academic level. "I believe the college and the students openly welcome religious expression," says Arsed Joseph '06, Student Government Association president. "It is evident in the amount of diversity in student-led religious organizations."

Joseph sometimes attends the nondenominational service led by Chaplain Wilson. From a Catholic and Methodist background, she holds close to her heart the admonition to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." She recognizes this can be hard when traditions and religions collide, but she believes bridges can be built, especially if people make a commitment to overcoming differences and to being open about and respecting one another's beliefs.



Students unite on campus to commemorate Sept. 11.

Joseph is also one of 75 students who form the college's Joyful Noise gospel choir, which began with seven members almost 20 years ago. While not a religious organization per se, the experience is very much a spiritual one, says Nathan Grigsby, the director for most of the choir's existence.

"We don't promote a specific denomination," says Grigsby. "But I would say it is a religious experience. We welcome everyone, no matter what their walk of life, to come sing gospel music, which is Christian music."

Grigsby says their Wednesday night rehearsals are a relief for many. "A lot of them say it helps them get through the rest of the week."

Tina Pippin, professor of religious studies, believes having an array of groups on campus is a positive thing. "The school's religious legacy is part of the history, but lift it up alongside other faiths," says Pippin, who notes some other colleges are modeling possible approaches to doing this.

Pippin believes the input of Agnes Scott's student body is invaluable in this process. "It's important to have visible student leadership," she says. "Change happens from the students; they're the ones with the smartest, most articulate take on our 'world for women.'"

Amanda Furness '08 is a Woodruff Scholar and an office of communications intern. She recently received the college's Karen Green Human Relations Award.

Hawa Meskinyar '94x at home in Afghanistan.



A Mother's Miracle

With Islam as her compass, Hawa Meskinyar '94x returns to Afghanistan to rebuild and reach out to its war-torn women and children.

by Celeste Pennington

Before daybreak on January 5, 1980, Hawa Meskinyar '94x and her mother, Mary Osman, dressed to escape.

Under all the layers of warm sweaters, pants and native clothes, Osman wore a wide elastic belt stitched the night before by Meskinyar's great-grandmother.

Tucked in its hand-sewn pockets was money—30,000 afghanis. In her stockings, Osman hid photos reflecting the family's halcyon days. As the daughter of a career diplomat in Italy, Osman was educated and well-traveled. She was working at the TV station in Kabul (her husband was a civil engineer), when their world lurched upside down with the unexpected invasion of Russian communists in 1979.

At gunpoint, Afghanistan's government had quickly toppled; communists replaced school teachers with doctrinaires. Both friends and relatives became political prisoners—some tortured and some killed.

Admits Osman: "We were in danger. Nothing would be worse than getting caught by the Russians and their sympathizers. Yet I was never afraid. We left that morning thinking that we would come home soon."

Under the cover of darkness, mother and daughter fled by car from their home in Kabul to Jalabad.

After a fitful night, they prepared for the next leg of their journey, which was by bus. Dusting their faces, glossy black hair and hands with dirt, the two layered on the costumes of nomads—reddish pants and richly embroidered tunic for winsome, talkative Meskinyar. Her mother put on a deep blue dress with maroon pants, and over it all, a thick black veil and pale blue burqua. Through all the checkpoints—and soldiers clambering on board the bus—the two remained prayerfully quiet and undisturbed that day. "It was the first time I had worn a burqua," says Osman with a little laugh. "I could not walk in it or see."

That night, the two slept peacefully on soft lambs wool spread on the floor of a nomad's warm tent. Before dawn they were wrapped in handmade, cotton-stuffed comforters and tightly secured, by rope, onto the back of a camel. Their flight from Afghanistan would end with Meskinyar, 8, perched on a contrary donkey—her mother sometimes pushing it from behind—as they trekked over narrow and tortuous mountain trails into neighboring Pakistan.

In early 1980, Meskinyar had kissed her tearful great-grandmother good-bye forever. But Meskinyar and her mother were free. By the time Meskinyar was in fifth grade, she and her parents had moved, via Germany, to the United States. Eventually, Osman's parents, Meskinyar's uncles, aunts, and other members of their extended family, would find safety in the West.

Even so, Meskinyar would never forget that journey, a fact often embellished with family stories about their vibrant people, the languages, feasts, fasts and potent faith. Informed by Islam's *halal* (what is pure and safe) and *haram* (what is harmful and forbidden), Meskinyar grew up altruistic and full of self-restraint. From her mother, she also gained a full measure of independence. Says Osman, "I have always said, 'You have to stand on your feet and work hard. Do exactly what you love to do. Be the kind of woman that no man can push.' That was my advice at every stage of her life."

In 1990, Meskinyar graduated in the top 2 percent of her high school class and enrolled at Agnes Scott College. She fit in. She especially appreciated studying and living in a community by the Honor System. She found the campus open and inclusive, yet academically rigorous. "As a student, I enjoyed being surrounded by educated and aspiring women whose primary focus was their education," she recalls. Islam strongly advocates education. "Being Muslim has been the driving force in my life," Meskinyar says. "Whenever I have faced questions, problems or decisions, I have used Islam as my compass."

From the *hadiths* of the Prophet Mohammed, Meskinyar took to heart this saying: "The best of people are those who benefit mankind." From her childhood on, that idea informed Meskinyar's practical decisions and shaped her career path. In 1991, she narrowed her major to architecture and explored Agnes Scott's dual-degree program with Washington University. Deciding not to study out of state, she transferred to Georgia Institute of Technology to earn a bachelor's degree in architecture in 1995 and master's degree in city planning in 1998, with specialization in economic and land development. While working as an urban designer with the Corporation for Olympic Development in Atlanta and later as an associate with Economics Research Associates in Chicago, providing market analysis, financial

forecasting and feasibility studies for developers and public agencies, she was preparing for a life of service.

Zakat, or almsgiving, is one of the five pillars of Islam. In 2000, Meskinyar paid her way to Afghanistan to assist women and children torn by war and economically paralyzed under the Taliban government. "How can you let her go?" nearly everyone quizzed Osman. "First I said, 'God is the one who takes care of her.' Then I said, 'I have to let her go.' Over the years, I have told Hawa, 'The women of Afghanistan are amazing and strong, just like you.' Hawa was doing what I would like to do, but couldn't," says her mother.

Veiled and protected by a sturdy body guard, Meskinyar distributed alms donated by fundraisers, family and friends among hospitals in Kabul and nearby Wardak and at facilities housing the homeless and destitute. While world news had sharply focused on the burqua, symbolic of the plight of women under the Taliban, what Meskinyar found was human devastation in every direction.

making it difficult to separate the two." At the same time, she foresaw an international reaction to the militant minority which would "guide policy and influence decisions."

Motivated by the crying need there, Meskinyar researched nonprofits and independently founded JAHAN, Join and Help Afghanistan Now, a Washington-based organization run by volunteers in the United States and Afghanistan to provide immediate assistance to orphans and widows. JAHAN transfers 100 percent of its donations to those in need.

In 2002, she married her childhood friend, Nadim Amin, who had reestablished family business ties in Afghanistan. One year later, she closed their comfortable apartment in Washington, D.C., left her job as a program analyst for the Office of Research on Women's Health at the National Institutes of Health, and headed back to Afghanistan.

On and off during Meskinyar's life, Kabul has been a war zone. She and Amin have returned determined to use their



"Truly, my greatest reward is in the little girls' and boys' faces. In each child I see the light of hope that things can and will improve, *inshallah*, God willing."

"It was not just women who were miserable, but men and girls and boys. Everybody was 'cooped up.'"

Meskinyar was perturbed that many of the Taliban's prohibitions were not true to Islam. "The culture has woven a thick fabric of confusion to cast over the religion,

education and experience to help rebuild.

"Agnes Scott instilled in me a certain kind of confidence in being a woman that I did not possess before," says Meskinyar. "It demonstrated clearly that women could be leaders. What may be more important here, it taught me not to fear failure. There

is so much need and so much desperation, one does not know where to start."

Pondering "where to start" led Meskinyar to assist the transitional government in its establishing a stable infrastructure. First, she managed a group of men and women supporting the human resources database for the Transitional Islamic State of Afghanistan. They worked out of the office of the vice president and chair for Independent Administrative Reform and Civil Service Commission, which gathers and interprets human resource data for the entire civil service, including the central government and provinces.

In less than a year, Meskinyar transferred into a management position for the executive committee of IARCSC's Afghanistan Reconstruction Trust Fund Expatriate Program, filling job requests from the various ministries through recruitment of natives like herself, who bring back to Afghanistan valuable expertise in everything from agricultural services to urban development.

At the close of 2004, she settled into her own professional niche, hired as an architect by the Afghan-owned Technologists Inc., a firm based in Virginia.

On the bulletin board behind Meskinyar's desk is a beautiful kaleidoscope of faces—close-ups of children, some with sunny smiles, others with somber, dark eyes. And there are photos of women, old and young, wrapped in yards of hand-woven and brilliantly colored fabrics. "My religion's focus on helping the needy," notes Meskinyar, "brought me to Afghanistan."

She snaps these portraits as she scours tent cities and low-income communities to offer immediate assistance—food for the starving, and thick blankets to warm them in winter. Currently, JAHAN is working to establish a sewing center for women. All income from sales of their handiwork will be used to pay salaries and expand the program. "You stay positive and set small goals," explains Meskinyar.

Already, JAHAN has secured international sponsors for more than 90 Afghan children. Regularly, volunteers use Friday, their day off, to look after the needy and distribute funds, \$30 to \$50 a month. JAHAN's long-term goal is to provide quality education for Afghan girls and boys. For now, Meskinyar strongly encourages families to send their daughters and

WOMEN VOTERS—"BRILLIANT BLUE FLOWERS"

Rockets bursting in air heralded the dawn of Afghanistan's first free presidential election last year. In the capital, Kabul, "We woke up that morning expecting chaos," recalls Hawa Meskinyar '94x. "However, everyone dressed up and went to the mosques and schools to vote."

Meskinyar and her cousin, Homira G. Nassery, adviser to Senior Women in Management there, shared in this historic moment. In an e-mail, Nassery described one masjid where polls were set up—and the arrival of a truck full of women wearing chadris who looked "like brilliant blue flowers."

She asked the Hazzara gentleman accompanying 20 of his womenfolk if he instructed them in who to vote for. He replied, wryly, "Madame, I cannot even instruct them to simply broom the carpet. How can you expect me to have that kind of influence?"

Waiting in line, one lovely woman, maybe 34, with "to-die-for cheekbones but no teeth," fretted that she was illiterate. Nassery assured her that ballots included pictures of the candidates. Then Nassery noticed an uncommonly handsome young army officer encourage the woman in her quest. "You may be illiterate," he assured, "but because of this moment, your children won't be."

Pride swept through the voters, including Nassery. "When I looked at the list of candidates, so professionally prepared on that ballot, I put a big X in my selection box, then added a happy face and circled the picture too, just in case someone didn't get it," she reports. "I folded the paper ballot, said a little prayer and then kissed the ballot boldly with my mulberry lipstick. Only then did I drop it in the box. To no one in particular, I said, 'Here's one for peace and justice!'"

Meskinyar agrees. "It was an exciting moment, to see so many involved in this election—especially the women."

sons to school. Sponsorships also provide these children with additional hope as they connect with friends outside their world.

In a land where electricity and potable water often constitute luxury, the nagging question of "where to start" has led Meskinyar to several effectual choices. Recently, she organized "Love Kabul, Clean Kabul." She smiles. "We believe it is time for people to stop complaining about the shape of the city and do something about it." The grassroots effort starts with parks, schools and orphanages. To kick off the project, friends and co-workers scrubbed and painted the Taye Maskan orphanage for 700 boys in the Parwan Se neighborhood. Children are at the heart of Meskinyar's efforts. "Truly, my greatest reward is in the little girls' and boys' faces. In each child I see the light of hope that things can and will improve, *inshallah*, God willing."

Although Meskinyar and Amin would love to start a family, she wrestles with the question: raise one child or help 100? To start, she and Amin may adopt an orphan.

The other family matter is the distance between Afghanistan and the United States. During Ramadan, Meskinyar flew to Atlanta last year to be with her mother.

To celebrate the end of their monthlong fast, Osman cooked their favorite Afghan dishes and relished each moment that Meskinyar was nearby. Yet Osman expresses a sense of wonder that her child, who narrowly escaped the effects of the Russian invasion, has returned to invest, with all her fortitude, in Afghanistan.

"All parents want something for their children. This," Osman insists, "is my miracle."

Meskinyar and her husband fully understand the necessity of this choice. "The first time we were forced to walk away," says Meskinyar, "it was a military invasion. But if we walk away again, how can we expect things to remain stable?"

Celeste Pennington, a Georgia-based freelance writer, manages several publications.

TO LEARN MORE

- For more information on JAHAN, visit www.jahan.org
- Suggested reading by Mary Osman: *Kite Runner* by Khaled Hussaini.

Agnes Scott professors explore the beginnings of country music and spotlight sexual harassment laws through the pages of their latest books.

'HAYRIDE' TUNES IN TO THE RADIO ROOTS OF COUNTRY MUSIC

Louisiana Hayride: Radio & Roots Music Along the Red River

By Tracey E.W. Laird. Oxford University Press. \$29.95. 208 pages.

Reviewed by Rheta Grimsley for *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* (Reprinted by permission)

All academics analyzing country music should hire Tom T. Hall to do the writing. Nashville's old Storyteller, Tom T., could do the colorful stories justice.

That said, in "Louisiana Hayride," author Tracey E.W. Laird—an ethnomusicologist at Agnes Scott College in Decatur—shares solid research, fascinating facts and considerable insight into the history of the former Shreveport radio show.

Everyone who cares already knows that country legend Hank Williams made his national debut on "Louisiana Hayride" in 1948. What Laird reveals, and what many of us hadn't realized, is that Williams and "Hayride" simultaneously made their first big splash into the pool of popular culture. The hillbilly music show on KWKH was only 3 months old when Hank arrived to sing his megahit "Lovesick Blues."

After that landmark appearance, Hank ruled. And, with the example of Hank, the radio's "Louisiana Hayride" had secured a reputation for launching major commercial successes. For once, the planets of talent and technology had aligned in the world of country music.

"The 'Hayride' might have remained just another live radio broadcast of provincial importance were it not for the fortuitous coincidence of several factors," Laird writes. Inspired by Hank Williams' success,

"Young and talented musicians flocked there, and many of them went on to become the most distinct and influential voices of country music during the postwar period and after."

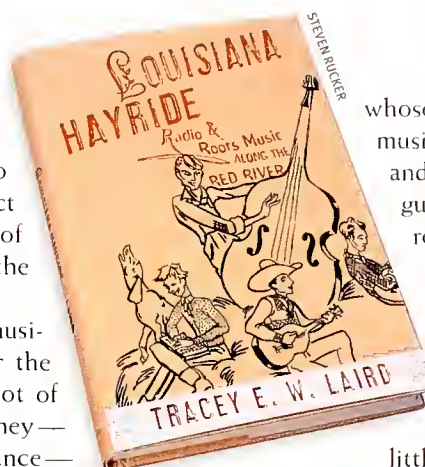
The list of country musicians who showed up for the chance to earn a whole lot of exposure and a little money—less than \$25 an appearance—reads like a who's who of hillbilly talent. By the droves, country hopefuls followed Hank to Shreveport, among them, Johnny Cash, Webb Pierce, Faron Young, George Jones, Kitty Wells, Red Sovine, Slim Whitman, Jimmy C. Newman, Floyd Cramer and Jim Reeves.

Laird, a native of Shreveport, skillfully makes the case that what's now aptly called "roots" music—country, rhythm-and-blues, Cajun—often had the same themes, appeal and sometimes the same radio audiences. Young white musicians were influenced by the rhythm-and-blues artists they heard on KWKH and other regionally potent stations. The black and white worlds inevitably converged, bringing about rockabilly and a sea change in music.

The most famous of these early rockabilly artists, of course, was Elvis Presley, who appeared on 'Hayride' in 1954. He was 19 and called himself "The Hillbilly Cat." Laird writes:

"In sound, in repertoire, and in posture, Elvis Presley of the mid-to-late 1950s represented nothing short of a desegregation of musical aesthetics. This signaled a degree of desegregation of the music business itself, as companies marketed him and rock-and-roll artists like Little Richard, Fats Domino, Carl Perkins, and Jerry Lee Lewis to teenagers across racial lines."

Laird's best licks come near the end of the book, when she traces the unsung careers of four Shreveport musicians



whose lives exemplify the musical melding of black and white. One of them, guitarist Jerry Kennedy, recalled for Laird his teenage memories of attending a local black club known as Club 66.

"I remember that they had a little cage, a glassed-in

place where white people could go in. Sort of like the opposite of the way it was during segregation down there. . . . I saw Jimmy Reed there. That's where I saw Bobby Blue Bland. If I'm not mistaken, I probably saw Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, for sure. But anyway, there was only room for like 12 people to get into this little space."

With Kennedy and Dominic "D.J." Fontana, James Burton and Joe Osborn as native sons and lively examples, Laird successfully makes her case that Shreveport helped shape popular music as we know it. It wasn't only the stars of "Hayride" who were nurtured in this cross-cultural genesis; the sidemen and music business moguls as well often got their start in Shreveport by the Red River.

The year Presley debuted on "Hayride," the watershed decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* began toppling an entrenched social order. It's not much of a reach, then, to see "Hayride" and its denizens as interesting examples of how the world was beginning to break out of its little glass cages.

In Shreveport, all musicians were created equal and learned from one another. As Osborn tells Laird about the atmosphere backstage on "Hayride":

"Elvis had had his first hit, but he wasn't the star yet. They were accessible. You could go in and meet them and sit and talk with them. 'How'd you do your lick?' you know." Nobody was crusading for social

justice, just looking for better music. And so the evolution was a natural one, and to a lively beat.

Rheta Grimsley Johnson, a former columnist for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution, divides her time between Hammond, La., and Iuka, Miss.

LANDMARK LEGAL CASE SET IN CONTEXT

Sexual Harassment and the Law: The Mechelle Vinson Case

By Augustus B. Cochran III. University Press of Kansas, 2004. cloth \$29.95, paper \$14.95. 256 pages.

Reviewed by Julie Seaman

In 1979, bank teller Mechelle Vinson sued her supervisor Sidney Taylor and her employer, the Capital City Savings and Loan Association, for employment discrimination under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. She claimed that over the course of her four years of employment at the bank, Taylor had coerced her to have sexual relations with him more than 50 times, had fondled her, made crude remarks to her and even on a few occasions had forcibly raped her. Vinson claimed she submitted to Taylor's unwelcome sexual demands because he suggested she would suffer adverse consequences at work if she did not.

At the time Vinson filed her Title VII complaint in Federal Court in the District of Columbia, most courts and many people did not view Taylor's conduct as illegal sex discrimination. Sexual harassment was, as leading feminists had said, a harm without a name and without a clear legal remedy. Yet, after years of litigation and appeals, the U. S. Supreme Court in 1986 ruled in the Vinson case that sexual harassment of the type suffered by Mechelle Vinson, in which she was made to work in an environment that was hostile and abusive, was sex discrimination in violation of Title VII.

In *Sexual Harassment and the Law: The Mechelle Vinson Case*, Augustus B. Cochran III, Adeline A. Loridans Professor of Political Science, has done a remarkable job of situating this landmark legal case in its social and historical context and exam-

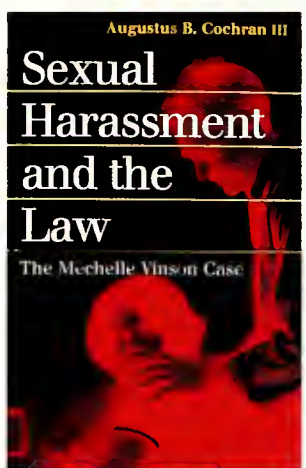
ining its place within the larger sociopolitical landscape of gender relations, employment, and the ongoing struggle for equality. Sacrificing neither accuracy nor nuance, this book manages to be both broad and deep; every significant legal and policy debate surrounding sexual harassment law is not only mentioned but described with balance and sophistication. And, in the fascinating chapters that constitute the heart of the book, Cochran presents the personal and legal drama surrounding the Vinson case. His description integrates the technical legal rules and maneuverings, the personal stories of the major actors involved, and what is known of the behind-the-scenes posturing and negotiations of the Supreme Court justices.

In the final chapter of the book, Cochran comments on the complex relationship between law and cultural change and whether we can expect laws regulating

social and gender interactions to push societal change or merely to reflect changes that are already in progress. He suggests a potentially new way of looking at this complicated interaction that avoids some of the pitfalls of the "chicken or egg" arguments that tend to characterize this area of inquiry. In sum, for those interested in sexual harassment law, in the regulation of discrimination and gender relations, in the place of work in American society and the role of women within that place, and in the intricate inter-relationship of law and society, this book provides a wealth of information and food for thought. And those simply

interested in learning the details behind a compelling Supreme Court case likewise will find much of interest in this well-written and thorough account.

Julie Seaman is assistant professor of law at Emory University School of Law.



As the college nears its fiscal year end on June 30, we express our appreciation to all who support our students and the operation of our campus through the annual fund.

And just a reminder, although Commencement is over and the fiscal year is ending, annual-fund needs go on. Your contribution at any time is welcome.

Agnes Scott

Annual Fund

Save time, give online at www.agnesscott.edu/give



To the class of 2005

From Marsha Norman '69

Women of the class of 2005, as you no longer have to sign up for physics, French or field hockey, I offer this charge to you.

Sign up for friendship, for it is women who have seen to our survival on this planet.

Sign up for family, both born and created, lost and found, dysfunctional and crucial.

Sign up for faith to work miracles, for flying in the face of tradition, for festive occasions and favorite foods.

Sign up for hard work and free time and free thought and free will, for freedom of expression and exploration and ecstasy.

Sign up for a handmade life, for holding hands, young and old.

Sign up for challenges met, responsibilities honored and heritage passed along.

Sign up for unexpected triumphs, mysteries explained, births and deaths, music in the mornings, and afternoons where nothing happens at all.

Sign up for long conversations with people who listen and long walks listening to silence.

Sign up for peace in our world and compassion in our hearts.

Sign up for women presidents and the presences of women in the world.

New graduates of Agnes Scott, I wish you Godspeed and good fortune in your new course of study, Your New Life. May you love what it has in store for you, every golden day of it—starting now.

Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright, Marsha Norman '69, was awarded the college's first honorary degree, the doctor of humane letters, honoris causa, at commencement 2005. She is co-director of the Playwrights Program at The Julliard School.



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Agnes Scott's First Summer School Gets Rolling

Shelley Boyd '06 receives a new bicycle from Fred Boykin, president of Bicycle South Inc., as part of the Agnes Scott Beach Party held early this spring in the college's dining hall. Boykin donated the bicycle to the college as part of this event, which was designed to increase awareness on campus about the college's first summer school. Boyd, a women's studies major from Mount Pleasant, S.C., received the bike in a drawing open to all Agnes Scott students. Boykin's mother, Betty Robinson Hilliard, is a 1946 graduate of the college.



MARTIN SURANI



